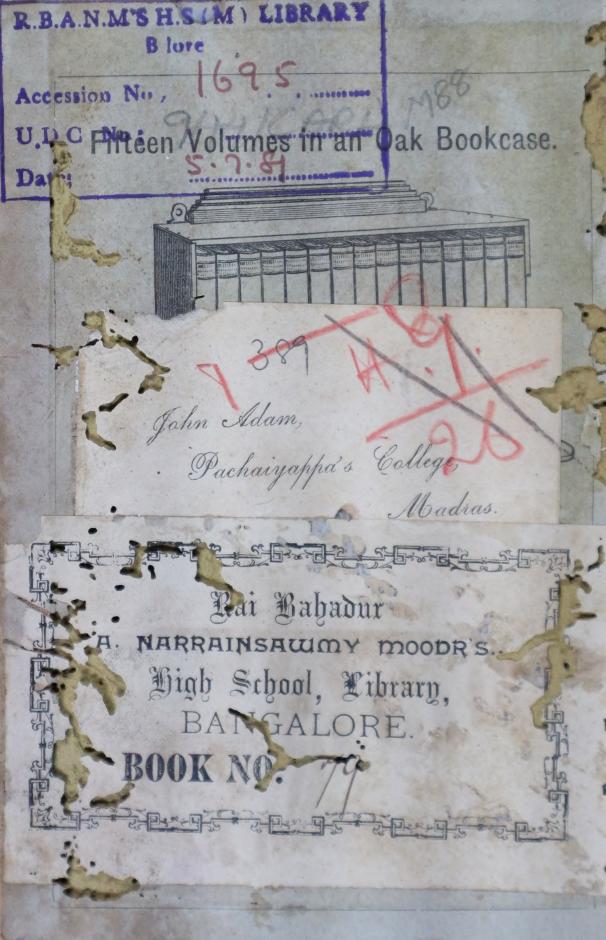
THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION



VOL II

THOMAS CARLYLE.



THE Adday of 188

FRENCH REVOLUTION

A HISTORY HREE VOLUMES

> THOMAS CARLYLE

Μέγα ὁ ἀγων ἔστι, θείου γὰρ ἔργου ὑπερ βασιλείας ὑπερ ελευθερίας ύπερ ευροίας ύπερ αταραξίας. - ARRIANUS.

Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει : χωρὶς δὲ δογμάτων μεταβολής, τ άλλο ή δουλεία στενόντων και πείθεσθαι προσποιουμένων; ANTONINUS.

> VOL. ARCTHE CONSTITU UDC Date; LONDON

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Mauern seh' ich gestürzt, und Mauern seh' ich errichtet,
Hier Gefangene, dort auch der Gefangenen viel.
Ist vielleicht nur die Welt ein grosser Kerker? Und frei ist
Wohl der Tolle, der sich Ketten zu Kränzen erkiest?
GOETHE.

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THE 2

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.—THE CONSTITUTION.

HIS BOOK FIRST.
THE FEAST OF PIKES.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE TUILERIES.

THE victim having once got his stroke-of-grace, the catastrophe can be considered as almost come. There is small interest now in watching his long low moans: notable only are his sharper agonies, what convulsive struggles he may take to cast the corture off from him; and then finally the last departure of life itself, and how he lies extinct and ended, either wrapt like Cæsar in decorous mantle-folds, or unseemly sunk together, like one that had not the force even to die.

Was French Royalty, when wrenched forth from its tapestries in that fashion, on that Sixth of October 1789, such a victim? Universal France, and Royal Proclamation to all the Provinces, answers anxiously, No; nevertheless one may fear the worst. Royalty was beforehand so decrepit, moribund, there is little life in it to heal an injury. How much of its strength, which was of the imagination merely, has fled; Rascality having looked plainly in the King's face, and not died be When the assembled crows can pluck up their scarecrow, and say to it, Here shalt thou stand and not there; and can treat with it, and make it, from an infinite, a quite finite Constitutional scarecrow,—what is to be looked for? Not in the finite Constitutional scarecrow, but in what still unmeasured, infinite-seeming force may rally round it, is there thenceforth any hope. For it is most true that all available Authority is mystic in its conditions, and comes 'by the grace of God.'

Cheerfuller than watching the death-struggles of Royalism will it be to watch the growth and gambollings of Sansculottism; for, in human things, especially in human society, all death is but a death-birth: thus if the sceptre is departing from Louis, it is only that, in other forms, other sceptres, were it even pike-sceptres, may bear sway. In a prurient element, rich with nutritive influences, we shall find that Sansculottism grows lustily, and even frisks in not ungraceful sport: as indeed most young creatures are sportful; nay, may it not be noted further, that as the grown cat, and cat-species generally, is the cruellest thing known, so the merriest is precisely the kitten, or growing cat?

But fancy the Royal Family risen from its truckle-beds on the morrow of that mad day: fancy the Municipal inquiry, "How would your Majesty please to lodge?"-and then that the King's rough answer, "Each may lodge as he can, I am well enough," is congeed and bowed away, in expressive grins, by the Townhall Functionaries, with obsequious upholsterers at their back; and how the Château of the Tuileries is repainted, regarnished into a golden Royal Residence; and Lafayette with his blue National Guards lies encompassing it, as blue Neptune (in the language of poets) does an island, wooingly. Thither may the wrecks of rehabilitated Loyalty gather, if it will become Constitutional; for Constitutionalism thinks no evil; Sansculottism itself rejoices in the King's countenance. The rubbish of a Menadic Insurrection, as in this ever-kindly world all rubbish can and must be, is swept aside; and so again, on clear arena, under new conditions, with something even of a new stateliness, we begin a new course of action

Arthur Young has witnessed the strangest scene: Majesty walking unattended in the Tuileries Gardens; and miscellaneous tricolor crowds, who cheer it, and reverently make way for it : the very Queen commands at lowest respectful silence, regretful avoidance.* Simple ducks, in those royal waters, quackle for crumbs from young royal fingers: the little Dauphin has a little railed garden, where he is seen, delving, with ruddy cheeks and flaxen curled hair; also a little hutch to put his tools in, and screen himself against showers. What peaceable simplicity! Is it peace of a Father restored to his children? Or of a Taskmaster who has lost his whip? Lafayette and the Municipality and universal Constitutionalism assert the former, and do what is in them to realise it. Such Patriotism as snarls dangerously, and shows teeth, Patrollotism shall suppress; or far better, Royalty shall soothe down the angry hair of it, by gentle pattings; and, most effectual of all, by fuller diet. Yes, not only shall Paris be fed, but the King's hand be seen in that work. The household goods of the Poor shall, up to a certain amount, by royal bounty, be disengaged from pawn, and that insatiable Mont de Piété disgorge : rides in the city with their vive-le-roi need not fail; and so by substance

^{*} Arthur Young's Travels, i. 264-280.

and show, shall Royalty, if man's art can popularise it, be popularised.*

Or, alas, is it neither restored Father nor diswhipped Taskmaster that walks there; but an anomalous complex of both these, and of innumerable other heterogeneities; reducible to no rubric, if not to this newly devised one: King Louis Restorer of French Liberty? Man indeed, and King Louis like other men, lives in this world to make rule out of the ruleless; by his living energy, he shall force the absurd itself to become less absurd. But then if there be no living energy; living passivity only? King Serpent, hurled into his unexpected watery dominion, did at least bite, and assert credibly that he was there: but as for the poor King Log, tumbled hither and thither as thousandfold chance and other will than his might direct, how happy for him that he was indeed wooden; and, doing nothing, could also see and suffer nothing! It is a distracted business.

For his French Majesty, meanwhile, one of the worst things is that he can get no hunting. Alas, no hunting henceforth; only a fatal being-hunted! Scarcely, in the next June weeks, shall he taste again the joys of the game-destroyer; in next June, and never more. He sends for his smith-tools; gives, in the course of the day, official or ceremonial business being ended, 'a few strokes of the file, quelques coups de lime.+ Innocent brother mortal, why wert thou not an obscure substantial maker of locks; but doomed in that other far-seen craft, to be a maker only of world-follies, unrealities; things self destructive, which no mortal

hammering could rivet into coherence!

Poor Louis is not without insight, nor even without the elements of will; some sharpness of temper, spurting at times from a stagnating character. If harmless inertness could save him, it were well; but he will slumber and painfully dream, and to do aught is not given him. Royalist Antiquarians still shew the rooms where Majesty and suite, in these extraordinary circumstances, had their lodging. Here sat the Queen; reading, for she had her library brought hither, though the King refused his; taking vehement counsel of the vehement uncounselled; sorrowing over altered times; yet with sure hope of better: in her young rosy Boy, has she not the living emblem of hope! It is a murky, working sky; yet with golden gleams-of dawn, or of deeper meteoric night? Here again this chamber, on the other side of the main entrance, was the King's : here his Majesty breakfasted, and did official work; here daily after breakfast he received the Queen; sometimes in pathetic friendliness; sometimes in human sulkiness, for flesh is weak; and, when questioned about business would answer: "Madame, your business is with the children." Nay, Sire, were it not better you, your Majesty's self, took the children? So asks impartial History; scornful that the thicker vessel was not also the stronger; pity-struck for the

^{*} Deux Amis, iii. c. 10. † Le Château des Tuileries, ou récit, &c., par Roussel (in Hist. Rarl. iv. 195-219).

porcelain-clay of humanity rather than for the tile-clay,-though

indeed both were broken!

So, however, in this Medicean Tuileries, shall the French King and Queen now sit, for one-and-forty months; and see a wildfermenting France work out its own destiny, and theirs. Months bleak, ungenial, of rapid vicissitude; yet with a mild pale splendour, here and there: as of an April that were leading to leafiest Summer; as of an October that led only to everlasting Frost. Medicean Tuileries, how changed since it was a peaceful Tile field! Or is the ground itself fate-stricken, accursed : an Atreus' Palace; for that Louvre window is still nigh, out of which a Capet, whipt of the Furies, fired his signal of the Saint Bartholomew! Dark is the way of the Eternal as mirrored in this world of Time: God's way is in the sea, and His path in the great deep.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE SALLE DE MANÉGE.

To believing Patriots, however, it is now clear, that the Constitution will march, marcher, had it once legs to stand on. Quick, then, ye Patriots, bestir yourselves, and make it; shape legs for it! In the Archevêché, or Archbishop's Palace, his Grace himself having fled; and afterwards in the Riding-hall, named Manége, close on the Tuileries: there does a National Assembly apply itself to the miraculous work. Successfully, had there been any heaven-scaling Prometheus among them; not successfully since there was none! There, in noisy debate, for the sessions are occasionally 'scandalous,' and as many as three speakers have been seen in the Tribune at once,-let us continue to fancy it

wearing the slow months.

Tough, dogmatic, long of wind is Abbé Maury; Ciceronian' pathetic is Cazalès. Keen-trenchant, on the other side, glitters a young Barnave; abhorrent of sophistry; sheering, like keen Damascus sabre, all sophistry asunder,-reckless what else he sheer with it. Simple seemest thou, O solid Dutch-built Pétion; if solid, surely dull. Nor lifegiving in that tone of thine, livelier polemical Rabaut. With ineffable serenity sniffs great Sieyes, aloft, alone; his Constitution ye may babble over, ye may mar, but can by no possibility mend: is not Polity a science he has exhausted? Cool, slow, two military Lameths are visible, with their quality sneer, or demi-sneer; they shall gallantly refund their Mother's Pension, when the Red Book is produced; gallantly be wounded in duels. A Marquis Toulongeon, whose Pen we yet thank, sits there; in stoical meditative humour, oftenest silent, accepts what destiny will send. Thouret and Parlementary Duport produce mountains of Reformed Law; liberal, Anglomaniac; available and unavailable. Mortals rise and fall. Shall goose Gobel, for example,—or Gobel, for he is of Strasburg Ger-

man breed, be a Constitutional Archbishop?

Alone of all men there, Mirabeau may begin to discern clearly whither all this is tending. Patriotism, accordingly, regrets that his zeal seems to be getting cool. In that famed Pentecost-Night of the Fourth of August, when new Faith rose suddenly into miraculous fire, and old Feudality was burnt up, men remarked that Mirabeau took no hand in it; that, in fact, he luckily happened to be absent. But did he not defend the Veto, nay Veto Absolu; and tell vehement Barnave that six hundred iresponsible senators would make of all tyrannies the insupportablest? Again, how anxious was he that the King's Ministers should have seat and voice in the National Assembly; -doubtless with an eye to being Minister himself! Whereupon the National Assembly decides, what is very momentous, that no Deputy shall be Minister; he, in his haughty stormful manner, advising us to make it, 'no Deputy called Mirabeau.'* A man of perhaps inveterate Feudalisms; of stratagems; too often visible leanings towards the Regalist side: a man suspect; whom Patriotism will unmask! Thus, in these June days, when the question Who shall have right to declare war? comes on, you hear hoarse Hawkers sound dolefully through the streets, "Grand Treason of Count Mirabeau, price only one sou;"-because he pleads that it shall be not the Assembly but the King! Pleads; nay prevails: for in spite of the hoarse Hawkers, and an endless Populace raised by them to the pitch even of 'Lanterne,' he mounts the Tribune next day; grim-resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that speak of danger: "I know it: I must come hence either in triumph, or else torn in fragments;" and it was in triumph that he came.

A man stout of heart; whose popularity is not of the populace, ' pas populacière;' whom no clamour of unwashed mobs without doors, or of washed mobs within, can scare from his way! Dumont remembers hearing him deliver a Report on Marseilles; 'every word was interrupted on the part of the Coté Droit by abusive 'epuhets; calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel (scélérat): Mirabeau pauses a moment, and, in a honeyed tone, addressing the 'most furious, says: "I wait, Messieurs, till these amenities be 'exhausted." ' A man enigmatic, difficult to unmask! For example, whence comes his money? Can the profit of a Newspaper, sorely eaten into by Dame Le Jay; can this, and the eighteen . from sanday your National Deputy has, be supposed equal to this expenditure? House in the Chaussée d'Antin; Country-house at Argenteurl; splendours, sumptuosities, orgies; living as if he had a mint! All saloons barred against Adventurer Mirabeau, are flung wide open to King Mirabeau, the cynosure of Europe, whom temple France flutters to behold, though the Man Mirabeau is one and the same. As for money, one may conjecture that Royal-

^{* 11} event. Nos 6: 36 (2 th September, 7th November, 1780.

⁺ Dumont, Souvenirs, p. 278.

ism furnishes it; which if Royalism do, will not the same be wel-

come, as money always is to him?

'Sold,' whatever Patriotism thinks, he cannot readily be: the spiritual fire which is in that man; which shining through such confusions is nevertheless Conviction, and makes him strong, and without which he had no strength,—is not buyable nor saleable; in such transference of barter, it would vanish and not be. Perhaps 'paid and not sold, payé pas vendu:' as poor Rivarol, in the unhappier converse way, calls himself 'sold and not paid!' A man travelling, comet-like, in splendour and nebulosity, his wild way; whom telescopic Patriotism may long watch, but, without higher mathematics, will not make out. A questionable most blameable man; yet to us the far notablest of all. With rich munificence, as we often say, in a most blinkard, bespectacled, logic-chopping generation, Nature has gifted this man with an eve. Welcome is his word, there where he speaks and works; and growing ever welcomer; for it alone goes to the heart of the business: logical cobwebbery shrinks itself together; and thou seest a thing, how it is, how it may be worked with.

Unhappily our National Assembly has much to do: a France to regenerate: and France is short of so many requisites; short even of cash! These same Finances give trouble enough; no choking of the Deficit; which gapes ever, Give, give! To appease the Deficit we venture on a hazardous step, sale of the Clergy's Lands and superfluous Edifices; most hazardous. Nay, given the sale, who is to buy them, ready-money having fled? Wherefore, on the 19th day of December, a paper-money of 'Assignats,' of Bends secured, or assigned, on that Clerico-National Property, and unquestionable at least in payment of that,—is decreed: the first of a long series of like financial performances, which shall astonish mankind. So that now, while old rags last, there shall be no lack of circulating medium; whether of commodities to circulate thereon is another question. But, after all, does not this Assignat business speak volumes for modern science? Bankruptev, we may say, was come, as the end of all Delusions needs must come : yet how gently, in softening diffusion, in mild succession, was it hereby made to fall;—like no all-destroving avalanche; like gentle showers of a powdery impalpable snow, shower after shower, till all was indeed buried, and yet little was destroyed that could not be replaced, be dispensed with! To such length has modern machinery reached. Bankruptcy, we said, was great; but indeed Money itself is a standing miracle.

On the whole, it is a matter of endless difficulty, that of the Clergy. Clerical property may be made the Nation's, and the Clergy hired servants of the State; but if so, is it not an altered Church? Adjustment enough, of the most confused sort, has become unavoidable. Old landmarks, in any sense, avail not in a new France. Nay literally, the very Ground is new divided; your old party-coloured Provinces become new uniform Departments, Eighty-three in number;—whereby, as in some succent

shifting of the Earth's axis, no mortal knows his new latitude at once. The Twelve old Parlements too, what is to be done with them? The old Parlements are declared to be all 'in permanent vacation,'-till once the new equal-justice, of Departmental Courts, National Appeal-Court, of elective Justices, Justices of Peace, and other Thouret-and-Duport apparatus be got ready. They have to sit there, these old Parlements, uneasily waiting; as it were, with the rope round their neck; crying as they can, Is there none to deliver us? But happily the answer being, None, none, they are a manageable class, these Parlements. They can be bullied, even into silence; the Paris Parliament, wiser than most, has never whimpered. They will and must sit there; in such vacation as is fit; their Chamber of Vacation distributes in the interim what little justice is going. With the rope round their neck, their destiny may be succinct! On the 13th of November 1790, Mayor Bailly shall walk to the Palais de Justice, few even heeding him; and with municipal seal-stamp and a little hot wax, seal up the Parlementary Paper-rooms, -and the dread Parlement of Paris pass away, into Chaos, gently as does a Dream! So shall the Parlements perish, succinctly; and innumer-

able eyes be dry.

Not so the Clergy. For granting even that Religion were dead; that it had died, half-centuries ago, with unutterable Dubois; or emigrated lately, to Alsace, with Necklace-Cardinal Rohan; or that it now walked as goblin révenant with Bishop Talleyrand of Autun; yet does not the Shadow of Religion, the Cant of Religion, still linger? The Clergy have means and material: means, of number, organization, social weight; a material, at lowest, of public ignorance, known to be the mother of devotion. Nay, withal, is it incredible that there might, in simple hearts, latent here and there like gold grains in the mud-beach, still dwell some real Faith in God, of so singular and tenacious a sort that even a Maury or a Talleyrand, could still be the symbol for it?-Enough, the Clergy has strength, the Clergy has craft and indignation. It is a most fatal business this of the Clergy. A weltermg hydra-coil, which the National Assembly has stirred up about its ears; hissing, stinging; which cannot be appeased, alive; which cannot be trampled dead! Fatal, from first to last! Searcely after fifteen months' debating, can a Civil Constitution of the Clargy be so much as got to paper; and then for getting it into reality? Alas, such Civil Constitution is but an agreement to disagree. It divides France from end to end, with a new split, infinitely complicating all the other splits; Catholicism, what of it there is left, with the Cant of Catholicism, raging on the one ade, and sceptic Heath-nism on the other; both, by contradievon, wrong fronte What endless jaming, of Refractory based Frests, and Constitutional despised ones; of tender cona sonce, like the king's, and consciences hot seried, like certim of his People's the whole to end in Feasts of Reason and a War of La Vendoe' so deep scated is Religion in the hearof man, and holds of all infinite passions. If the dead echo

of it still did so much, what could not the living voice of it once

Finance and Constitution, Law and Gospel: this surely were work enough; yet this is not all. In fact, the Ministry, and Necker himself whom a brass inscription 'fastened by the people 'over his door-lintel' testifies to be the 'Ministre adoré,' are dwindling into clearer and clearer nullity. Execution or legislation, arrangement or detail, from their nerveless fingers all drops undone; all lights at last on the toiled shoulders of an august Representative Body. Heavy-laden National Assembly! It has to hear of innumerable fresh revolts, Brigand expeditions; of Châteaus in the West, especially of Charter-chests, Chartiers, set on fire; for there too the overloaded Ass frightfully recalcitrates. Of Cities in the South full of heats and jealousies; which will end in crossed sabres, Marseilles against Toulon, and Carpentras beleagured by Avignon; -such Royalist collision in a career of Freedom; nay Patriot collision, which a mere difference of velocity will bring about! Of a Jourdan Coun-tête, who has skulked thitherward, from the claws of the Châtelet; and will raise whole scoundrel-regiments.

Also it has to hear of Royalist Camp of Jalès: Jalès mountain-girdled Plain, amid the rocks of the Cevennes; whence Royalism, as is feared and hoped, may dash down like a mountain deluge, and submerge France! A singular thing this camp of Jalès; existing mostly on paper. For the Soldiers at Jalès, being peasants or National Guards, were in heart sworn Sansculottes; and all that the Royalist Captains could do was, with false words, to keep them, or rather keep the report of them, drawn up there, visible to all imaginations, for a terror and a sign,—if peradventure France might be reconquered by theatrical machinery, by the picture of a Royalist Army done to the life!* Not till the third summer was this portent, burning out by fits and then fading, got finally extinguished; was the old Castle of Jalès, no Camp being visible to the bodily eye, got blown asunder by some National Guards.

Also it has to hear not only of Brissot and his Friends of the Blacks, but by and by of a whole St. Domingo blazing skyward; blazing in literal fire, and in far worse metaphorical; beaconing the nightly main. Also of the shipping interest, and the landed-interest, and all manner of interests, reduced to distress. Of Industry every where manacled, bewildered; and only Rebellion thriving. Of sub-officers, soldiers and sailors in mutiny by land and water. Of soldiers, at Nanci, as we shall see, needing to be cannonaded by a brave Bouillé. Of sailors, nay the very galley-slaves, at Brest, needing also to be cannonaded; but with no Bouillé to do it. For indeed, to say it in a word, in those days there was no King in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes.†

Dampmartin, Evénemens, i. 208.

[†] See Deux Amis, in C 14: iv. C. 2, 3, 4, 7, 0, 14. Expédition des Volontaires de Brest sur Lonnon: Les Lyannus Souveurs des l'auphinois. Missacre au Mons: To ution du Moine (l'ampliets and Loceupts, in Hist. Parl. iii. 251; iv. 162-168), &c.

Such things has an august National Assembly to hear of, as it goes on regenerating France. Sad and stern: but what remedy? Get the Constitution ready; and all men will swear to it: for do not 'Addresses of adhesion' arrive by the cartload? In this manner, by Heaven's blessing, and a Constitution got ready, shall the bottomless fire-gulf be vaulted in, with rag-paper; and Order will wed Freedom, and live with her there,—till it grow too hot for them. O Coté Gauche, worthy are ye, as the adhesive Addresses generally say, to 'fix the regards of the Universe;' the

regards of this one poor Planet, at lowest !-

Nay, it must be owned, the Coté Droit makes a still madder figure. An irrational generation; irrational, imbecile, and with the vehement obstinacy characteristic of that; a generation which will not learn. Falling Bastilles, Insurrections of Women, thousands of smoking Manorhouses, a country bristling with no crop but that of Sansculottic steel: these were tolerably didactic lessons; but them they have not taught. There are still men, of whom it was of old written, Bray them in a mortar! Or, in nolder language, They have wedded their delusions: fire nor steel, nor any sharpness of Experience, shall sever the bond; till death do us part! Of such may the Heavens have mercy; for the

Earth, with her rigorous Necessity, will have none.

Admit, at the same time, that it was most natural. Man lives by Hope: l'andora when her box of gods'-gifts flew all out, and became gods'-curses, still retained Hope. How shall an irrational mortal, when his high-place is never so evidently pulled down, and he, being irrational, is left resourceless,-part with the belief that it will be rebuilt? It would make all so straight again; it seems so unspeakably desirable; so reasonable,-would you but look at it aright! For, must not the thing which was continue to be; or else the solid World dissolve? Yes, persist, O infatuated Sansculottes of France! Revolt against constituted Authorities; hunt out your rightful Seigneurs, who at bottom so loved you, and readily shed their blood for you, -- in country's battles as at Rossbach and elsewhere; and, even in preserving game, were preserving you, could ye but have understood it: hunt them out, as if they were wild wolves; set fire to their Châteaus and Chartiers as to wolf-dens; and what then? Why, then turn every man his hand against his fellow! In confusion, famine, desolation, regret the days that are gone; rueful recall them, recall us with them. To repentant prayers we will not be deaf.

So, with dimmer or clearer consciousness, must the Right Side reason and act. An inevitable position perhaps; but a most false one for them. Evil, be thou our good: this henceforth must virtually be their prayer. The hence the effervescence grows, the sooner will it pass; for after all it is but some mad effervescence;

the World is solid, and cannot dissolve.

For the rest, if they have any positive industry, it is that of plots, and backstairs conclaves. Plots which cannot be executed; which are mostly theoretic on their part; for which nevertheless this and the other practical Sieur Augeard, Sieur Maillebois, Sieur

Bonne Savardin, gets into trouble, gets imprisoned, and escapes with difficulty. Nay there is a poor practical Chevalier Favras who, not without some passing reflex on Monsieur himself, gets hanged for them, amid loud uproar of the world. Poor Favras, he keeps dictating his last will at the 'Hôtel-de-Ville, through the 'whole remainder of the day,' a weary February day; offers to reveal secrets, if they will save him; handsomely declines since they will not; then dies, in the flare of torchlight, with politest composure; remarking, rather than exclaiming, with outspread hands: "People, I die innocent; pray for me."* Poor Favras;—type of so much that has prowled indefatigable over France, in days now ending; and, in freer field, might have earned instead

of prowling,—to thee it is no theory!

In the Senate-house again, the attitude of the Right Side is that of calm unbelief. Let an august National Assembly make a Fourth-of-August Abolition of Feudality; declare the Clergy State-servants who shall have wages; vote Suspensive Vetos, new Law-Courts; vote or decree what contested thing it will; have it responded to from the four corners of France, nay get King's Sanction, and what other Acceptance were conceivable,—the Right Side, as we find, persists, with imperturbablest tenacity, in considering, and ever and anon shews that it still considers, all these so-called Decrees as mere temporary whims, which indeed stand on paper, but in practice and fact are not, and cannot be. Figure the brass head of an Abbé Maury flooding forth Jesuitic eloquence in this strain; dusky d'Espréménil, Barrel Mirabeau (probably in liquor), and enough of others, cheering him from the Right; and, for example, with what visage a seagreen Robespierre eyes him from the Left. And how Sieyes ineffably sniffs on him, or does not deign to sniff; and how the Galleries groan in spirit, or bark rabid on him: so that to escape the Lanterne, on stepping forth, he needs presence of mind, and a pair of pistols in his girdle! For he is one of the toughest of men.

Here indeed becomes notable one great difference between our two kinds of civil war; between the modern lingual or Parliamentary-logical kind, and the ancient, or manual kind, in the steel battle-field; -- much to the disadvantage of the former. In the manual kind, where you front your foe with drawn weapon, one right stroke is final; for, physically speaking, when the brains are out the man does honestly die, and trouble you no more. But ·how different when it is with arguments you fight! Here no victory yet definable can be considered as final. Beat him down, with Parliamentary invective, till sense be fled; cut him in two, hanging one half in this dilemma-horn, the other on that; blow the brains or thinking-faculty quite out of him for the time: it skills not; he rallies and revives on the morrow; to-morrow he repairs his golden fires! The thing that will logically extinguish him is perhaps still a desideratum in Constitutional civilisation. For how, till a man know, in some measure, at what point he be-

^{*} See Deux Amis, iv. c. 14, 7; Hist. Parl. vi. 384.

comes logically defunct, can Parliamentary Business be carried on, and Talk cease or slake?

Doubtless it was some feeling of this difficulty; and the clear insight how little such knowledge yet existed in the French Nation, new in the Constitutional career, and how defunct Aristocrats would continue to walk for unlimited periods, as Partridge the Almanack-maker did, -that had sunk into the deep mind of People's-friend Marat, an eminently practical mind; and had grown there, in that richest putrescent soil, into the most original plan of action ever submitted to a People. Not yet has it grown; but it has germinated, it is growing; rooting itself into Tartarus, branching towards Heaven: the second season hence, we shall see it risen out of the bottomless Darkness, full-grown, into disastrous Twilight, -a Hemlock-tree, great as the world; on or under whose boughs all the People's-friends of the world may lodge. 'hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads:' that is the precisest calculation, though one would not stand on a few hundreds; yet we never rise as high as the round three hundred thousand. Shudder at it, O People; but it is as true as that ye yourselves, and your People's-friend, are alive. These prating Senators of yours hover ineffectual on the barren letter, and will never save the Revolution. A Cassandra-Marat cannot do it, with his single shrunk arm; but with a few determined men it were possible. "Give me," said the People's-friend, in his cold way, when young Barbaroux, once his pupil in a course of what was called Optics, went to see him, "Give me two hundred Naples Bravoes, armed each with a good dirk, and a muff on his left arm by way of shield: with them I will traverse France, and accomplish the Revolution."* Nay, be grave, young Barbaroux; for thou seest, there is no jesting in those rheumy eyes; in aleat sootbleared figure, most earnest of created things; neither indeed is there madness, of the strait-waistcoat sort.

Such produce shall the Time ripen in cavernous Marat, the man forbid; living in Paris cellars, lone as fanatic Anchorite in his Thebaid; say, as far-seen Simon on his Pillar,—taking peculiar views therefrom. Patriots may smile; and, using him as bandog now to be muzzled, now to be let bark, name him, as Desmoulins does, 'Maximum of Patriotism' and 'Cassandra-Marat:' but were it not singular if this dirk-and-muff plan of his (with superficial modifications) proved to be precisely the plan adopted?

After this manner, in these circumstances, do august Senators regenerate France. Nay, they are, in very deed, believed to be regenerating it; on account of which great fact, main fact of their history, the wearied eye can never be permitted wholly to ignore them.

But looking away now from these precincts of the Tuileries, where Constitutional Royalty, let Lafavette water it as he will, languishes too like a cut branch; and august Senators are perhaps at bottom only perfecting their 'theory of defective verbs,' how does the young Reality, young Sansculottism thrive? The attentive ob-

^{*} Mémoires de Barbaroux (Paris, 1822), p. 57.

server can answer: It thrives bravely; putting forth new buds; expanding the old buds into leaves, into boughs. Is not French Existence, as before, most prurient, all loosened, most nutrient for it? Sansculottism has the property of growing by what other things die of: by agitation, contention, disarrangement; nay in a word, by what is the symbol and fruit of all these : Hunger.

In such a France as this, Hunger, as we have remarked, can hardly fail. The Provinces, the Southern Cities feel it in their turn; and what it brings: Exasperation, preternatural Suspicion. In Paris some halcyon days of abundance followed the Menadic Insurrection, with its Versailles grain-carts, and recovered Restorer of Liberty; but they could not continue. The month is still October when famishing Saint-Antoine, in a moment of passion, seizes a poor Baker, innocent 'François the Baker;'* and hangs him, in Constatinople wise; -but even this, singular as it may seem, does not cheapen bread! Too clear it is, no Royal bounty, no Municipal dexterity can adequately feed a Bastille-destroying Paris. Wherefore, on view of the hanged Baker, Constitutionalism in sorrow and anger demands 'Loi Martiale,' a kind of Riot Act; -and indeed gets it, most readily, almost before the sun gots down.

This is that famed Martial Law, with its Red Flag, its 'Dra-' peau Rouge?' in virtue of which Mayor Bailly, or any Mayor, has but henceforth to hang out that new Oriflamme of his; then to read or mumble something about the King's peace; and, after certain pauses, serve any undispersing Assemblage with musket-shot, A decisive Law; and most just or whatever shot will disperse it. or one proviso: that all Patrollotism be of God, and all mobassembling be of the Devil; -otherwise not so just. Mayor Bailly be unwilling to use it! Hang not out that new Oriflamme, flame not of gold but of the want of gold! The thrice-blessed Revolution is done, thou thinkest? If so it will be well with thee.

But now let no mortal say henceforth that an august National Assembly wants riot: all it ever wanted was riot enough to balance Court-plotting; all it now wants, of Heaven or of Earth, is to get

its theory of defective verbs perfected.

CHAPTER III.

THE MUSTER.

WITH Famine and a Constitutional theory of defective verbs going on, all other excitement is conceivable. A universal shaking and sifting of French Existence this is: in the course of which, for one thing, what a multitude of low-lying figures are sifted to the top, and set busily to work there!

^{* 27}st October, 1789 (Moniteur, No. 75).

Degleech Marat, now far-seen as Simon Stylites, we already know; him and others, raised aloft. The mere sample, these, of what is coming, of what continues coming, upwards from the realm of Night!—Chaumette, by and by Anaxagoras Chaumette, one already descries: mellifluous in street-groups; not now a sea-boy on the high and giddy mast: a mellifluous tribune of the common people, with long curling locks, on bourne-stone of the thoroughfares; able sub-editor too; who shall rise—to the very gallows. Clerk Tallien, he also is become sub-editor; shall become able editor; and more. Bibliopolic Momoro, Typographic Pruhomme see new trades opening Collot d'Herbois, tearing a passion to rags, pauses on the Thespian boards; listens, with that black bushy head, to the sound of the world's drama: shall the Mimetic become Real? Did ye hiss him, O men of Lyons?*

Better had ye clapped!

Happy now, indeed, for all manner of mimetic, half-original men! Tumid blustering, with more or less of sincerity, which need not be entirely sincere, yet the sincerer the better, is like to go far. Shall we say, the Revolution-element works itself rarer and rarer; so that only lighter and lighter bodies will float in it; till at last the mere blown-bladder is your only swimmer? Limitation of mind, then vehemence, promptitude, audacity, shall all be available; to which add only these two: cunning and good lungs. Good fortune must be presupposed. Accordingly, of all classes the rising one, we observe, is now the Attorney class: witness Bazires, Carriers, Fouquier-Tinvilles, Bazoche-Captain Bourdons: more than enough. Such figures shall Night, from her wonder-bearing bosom, emit; swarm after swarm. Of another deeper and deepest swarm, not yet dawned on the astonished eye; of pilfering Candle-snuffers, Thief-valets, disfrocked Capuchins, and so many Héberts, Henriots, Rossignols, let us, as long as possible, forbear speaking.

Thus, over France, all stirs that has what the Physiologists-call irritability in it: how much more all wherein irritability has perfected itself into vitality; into actual vision, and force that can will! All stirs; and if not in Paris, flocks thither. Great and greater waxes President Danton in his Cordeliers Section; his rheterical tropes are all 'gigantic:' energy flashes from his black brows, menaces in his athletic figure, rolls in the sound of his voice 'reverberating from the domes;' this man also, like Mirabeau, has a natural ere, and begins to see whither Constitutionalism is tending, though with a wish in it different from Mirabeau's.

Remark, on the other hand, how General Dumouriez has quitted Normands and the Cherbourg Breakwater, to come whither we may quess. It is his second or even third trial at Paris, since this New Earlbeian; but now it is maight earnest, for he has quitted all else. Wary, classe unwearied man; whose life was but a battle and a march! No, not a creature of Choiseul's; "the

^{*} Buzot, Mémoires (Paris, 1823), p. 90.

creature of God and of my sword,"-he fiercely answered in old days. Overfalling Corsican batteries, in the deadly fire-hail; wriggling invincible from under his horse, at Closterkamp of the Netherlands, though tethered with 'crushed stirurp-iron and 'nineteen wounds;' tough, minatory, standing at bay, as forlorn hope, on the skirts of Poland; intriguing, battling in cabinet and field; roaming far out, obscure, as King's spial, or sitting sealed up, enchanted in Bastille; fencing, pamphleteering, scheming and struggling from the very birth of him,*—the man has come thus far. How repressed, how irrepressible! Like some incarnate spirit in prison, which indeed he was; hewing on granite walls for deliverance; striking fire flashes from them. And now has the general earthquake rent his cavern too? Twenty years younger, what might he not have done! But his hair has a shade of gray; his way of thought is all fixed, military. He can grow no further, and the new world is in such growth. We will name him, on the whole, one of Heaven's Swiss; without faith; wanting above all things work, work on any side. Work also is appointed him; and he will do it.

Not from over France only are the unrestful flocking towards Paris; but from all sides of Europe. Where the carcase is, thither will the eagles gather. Think how many a Spanish Guzman, Martinico Fournier named 'Fournier l'Americain,' Engineer Miranda from the very Andes, were flocking or had flocked! Walloon Pereyra might boast of the strangest parentage: him, they say, Prince Kaunitz the Diplomatist heedlessly dropped;' like ostrich-egg, to be hatched of Chance-into an ostrich-eater! Jewish or German Freys do business in the great Cesspool of Agio; which Cesspool this Assignat. fiat has quickened, into a Mother of dead dogs. Swiss Clavière could found no Socinian Genevese Colony in Ireland; but he paused, years ago, prophetic before the Minister's Hôtel at Paris; and said, it was borne on his mind that he one day was to be Minister, and laughed. + Swiss Pache, on the other hand, sits sleekheaded, frugal; the wonder of his own alley, and even of neighbouring ones, for humility of mind, and a thought deeper than most men's: sit there, Tartuffe, till wanted! Ye Italian Dufournys, Flemish Prolys, flit hither all ye bipeds of prev! Come whosesoever head is hot; thou of mind ungoverned, be it chaos as of undevelopment or chaos as of ruin; the man who cannot get known, the man who is too well known; if thou have any vendible faculty, nay if thou have but edacity and loquacity, come! They come; with hot unutterabilities in their heart; as Pilgrims towards a miraculous shrine. Nay how many come as vacant Strollers, aimless, of whom Europe is full merely towards something! For benighted fowls, when you beat their bushes, rush towards any light. Thus Frederick Baron Treack too is here; mazed, purblind, from the ceils of Magdeburg; Minotauric

^{*} Dumouriez, Mémoires, i. 28, &c.

[†] Dumont, Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, p. 399.

cells, and his Ariadne lost! Singular to say, Trenck, in these years, sells wine; not indeed in bottle, but in wood.

Nor is our England without her missionaries. She has her live-saving Needham; to whom was solemnly presented a 'civic 'sword,'—long since rusted into nothingness. Her Paine: rebellious Staymaker; unkempt; who feels that he, a single Needleman, did by his 'Common Sense' Pamphlet, free America;—that he can and will free all this World; perhaps even the other. Price-Stanhope Constitutional Association sends over to congratulate;* welcomed by National Assembly, though they are but a

London Club; whom Burke and Toryism eye askance.

On thee too, for country's sake, O Chevalier John Paul, be a word spent, or misspent! In faded naval uniform, Paul Jones lingers visible here; like a wine-skin from which the wine is all drawn. Like the ghost of himself! Low is his once loud bruit; scarcely audible, save, with extreme tedium, in ministerial antechambers; in this or the other charitable dining-room, mindful of the past. What changes; culminatings and declinings! Not now, poor Paul, thou lookest wistful over the Solway brine, by the foot of native Criffel, into blue mountainous Cumberland, into blue Infinitude; environed with thrift, with humble friendliness; thyself, young fool, longing to be aloft from it, or even to be away from it. Yes, beyond that sapphire Promontory, which men name St. Bees, which is not sapphire either, but dull sandstone, when one gets close to it, there is a world. Which world thou too shalt taste of !- From yonder White Haven rise his smoke-clouds; ominous though ineffectual. Proud Forth quakes at his bellying sails; had not the wind suddenly shifted. Flamborough reapers, homegoing, pause on the hill-side: for what sulphur-cloud is that that defaces the sleek sea; sulphur-cloud spitting streaks of fire? A sea cocklight it is, and of the hottest; where British Serapis and French-American Bon Homme Richard do lash and throttle each other, in their fashion; and lo the desperate valour has sufficented the deliberate, and Paul Jones too is of the Kings of the Sea!

Turks, O Paul; and thy fiery soul has wasted itself in thousand contradictions; to no purpose. For, in far lands, with searlet Nassau Siegens, with sinful Imperial Catherines, is not the heartbroken, even as at home with the mean? Poor Paul! hunger and disputment track thy sinking footsteps: once or at most twice, in this Revolution-tumult the figure of thee emerges; mute, ghostlike, as 'with stars dim-twinkling through.' And then, when the light is gone quite out, a National Legislature grants 'ceremonial funeral.' A good had been the natural Presbyterian Kirk-bell, and six teet of Scottish earth, among the dust of thy loved ones.

Such world by beyond the Promontory of St. Bees. Such is the life of sinful mankind here below.

⁺ Moniteur, 10 Novembre, 7 Decembre, 1789.

But of all strangers, far the notablest for us is Baron Jean Baptiste de Clootz; - or, dropping baptisms and feudalisms, World-Citizen Anacharsis Clootz, from Cleves. Him mark, judicious Reader. Thou hast known his Uncle, sharp-sighted thoroughgoing Cornelius de Pauw, who mercilessly cuts down cherished illusions; and of the finest antique Spartans, will make mere modern cutthroat Mainots.* The like stuff is in Anacharsis: hot metal; full of scoriæ, which should and could have been smelted out, but which will not. He has wandered over this terraqueous Planet; seeking, one may say, the Paradise we lost long ago. He has seen English Burke; has been seen of the Portugal Inquisition; has roamed, and fought, and written; is writing, among other things, 'Evidences of the Mahometan Religion.' But now, like his Scythian adoptive godfather, he finds himself in the Paris Athens; surely, at last, the haven of his soul. A dashing man, beloved at Patriotic dinner-tables; with gaiety, nay with humour; headlong, trenchant, of free purse; in suitable costume; though what mortal ever more despised costumes? Under all costumes Anacharsis seeks the man; not Stylites Marat will more freely trample costumes, if they hold no man. This is the faith of Anacharsis: That there is a Paradise discoverable; that all costumes ought to hold men. O Anacharsis, it is a headlong, swift-going faith. Mounted thereon, mescems, thou art bound hastily for the City of Nowhere; and wilt arrive! At best, we may say, arrive in good riding attitude; which indeed is something.

So many new persons, and new things have come to occupy this France. Her old Speech and Thought, and Activity which springs from those, are all changing; fermenting towards unknown issues. To the dullest peasant, as he sits sluggish, overtoiled, by his evening hearth, one idea has come: that of Châteaus burnt; of Châteaus combustible. How altered all Coffeehouses, in Province or Capital! The Antre de Procope has now other questions than the Three Stagyrite Unities to settle; not theatre-controversies, but a world-controversy: there, in the ancient pigtail mode, or with modern Brutus' heads, do well-frizzed logicians hold hubbub, and Chaos umpire sits. The ever-enduring Melody of Paris Saloons has got a new ground-tone: ever-enduring; which has been heard, and by the listening Heaven too, since Julian the Apostate's time and earlier; mad now as formerly.

Ex-Censor Suard, Ex-Censor, for we have freedom of the Press; he may be seen there; impartial, even neutral. Tyrant Grimm rolls large eyes, over a questionable coming Time. Atheist Naigeon, beloved disciple of Diderot, crows, in his small difficult way, heralding glad dawn. But, on the other hand, how many Morellets, Marmontels, who had sat all their life hatching Philosophe eggs, cackle now, in a state bordering on distraction, at the

^{*} De Pauw, Récherches sur les Grecs, &c.

[†] Naigeon: Addresse à l'Assemblée Nationale (Paris, 1700 sur le liberte des opinions.

brood they have brought out!* It was so delightful to have one's Philosophe Theorem demonstrated, crowned in the saloons: and now an infatuated people will not continue speculative, but have Practice?

There also observe Preceptress Genlis, or Sillery, or Sillery-Ceniis,—for our husband is both Count and Marquis, and we have more than one title. Pretentious, frothy; a puritan yet creedless; darkening counsel by words without wisdom! For, it is in that thin element of the Sentimentalist and Distinguished Female that Sillery-Genlis works; she would gladly be sincere, yet can grow no sincerer than sincere-cant: sincere-cant of many forms, ending in the devotional form. For the present, on a neck still of moderate whiteness, she wears as jewel a miniature Bastille, cut on mere sandstone, but then actual Bastille sandstone. M. le Marquis is one of d'Orleans's errandmen; in National Assembly, and elsewhere. Madame, for her part, trains up a youthful d'Orleans generation in what superfinest morality one can; gives meanwhile rather enigmatic account of fair Mademoiselle Pamela, the Daughter whom she has adopted. Thus she, in Palais Royal saloon; whither, we remark, d'Orleans himself, spite of Lafayette, has returned from that English 'mission' of his: surely no pleasant mission: for the English would not speak to him; and Saint Hannah More of England, so unlike Saint Sillery-Genlis of France, saw him shunned, in Vauxhall Gardens, like one pest-struck, + and his red-blue impassive visage waxing hardly a shade bluer.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNALISM.

As for Constitutionalism, with its National Guards, it is doing what it can; and has enough to do: it must, as ever, with one hand wave persuasively, repressing Patriotism; and keep the other clenched to menace Royalist plotters. A most delicate task;

requiring tact.

Thus, if People's-friend Marat has to-day his writ of 'prise de 'corpy, or seizure of body,' served on him, and dives out of sight, to morrow he is left at large; or is even encouraged, as a sort of bandog whose baying may be useful. President Danton, in open Itall, with reverberating voice, declares that, in a case like Marat's. "torie may be resisted by force." Whereupon the Châtelet serves Dinton also with a writ.—which however, as the whole Cordeliers District responds to it, what Constable will be prompt to execute? Twice more, on new occasions, does the Châtelet launch its writ:

^{*} See Marmontel, Mim vies, passim; Morellet, Mimeires, &c.

⁺ Hannah More's Life and Correspondence, ii. c. 5.

and twice more in vain: the body of Danton cannot be seized by Châtelet; he unseized, should he even fly for a season, shall behold

the Châtelet itself flung into limbo.

Municipality and Brissot, meanwhile, are far on with their Municipal Constitution. The Sixty Districts shall become Fortyeight Sections; much shall be adjusted, and Paris have its Constitution. A Constitution wholly Elective; as indeed all French Government shall and must be. And yet, one fatal element has been introduced: that of citoyen actif. No man who does not pay the marc d'argent, or yearly tax equal to three days' labour, shall be other than a passive citizen: not the slightest vote for him; were he acting, all the year round, with sledge hammer, with forestlevelling axe! Unheard of! cry Patriot Journals. Yes truly, my Patriot Friends, if Liberty, the passion and prayer of all men's souls, means Liberty to send your fifty-thousandth part of a new Tongue-fencer into National Debating-club, then, be the gods witness, ye are hardly entreated. Oh, if in National Palaver (as the Africans name it), such blessedness is verily found, what tyrant would deny it to Son of Adam! Nav, might there not be a Female Parliament too, with 'screams from the Opposition 'benches,' and 'the honourable Member borne out in hysterics?' To a Children's Parliament would I gladly consent; or even lower if ye wished it. Beloved Brothers! Liberty, one might fear, is actually, as the ancient wise men said, of Heaven. On this Earth, where, thinks the enlightened public, did a brave little Dame de Staal (not Necker's Daughter, but a far shrewder than she) find the nearest approach to Liberty? After mature computation, cool as Dilworth's, her answer is, In the Bastille.* "Of Heaven?" answer many, asking. Wo that they should ask; for that is the very misery! "Of Heaven" means much; share in the National Palaver it may, or may as probably not mean.

One Sansculottic bough that cannot fail to flourish is Journalism. The voice of the People being the voice of God, shall not such divine voice make itself heard? To the ends of France; and in as many dialects as when the first great Babel was to be built! Some loud as the lion; some small as the sucking dove. Mirabeau himself has his instructive Journal or Journals, with Geneva hodmen working in them; and withal has quarrels enough with Dame le Jay, his Female Bookseller, so ultra-compliant other-

wise.t

King's-friend Royou still prints himself. Barrère sheds tears of leyal sensibility in Break of Day Journal, though with declining sale. But why is Fréron so hot, democratic; Fréron, the King's-friend's Nephew? He has it by kind, that heat of his: was Fréron begot him; Voltaire's Frélon; who fought stinging, while sting and poison-bag were left, were it only as Reviewer, and over Printed Waste-paper. Constant, illuminative, as the nightly lamplighter, issues the useful Moniteur, for it is now become diurnal; with facts and few commentaries; official, safe in the

^{*} See De Staal : Memorres (Paris, 1821), i. 169-280.

[†] Se Dumont: Souvenirs, 6.

middle:—its able Editors sunk long since, recoverably or irre-coverably, in deep darkness. Acid Loustalot, with his 'vigour,' as of young sloes, shall never ripen, but die untimely: his Prudhomme, however, will not let that Révolutions de Paris die; but edit it himself, with much else,—dull-blustering Printer though he be.

Of Cassandra-Marat we have spoken often; yet the most surprising truth remains to be spoken: that he actually does not wantsense; but, with croaking gelid throat, croaks out masses of the truth, on several things. Nay sometimes, one might almost fancy he had a perception of humour, and were laughing a little, far down in his inner man. Camille is wittier than ever, and more outspoken, cynical; yet sunny as ever. A light melodious creature; born, as he shall yet say with bitter tears, 'to write verses;' light Apollo, so clear, soft-lucent, in this war of the Titans, wherein

he shall not conquer!

Folded and hawked Newspapers exist in all countries; but, in such a Journalistic element as this of France, other and stranger sorts are to be anticipated. What says the English reader to a Journal-Affiche, Placard Journal; legible to him that has no halfpenny; in bright prismatic colours, calling the eye from afar? Such, in the coming months, as Patriot Associations, public and private, advance, and can subscribe funds, shall plenteously hang themselves out: leaves, limed leaves, to catch what they can! The very Government shall have its Pasted Journal; Louvet, busy yet with a new 'charming romance,' shall write Sentinelles, and post them with effect; nay Bertrand de Moleville, in his extremity, shall still more cunningly try it.* Great is Journalism. Is not every Able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it; though self-elected, yet sanctioned, by the sale of his Numbers? Whom indeed the world has the readiest method of deposing, should need be: that of merely doing nothing to him; which ends in starvation!

Nor esteem it small what those Bill-stickers had to do in Paris: above Three Score of them: all with their crosspoles, haversacks, pastepots; may with leaden badges, for the Municipality licenses them. A Sacred College, properly of World-rulers' Heralds, though not respected as such, in an Era still incipient and raw. They made the walls of Paris didactic, suasive, with an ever fresh Periodical Literature, wherein he that run might read: Placard Journals, Placard Lampoons, Municipal Ordinances, Royal Proclamations; the whole other or vulgar Placard-department superadded, or omitted from contempt! What unutterable things the stone walls spoke, during these five years! But it is all gone; To day swallowin; Yesterday, and then being in its turn swallowed of To morrow, even as Speech ever is. Nav what, O thou immortal Man of Letters, is Writing itself but Speech conserved for a time? The Placard Journal conserved it for one day; some Books conserve it for the matter of ten years; may some for three thousand, but what then? Why, then, the years being all run, it also dies, and the world is rid of it. Oh, were there not a spirit in

^{*} See Bertrand-Moleville : Mémoires, il. 100, &c.

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the word of man, as in man himself, that survived the audible bodied word, and tended either Godward, or else Devilward for evermore, why should he trouble himself much with the truth of it, or the falsehood of it, except for commercial purposes? His immortality indeed, and whether it shall last half a lifetime, or a lifetime and half; is not that a very considerable thing? As mortality, was to the runaway, whom Great Fritz bullied back into the battle with a: "R—, wollt ihr ewig leben, Unprintable Off-

scouring of Scoundrels, would ye live for ever!"

This is the Communication of Thought: how happy when there is any Thought to communicate! Neither let the simpler old methods be neglected, in their sphere. The Palais-Royal Tent, a tyrannous Patrollotism has removed; but can it remove the lungs of man? Anaxagoras Chaumette we saw mounted on bournestones, while Tallien worked sedentary at the subeditorial desk. In any corner of the civilised world, a tub can be inverted, and an articulate-speaking biped mount thereon. Nay, with contrivance, a portable trestle, or folding-stool, can be procured, for love or money; this the peripatetic Orator can take in his hand, and, driven out here, set it up again there; saying mildly, with a Sage Bias, Omnia mea mecum porto.

Such is Journalism, hawked, pasted, spoken. How changed since One old Metra walked this same Tuileries Garden, in gilt cocked hat, with Journal at his nose, or held loose-folded behind his back; and was a notability of Paris, 'Metra the Newsman;' and Louis himself was wont to say: Qu'en dit Métra? Since the first Venetian News-sheet was sold for a gazza, or farthing, and

named Gazette! We live in a fertile world.

CHAPTER V.

CLUBBISM.

WHERE the heart is full, it seeks, for a thousand reasons, in a thousand ways, to impart itself. How sweet, indispensable, in such cases, is fellowship; soul mystically strengthening soul! The meditative Germans, some think, have been of opinion that Enthusiasm in the general means simply excessive Congregating—Schwärmerey, or Swarming. At any rate, do we not see glummering half-red embers, if laid together, get into the brightest white glow?

In such a France, gregarious Reunions will needs multiply, intensify: French Life will step out of doors, and, from domestic, become a public Club Life. Old Clubs, which already germinated, grow and flourish; new every where bud forth. It is the

^{*} Dulaure, Histoire de Paris, viii. 483; Mercier, Neureau Paris, &c.

sure sympton of Social Unrest: in such way, most infallibly of all, does Social Unrest exhibit itself; find solacement, and also nutriment. In every French head there hangs now, whether for terror or for hope, some prophetic picture of a New France: prophecy which brings, nay which almost is, its own fulfilment; and in all ways, consciously and unconsciously, works towards that.

Observe, moreover, how the Aggregative Principle, let it be but deep enough, goes on aggregating, and this even in a geometrical progression: how when the whole world, in such a plastic time, is forming itself into Clubs, some One Club, the strongest or luckiest, shall, by friendly attracting, by victorious compelling, grow ever stronger, till it become immeasurably strong; and all the others, with their strength, be either lovingly absorbed into it, or hostilely abolished by it! This if the Club-spirit is universal; if the time is plastic. Plastic enough is the time, universal the Club-spirit: such an all-absorbing, paramount One Club cannot be wanting.

What a progress, since the first salient-point of the Breton Committee! It worked long it secret, not languidly; it has come with the National Assembly to Paris; calls itself Club; calls itself in imitation, as is thought, of those generous Price-Stanhope English, French Revolution Club; but soon, with more originality, Club of Friends of the Constitution. Moreover it has leased for itself, at a fair rent, the Hall of the Jacobin's Convent, one of our 'superfluous edifices;' and does therefrom now, in these spring months, begin shining out on an admiring Paris. And so, by degrees, under the shorter popular title of Jacobins' Club, it shall become memorable to ail times and lands. Glance into the interior: strongly yet modestly benched and seated; as many as Thirteen Hundred chosen Patriots; Assembly Members, not a few. Barnave, the two Lameths are seen there; occasionally Mirabeau, perpetually Robespierre; also the ferret-visage of Fouquier-Tinville with other attorneys; Anacharsis of Prussian Scythia, and miscellaneous Patriots,-though all is yet in the most perfectly clean-washed state; decent, nay dignified. President on platform, President's bell are not wanting; oratorical Tribune high-raised; nor strangers' galleries, wherein also sit women. Has any French Antiquarian Society preserved that written Lease of the Jacobins Convent Hall? Or was it, unluckier even than Magna Charta. clipt by sacrilegious Tailors? Universal History is not indifferent to it. -

These Friends of the Constitution have met mainly, as their name may foreshadow, to look after Elections when an Election comes, and procure fit men; but likewise to consult generally that the Commonweal take no damage; one as yet sees not how. For indeed let two or three gather together any where, if it be not in Church, where all are bound to the passive state; no mortal can say accurately, themselves as little as any, for what they are gathered. How often has the broached barrel proved not to be for joy and heart effusion, but for duel and head-breakage; and

the promised feast become a Feast of the Lapithæ! This Jacobins Club, which at first shone resplendent, and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening the Nations, had, as things all have, to work through its appointed phases: it burned unfortunately more and more lurid, more sulphurous, distracted;—and swam at last, through the astonished Heaven, like a Tartarean

Portent, and lurid-burning Prison of Spirits in Pain.

Its style of eloquence? Rejoice, Reader, that thou knowest it not, that thou canst never perfectly know. The Jacobins published a Journal of Debates, where they that have the heart may examine: impassioned, dull-droning Patriotic-eloquence; implacable, unfertile-save for Destruction, which was indeed its work; most wearisome, though most deadly. Be thankful that Oblivion covers so much; that all carrion is by and by buried in the green Earth's bosom, and even makes her grow the greener. Jacobins are buried; but their work is not; it continues 'making the tour of the world,' as it can. It might be seen lately, for instance, with bared bosom and death-defiant eve, as far on as Greek Missolonghi; and, strange enough, old slumbering Hellas was resuscitated, into somnambulism which will become crear wakefulness, by a voice from the Rue St. Honoré! All dies, as we often say; except the spirit of man, of what man does. has not the very House of the Jacobins vanished; scarcely lingering in a few old men's memories? The St. Honoré Market has brushed it away, and now where dull-droning eloquence, like a Trump of Doom, once shook the world, there is pacific chaffering for poultry and greens. The sacred National Assembly Hall itself has become common ground; President's platform permeable to wain and dustcart; for the Rue de Rivoli runs there. Verily, at Cockcrow (of this Cock or the other), all Apparitions do melt and dissolve in space.

The Paris Jacobins became 'the Mother-Society, Societé-Mère:' and had as many as 'three hundred' shrill-tongued daughters in 'direct correspondence' with her. Of indirectly corresponding, what we may call grand-daughters and minute progeny, she counted 'forty-four thousand!'—But for the present we note only two things: the first of them a mere anecdote. One night, a couple of brother Jacobins are doorkeepers: for the members take this post of duty and honour in rotation, and admit none that have not tickets: one doorkeeper was the worthy Sieur Lar, a patriotic Opera-singer, stricken in years, whose windpipe is I may since closed without result: the other, young, and named Leuis Philippe, d'Orleans's firstborn, has in this latter time, after unheard-of destinies, become Citizen-King, and struggles to rule for a season. All-flesh is grass; higher reedgrass or creeping herb.

The second thing we have to note is historical: that the Mother-Society, even in this its effulgent period, cannot content all Patriots. Already it must throw off, so to speak, two dissatisfied swarms: a swarm to the right, a swarm to the left. One party, which thinks the Jacobins lukewarm, constitutes itself into Club of the Cordeliers; a hotter Club: it is Danton's element:

with whom goes Desmoulins. The other party, again, which thinks the Jacobins scalding-hot, flies off to the right, and becomes 'Club of 1789, Friends of the Monarchic Constitution.' They are afterwards named 'Feuillans Club;' their place of meeting being the Feuillans Convent. Lafayette is, or becomes, their chief-man; supported by the respectable Patriot everywhere, by the mass of Property and Intelligence,—with the most flourishing prospects. They, in these June days of 1790, do, in the Palais Royal, dine solemnly with open windows; to the cheers of the people; with toasts, with inspiriting songs,—with one song at least, among the feeblest ever sung.* They shall, in due time be hooted forth, over the borders, into Cimmerian Night.

Another expressly Monarchic or Royalist Club, 'Club des Monarchiens,' though a Club of ample funds, and all sitting in damask sofas, cannot realise the smallest momentary cheer; realises only scoffs and groans;—till, ere long, certain Patriots in disorderly sufficient number, proceed thither, for a night or for nights, and groan it out of pain. Vivacious alone shall the Mother-Society and her family be. The very Cordeliers may, as it were, return into her bosom, which will have grown warm

enough.

Fatal-looking! Are not such Societies an incipient New Order of Society itself? The Aggregative Principle anew at work in a Society grown obsolete, cracked asunder, dissolving into rubbish

and primary atoms?

CHAPTER VI.

JE LE JURE.

With these signs of the times, is it not surprising that the dominant feeling all over France was still continually Hope? O blessed Hope, sole boon of man; whereby, on his strait prison wills, are painted beautiful far-stretching landscapes; and into the night of very Death is shed holiest dawn! Thou art to all an indefeasible possesson in this God's-world: to the wise a sacred constantine's banner, written on the eternal skies; under which the shall conquer, for the battle itself is victory: to the foolish some secular mirage, or shadow of still waters, painted on the purched Earth; whereby at least their dusty pilgrimage, if devious, becomes cheerfuller, becomes possible.

In the death tumults of a sinking Society, French Hope sees only the birth struggles of a new unspeakably better Society; and sings, with full assurance of faith, her brisk Melody, which some inspired tiddler has in these very days composed for her,—the

world-famous *ça-ira*. Yes; 'that will go:' and then there will *come*—? All men hope: even Marat hopes—that Patriotism will take muff and dirk. King Louis is not without hope: in the chapter of chances; in a flight to some Bouillé; in getting popularized at Paris. But what a hoping People he had, judge by the

fact, and series of facts, now to be noted.

Poor Louis, meaning the best, with little insight and even less determination of his own, has to follow, in that dim wayfaring of his, such signal as may be given him; by backstairs Royalism, by official or backstairs Constitutionalism, whichever for the month may have convinced the royal mind. If flight to Bouillé, and (horrible to think!) a drawing of the civil sword do hang as theory, portentous in the background, much nearer is this fact of these Twelve Hundred Kings, who sit in the Salle de Manége. Kings uncontrollable by him, not yet irreverent to him. Could kind management of these but prosper, how much better were it than armed Emigrants, Turin-intrigues, and the help of Austria! Nav, are the two hopes inconsistent? Rides in the suburbs, we have found, cost little; yet they always brought vivats.* Still cheaper is a soft word; such as has many times turned away wrath. In these rapid days, while France is all getting divided into Departments, Clergy about to be remodelled, Popular Societies rising. and Feudalism and so much else is ready to be hurled into the

melting-pot,—might one not try?

On the 4th of February, accordingly, M. le Président reads to his National Assembly a short autograph, announcing that his Majesty will step over, quite in an unceremonious way, probably about noon. Think, therefore, Messieurs, what it may mean: especially, how ye will get the Hall decorated a little. The Secretaries' Bureau can be shifted down from the platform; on the President's chair be slipped this cover of velvet, 'of a violet colour 'sprigged with gold fleur-de-lys; '-for indeed M. le President has had previous notice underhand, and taken counsel with Doctor Guillotin. Then some fraction of 'velvet carpet,' of like texture and colour, cannot that be spread in front of the chair, where the Secretaries usually sit? So has judicious Guillotin advised: and the effect is found satisfactory. Moreover, as it is probable that his Majesty, in spite of the fleur-de-lys-velvet, will stand and not sit at all, the President himself, in the interim, presides standing. And so, while some honourable Member is discussing, say, the division of a Department, Ushers announce: "His Majesty!" In person, with small suite, enter Majesty: the honourable Member stops short; the Assembly starts to its fect; the Twelve Hundred Kings 'almost all,' and the Galleries no less, do welcome the Restorer of French Liberty with loval shouts. His Majesty's Speech, in diluted conventional phraseology, expresses this mainly: That he, most of all Frenchmen, rejoices to see France getting regenerated; is sure, at the same time, that they will deal gently with her in the process, and not regenerate her roughly.

^{*} See Bertrand-Moleville, i. 241, &c.

Such was his Majesty's Speech: the feat he performed was coming

to speak it, and going back again.

Surely, except to a very hoping People, there was not much here to build upon. Yet what did they not build! The fact that the King has spoken, that he has voluntarily come to speak, how inexpressibly encouraging! Did not the glance of his royal countenance, like concentrated sunbeams, kindle all hearts in an august Assembly; nay thereby in an inflammable enthusiastic France? To move 'Deputation of thanks' can be the happy lot of but one man; to go in such Deputation the lot of not many. The Deputed have gone, and returned with what highest-flown compliment they could; whom also the Queen met, Dauphin in hand. And still do not our hearts burn with insatiable gratitude; and to one other man a still higher blessedness suggests itself: To move that we all renew the National Oath.

Happiest honourable Member, with his word so in season as word seldom was; magic Fugleman of a whole National Assembly, which sat there bursting to do somewhat; Fugleman of a whole onlooking France! The President swears; declares that every one shall swear, in distinct je le jure. Nay the very Gallery sends him down a written slip signed, with their Oath on it; and as the Assembly now casts an eye that way, the Gallery all stands up and swears again. And then out of doors, consider at the Hôtelde-Ville how Bailly, the great Tennis-Court swearer, again swears, towards nightful, with all the Municipals, and Heads of Districts assembled there. And 'M. Danton suggests that the public ' would like to partake:' whereupon Bailly, with escort of Twelve, steps forth to the great outer staircase; sways the ebullient multitude with stretched hand: takes their oath, with a thunder of 'rolling drums,' with shouts that rend the welkin. And on all streets the glad people, with moisture and fire in their eyes, 'spontaneously formed groups, and swore one another,'*-and the whole City was illuminated. This was the Fourth of February 1700: a day to be marked white in Constitutional annals.

Nor is the illumination for a night only, but partially or totally it lasts a series of nights. For each District, the Electors of each District, will swear specially; and always as the District swears; it illuminates itself. Behold them, District after District, in some open square, where the Non-Electing People can all see and join: with their uplifted right hands, and pele jure: with rolling drums, with embracings, and that infinite hurrah of the enfranchised,—which any tyrant that there may be can consider! Faithful to the King, to the Law, to the Constitution which the National

Assembly shall make.

Fancy, for example, the Professors of Universities parading the streets with their young France, and swearing, in an enthusiastic manner, not without tumult. By a larger exercise of fancy, expand duly this little word: The like was repeated in every Town and District of France! Nay one Patriot Mother, in Lagnon of Brittany, assembles her ten children; and, with her own aged

^{*} Newspapers (in Hist. Parl. iv. 445).

hand, swears them all herself, the highsouled venerable woman. Of all which, moreover, a National Assembly must be eloquently apprised. Such three weeks of swearing! Saw the sun ever such a swearing people? Have they been bit by a swearing tarantula? No: but they are men and Frenchmen; they have Hope; and, singular to say, they have Faith, were it only in the Gospel according to Jean Jacques. O my Brothers! would to Heaven it were even as ye think and have sworn! But there are Lovers' Oaths, which, had they been true as love itself, cannot be kept; not to speak of Dicers' Oaths, also a known sort.

CHAPTER VII.

PRODIGIES.

To such length had the Contrat Social brought it, in believing hearts. Man, as is well said, lives by faith; each generation has its own faith, more or less; and laughs at the faith of its predecessor,-most unwisely. Grant indeed that this faith in the Social Contract belongs to the stranger sorts; that an unborn generation may very wisely, if not laugh, yet stare at it, and piously consider. For, alas, what is Contrat? If all men were such that a mere spoken or sworn Contract would bind them, all men were then true men, and Government a superfluity. Not what thou and I have promised to each other, but what the balance of our forces can make us perform to each other: that, in so sinful a world as ' ours, is the thing to be counted on. But above all, a People and a Sovereign promising to one another; as if a whole People, changing from generation to generation, nay from hour to hour, could ever by any method be made to speak or promise; and to speak mere solecisms: "We, be the Heavens witness, which Heavens however do no miracles now; we, ever-changing Millions, will allow thee, changeful Unit, to force us or govern us!" The world has perhaps seen few faiths comparable to that.

So nevertheless had the world then construed the matter. Had they not so construed it, how different had their hopes been, their attempts, their results! But so and not otherwise did the Upper Powers will it to be. Freedomby Social Contract: such was verily the Gospel of that Era. And all men had believed in it, as in a Heaven's Glad-tidings men should; and with overflowing heart and uplifted voice clave to it, and stood fronting Time and Eternity on it. Nay smile not; or only with a smile sadder than tears! This too was a better faith than the one it had replaced: than faith merely in the Everlasting Nothing and man's Digestive

Power; lower than which no faith can go.

Not that such universally prevalent, universally jurant, feeling of

Hope, could be a unanimous one. Far from that! The time was ominous: social dissolution near and certain; social renovation still a problem, difficult and distant even though sure. But if ominous to some clearest onlooker, whose faith stood not with one side or with the other, nor in the ever-vexed jarring of Greck with Greek at all,—how unspeakably ominous to dim Royalist participators; for whom Royalism was Mankind's palladium; for whom, with the abolition of Most-Christian Kingship and Most-Talleyrand Bishopship, all loyal obedience, all religious faith was to expire, and final Night envelope the Destinies of Man! On serious hearts, of that persuasion, the matter sinks down deep; prompting, as we have seen, to backstairs Plots, to Emigration with pledge of

war, to Monarchic Clubs; nay to still madder things.

The Spirit of Prophecy, for instance, had been considered extinct for some centuries: nevertheless these last-times, as indeed is the tendency of last-times, do revive it; that so, of French mad things, we might have sample also of the maddest. rural districts, whither Philosophism has not yet radiated, where a heterodox Constitution of the Clergy is bringing strife round the altar, itself, and the very Church-bells are getting melted into small money-coin, it appears probable that the End of the World cannot be far off. Deep-musing atribaliar old men, especially old women, hint in an obscure way that they know what they know. The Holy Virgin, silent so long, has not gone dumb; -and truly now, if ever more in this world, were the time for her to speak. One Prophetess, though careless Historians have omitted her name, condition, and whereabout, becomes audible to the general ear; credible to not a few: credible to Friar Gerle, poor Patriot Chartreux, in the National Assembly itself! She, in Pythoness' recitative, with wildstaring eye, sings that there shall be a Sign; · that the heavenly Sun himself will hang out a Sign, or Mock Sun; - which, many say, shall be stamped with the Head of hanged Favras. List, Dom Gerle, with that poor addled poll of thine; list, O list; -and hear nothing.*

Notable however was that 'magnetic vellurn, vélin magnétique,' of the Sieurs d'Hozier and Petit-Jean, Parlementeers of Rouen. Sweet young d'Hozier, 'bred in the faith of his Missal, and of 'parchment genealogies,' and of parchinent generally: adust, melancholic, middle-aged Petit-Jean: why came these two to Saintt loud, where his Majesty was hunting, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul; and waited there, in antechambers, a wonder to whispering Swiss, the livelong day; and even waited without the Creates, when turned out; and had dismissed their valets to Paris, as with purpose of endless waiting? They have a magnetic vellum, these two; whereon the Virgin, wonderfully clothing herself in Mesmerean Cagliostric Occult-Philosophy, has inspired them to jot down instructions and predictions for a much-straitened King. To whom, by Higher Order, they will this day present it; and save the Monarchy and World. Unaccountable pair of visual-objects! Ye should be men, and of the Eighteenth Century; but your magnetic

^{*} Deux Amis, v. c. 7.

vellum forbids us so to interpret. Say, are ye aught? Thus ask the Guardhouse Captains, the Mayor of St. Cloud; nay, at great length, thus asks the Committee of Researches, and not the Municipal, but the National Assembly one. No distinct answer, for weeks. At last it becomes plain that the right answer is negative. Go, ye Chimeras, with your magnetic vellum; sweet young Chimera, adust middle-aged one! The Prison-doors are open. Hardly again shall ye preside the Rouen Chamber of Accounts; but vanish obscurely into Limbo.*

CHAPTER VIII.

SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

SUCH dim masses, and specks of even deepest black, work in that white-hot glow of the French mind, now wholly in fusion, and confusion. Old women here swearing their ten children on the new Evangel of Jean Jacques; old women there looking up for Favras' Heads in the celestial Luminary; these are preternatural

signs, prefiguring somewhat.

In fact, to the Patriot children of Hope themselves, it is undeniable that difficulties exist: emigrating Seigneurs; Parlements in sneaking but most malicious mutiny (though the rope is round their neck); above all, the most decided 'deficiency of grains.' Sorrowful: but, to a Nation that hopes, not irremediable. To a Nation which is in fusion and ardent communion of thought; which for example, on signal of one Fugleman, will lift its right hand like a drilled regiment, and swear and illuminate, till every village from Ardennes to the Pyrenees has rolled its village-drum, and sent up its little oath, and glimmer of tallow-illumination some fathoms into the reign of Night!

If grains are defective, the fault is not of Nature or National Assembly, but of Art and Antinational Intriguers. Such malign individuals, of the scoundrel species, have power to vex us. while the Constitution is a-making. Endure it, ye heroic Patriots: nay rather, why not cure it? Grains do grow, they lie extant there in sheaf or sack; only that regraters and Royalist plotters, to provoke the people into illegality, obstruct the transport of grains. Quick, ye organised Patriot Authorities, armed National Guards, meet together; unite your goodwill; in union is tenfold strength; let the concentred flash of your Patriotism strike stealthy Scoun-

drelism blind, paralytic, as with a coup de soleil.

Under which hat or nightcap of the Twenty-five millions, this pregnant Idea first rose, for in some one head it did rise, no man can now say. A most small idea, near at hand for the whole world: but a living one, fit; and which waxed, whether into greatness or

not, into immeasurable size. When a Nation is in this state that the l'ugleman can operate on it, what will the word in season, the art in season, not do! It will grow verily, like the Boy's Bean in the Fairy-Tale, heaven-high, with habitations and adventures on it, in one night. It is nevertheless unfortunately still a Be in (for your long-lived Oak grows not so); and, the next night, it may lie felled, horizontal, trodden into common mud.-But remark, at least, how natural to any agitated Nation, which has Faith, this business of Covenanting is. The Scotch, believing in a righteous Heaven above them, and also in a Gospel, far other than the Jean-Jacques one, swore, in their extreme need, a Solemn League and Covenant, -as Brothers on the forlorn-hope, and imminence of battle, who embrace looking Godward; and got the whole Isle to swear it; and even, in their tough Old-Saxon Hebrew-Presbyterian way, to keep it more or less;—for the thing, as such things are, was heard in Heaven, and partially ratified there; neither is it yet dead, if thou wilt look, nor like to die. The French too, with their Gallic-Ethnic excitability and effervescence, have, as we have seen, real Faith, of a sort; they are hard bestead, though in the middle of Hope; a National Solemn League and Covenant there may be in France too; under how different conditions; with how different developement and issue!

Note, accordingly, the small commencement; first spark of a mighty firework: for if the particular hat cannot be fixed upon, the particular District can. On the 29th day of last November, were National Guards by the thousand seen filing, from far and near, with military music, with Municipal officers in tricolor sashes, towards and along the Rhone-stream, to the little town of Etoile. There with ceremonial evolution and manceuvre, with farfaronading, musketry-salvoes, and what else the Patriot genius could decise, they made oath and obtestation to stand faithfully by one another, under Law and King; in particular, to have all manner of grains, while grains there were, freely circulated, in spite both of robber and regrater. This was the meeting of Etoile, in the

mild end of November 1789.

But now, if a mere empty Review, followed by Review-dinner, bull, and such generalation and flirtation as there may be, interests the happy County town, and makes it the envy of surrounding County towns, how much more might this! In a fortnight, larger Montelimart, half ashamed of itself, will do as good, and better. On the Plain of Montelimart, or what is equally sonorous, 'under 'the Walls of Montelimart,' the thirteenth of December sees new rehering and obtestation; six thousand strong; and now indeed, with these three remarkable improvements, as unanimously reoled on the expression of First that the men of Montelimart do federate with the already federated men of Etoile. Second, that, implying not expression the circulation of grain, they swear in the face of 'Good and their Country' with much more emphasis and comprehenareness, 'to obey all decrees of the National Assembly, and see the mode ed, till death, pagaid in with.' Third, and most

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important, that official record of all this be solemnly delivered in to the National Assembly, to M. de Lafayette, and 'to the Restorer 'of French Liberty;' who shall all take what comfort from it they can. Thus does larger Montélimart vindicate its Patriot im-

portance, and maintain its rank in the municipal scale.*

And so, with the New-year, the signal is heisted; for is not a National Assembly, and solemn deliverance there, at lowest a National Telegraph? Not only grain shall circulate, while there is grain, on highways or the Rhone-waters, over all that South-Eastern region,-where also if Monsiegneur d'Artois saw good to break in from Turin, hot welcome might wait him; but whatsoever Province of France is straitened for grain, or vexed with a mutinous Parlement, unconstitutional plotters, Monarchic Clubs, or any other Patriot ailment,—can go and do likewise, or even do better. And now, especially, when the February swearing has set them all agog! From Brittany to Burgundy, on most Plains of France, under most City-walls, it is a blaring of trumpets, waving of banners, a constitutional manœuvring: under the vernal skies, while Nature too is putting forth her green Hopes, under bright sunshine defaced by the stormful East; like Patriotism victorious, though with difficulty, over Aristocracy and defect of grain! There march and constitutionally wheel, to the ca-ira-ing mood of fife and drum, under their tricolor Municipals, our cleargleaming Phalanxes; or halt, with uplifted right-hand, and artillery-salvoes that imitate Jove's thunder; and all the Country, and metaphorically all 'the Universe,' is looking on. in their best apparel, brave men, and beautifully dizened women, most of whom have lovers there; swearing, by the eternal Heavens and this green-growing all-nutritive Earth, that France

Sweetest days, when (astonishing to say) mortals have actually met together in communion and fellowship; and man, were it only once through long despicable centuries, is for moments verily the brother of man !- And then the Deputations to the National Assembly, with highflown descriptive harangue : to M. de Lafayette, and the Restorer; very frequently moreover to the Mother of Patriotism sitting on her stout benches in that Hall of the Jacobins! The general ear is filled with Federation. New names of Patriots emerge, which shall one day become familiar: Bever-Fonfrède eloquent denunciator of a rebellious Bourdeaux Parloment; Max Isnard eloquent reporter of the Federation of Draguighan; eloquent pair, separated by the whole breadth of France, who are nevertheless to meet. Ever wider burns the flame of Federation; ever wider and also brighter. Thus the Britany and Amou brethren mention a Fraternity of all true Frenchmen; and go the length of invoking 'perdition and death' on any renegade: moreover, if in their National-Assembly harangue, they glance plantively at the mare d'argent which makes so many cit and hours, they, over in the Mother-Society, ask, being henceforth them class eneither Bretons nor Angevins but French. Why all rance has

A most pertinent suggestion; dating from the end of March. Which pertinent suggestion the whole Patriot world cannot but catch, and reverberate and agitate till it become loud; which, in that case, the Townhall Municipals had better take

up, and meditate.

Some universal Federation seems inevitable: the Where is given; clearly Paris: only the When, the How? These also productive Time will give; is already giving. For always as the Federative work goes on, it perfects itself, and Patriot genius adds contribution after contribution. Thus, at Lyons, in the end of the May menth, we behold as many as fifty, or some say sixty thousand, met to federate; and a multitude looking on, which it would be diricult to number. From dawn to dusk! For our Lyons Charasmen took rank, at tive in the bright dewy morning; came pouring in, bright-gleaming, to the Quai de Rhone, to march theace to the Federation-field; amid wavings of hats and ladyhancherchies; glad shoutings of some two hundred thousand Pairiot voices and hearts; the beautiful and brave! Among whom, courting no nonce, and yet the notablest of all, what queenlike Figure is this; with her escort of house-friends and Champagneux the Patriot Editor; come abroad with the earliest? Radiant with embusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy; joyfullest she where all are joyful. It is Roland de la Platrière's Wife! + Strict elderly Roland, King's Inspector of Manufactures here; and now likewise, by popular choice, the strictest of our new Lyons Municipals: a man who has gained much, if worth and faculty be gain; but, above all things, has gained to wife Phlipon the Paris Engraver's daughter. Reader, mark that queeniske burgher-woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature, in an age of Artificiality, Pollution and Cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, she, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen, and will be seen, one day. O blessed rather while unseen, even of her elf! For the present she gazes, nothing do ibting, into this grand theatricality; and thinks her young dreams are to be fulfilled.

from diwn to ausk, as we said, it lasts; and truly a sight like few. Flourishes of drum; and trumpets are something; but think of an 'artificial Rock lifty feet high,' all cut into crag-steps, not without the similarde of 'shrubs!' The interior cavity, for in sooth it is in ide of deal, stands solemn, a 'Temple of Concord;' on the outer summit rises 'a Statue of Liberty,' colossal, seen for mile, such her like and Phrygian Cap, and civic column; at her test a Country's Altar, 'Autologial Privie;' on all which neither de Jumber nor lath and plaster, with point of various colours, her been pried. But, not then the banners all placed on the

^{*} Reports, &c. (in efist. Parl. ix. 122-147).

Madame Roland, Mémoires, i. (Discours Préliminaire, p. 23).

steps of the Rock; high-mass chaunted; and the civic oath of fifty thousand: with what volcanic outburst of sound from iron and other throats, enough to frighten back the very Soane and Rhone; and how the brightest fireworks, and balls, and even repasts closed in that night of the gods!* And so the Lyons Federation vanishes too, swallowed of darkness;—and yet not wholly, for our brave fair Roland was there; also she, though in the deepest privacy, writes her Narrative of it in Champagneux's Courier de Lyons; a piece which 'circulates to the extent of sixty 'thousand;' which one would like now to read.

But on the whole, Paris, we may see, will have little to devise; will only have to borrow and apply. And then as to the day, what day of all the calendar is fit, if the Bastille Anniversary be not? The particular spot too, it is easy to see, must be the Champ-de-Mars; where many a Julian the Apostate has been lifted on bucklers, to France's or the world's sovereignty; and iron Franks, loud-clanging, have responded to the voice of a Charlemagne; and

from of old mere sublimities have been familiar.

CHAPTER IX.

SYMBOLIC.

How natural, in all decisive circumstances, is Symbolic Representation to all kinds of men! Nay, what is man's whole terrestrial Life but a Symbolic Representation, and making visible, of the Celestial invisible Force that is in him? By act and world he strives to do it; with sincerity, if possible; failing that, with theatricality, which latter also may have its meaning. An Almack's Masquerade is not nothing; in more genial ages, your Christmas Guisings, Feasts of the Ass, Abbots of Unreason, were a considerable something: sincere sport they were; as Almacks may still be sincere wish for sport. But what, on the other hand, must not sincere carnest have been: say, a Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles have been! A whole Nation gathered, in the name of the Highest, under the eye of the Highest; imagination herself flagging under the reality; and all noblest Ceremony as yet not grown ceremonial, but solemn, significant to the outmost fringe! Neither. in modern private life, are theatrical scenes, of tearful women wetting whole ells of cambric in concert, of impassioned bushywhiskered youth threatening suicide, and such like, to be so entirely detested : drop thou a tear over them thyself rather.

At any rate, one can remark that no Nation will throw by its work, and deliberately go out to make a scene, without meaning something thereby. For indeed no scenic individual, with knavish

hypocritical views, will take the trouble to soliloguise a scene: and now consider, is not a scenic Nation placed precisely in that predicament of soliloguising; for its own behoof alone; to solace its own sensibilities, maudlin or other?--Yet in this respect, of readiness for scenes, the difference of Nations, as of men, is very great. If our Saxon-Puritanic friends, for example, swore and signed their National Covenant, without discharge of gunpowder, or the beating of any drum, in a dingy Covenant-Close of the Edinburgh High-street, in a mean room, where men now drink mean liquor, it was consistent with their ways so to swear it. Our Galac-Encyclopedic friends, again. must have a Champ-de-Mars, seen of all the world, or universe; and such a Scenic Exhibition, to which the Coliseum Amphitheatre was but a stroller's barn, as this old Globe of ours had never or hardly ever beheld. Which method also we reckon natural, then and there. Nor perhaps was the respective keeping of these two Oaths far out of due proportion to such respective display in taking them: inverse proportion, namely. For the theatricality of a People goes in a compound-ratio: ratio indeed of their trustfulness, sociability, fervency; but then also of their excitability, of their porosity, not continent; or say, of their explosiveness, hot-flashing, but which does not last.

How true also, once more, is it that no man or Nation of men, conscious of doing a great thing, was ever, in that thing, doing other than a small one! O Champ-de-Mars Federation, with three hundred drummers, twelve hundred wind-musicians, and artiflery planted on height after height to boom the tidings of it all over France, in few minutes! Could no Atheist-Naigeon contrive to discern, eighteen centuries off, those Thirteen most poor mean-dressed men, at frugal Supper, in a mean Jewish dweiling, with no symbol but hearts god-initiated into the 'Divine 'depth of Sorrow,' and a Do this in remembrance of me;—and so cease that small difficult crowing of his, if he were not doomed to it?

CHAPTER X.

MANKAND.

PARDOVARLE are human theatricalities; nay perhaps touching, him the paraionate uttrance of a tongue which with sincerity of more; et a head which with insincerity for its, having gone distanced. Yet, in comparison with impremediated outbursts of Nature, such as an Insurrection of Women, how foisenless, uncontring, undelightful; like small ale palled, like an enervescence that has enervesced! Such scenes, coming of forethought, were they world year, and never so cumingly devised, are at bottom

mainly pasteboard and paint. But the others are original; emitted from the great everliving heart of Nature herself: what figure they will assume is unspeakably significant. To us, therefore, let the French National Solemn League, and Federation, be the highest recorded triumph of the Thespian Art; triumphant surely, since the whole Pit, which was of Twenty-five Millions, not only claps hands, but does itself spring on the boards and passionately set to playing there. And being such, be it treated as such: with sincere cursory admiration; with wonder from afar. A whole Nation gone mumming deserves so much; but deserves not that loving minuteness a Menadic Insurrection did. Much more let prior, and as it were, rehearsal scenes of Federation come and go, henceforward, as they list; and, on Plains and under Citywalls, innumerable regimental bands blare off into the Inane, without note from us.

One scene, however, the hastiest reader will momentarily pause on: that of Anacharsis Clootz and the Collective sinful Posterity of Adam.—For a Patriot Municipality has now, on the 4th of June, got its plan concocted, and got it sanctioned by National Assembly; a Patriot King assenting; to whom, were he even free to dissent, Federative harangues, overflowing with loyalty, have doubtless a transient sweetness. There shall come Deputed National Guards, so many in the hundred, from each of the Eighty-three Departments of France. Likewise from all Naval and Military King's Forces, shall Deputed quotas come; such Federation of National with Royal Soldier has, taking place spontaneously, been already seen and sanctioned. For the rest, it is hoped, as many as forty thousand may arrive: expenses to be borne by the Deputing District; of all which let District and Department take thought, and elect fit men,—whom the Paris brethren will fly to meet and welcome.

Now, therefore, judge if our Patriot Artists are busy; taking deep counsel how to make the Scene worthy of a look from the Universe! As many as fifteen thousand men, spade-men, barrowmen, stone-builders, rammers, with their engineers, are at work on the Champ-de-Mars; hollowing it out into a natural Amphitheatre, fit for such solemnity. For one may hope it will be annual and perennial; a 'Feast of Pikes, i'ete des Piques' notablest among the high-tides of the year: in any case ought not a Scenic free Nation to have some permanent National Amphitheatre? The Champ-de-Mars is getting hollowed out; and the daily talk and the nightly dream in most Parisian heads is of Federation, and that only. Federate Deputies are already under way. National Assembly, what with its natural work, what with hearing and answering harangues of Federates, of this Federation, will have enough to do! Harangue of 'American Committee,' among whom is that faint figure of Paul Jones 'as with the stars dim-twinkling through it, —come to congratulate us on the prospect of such auspicious day. Harangue of Bastille Conquerors, come to 'renounce' any special recompense, any peculiar place at the solemnity; -since the Centre Grenadiers rather grumble. Harangue of 'Tennis-Court' Club.' who enter with far-gleaning Brass-plate, aloft on a pole, and the Tennis-Court Oath engraved thereon; which far gleaning Brass-plate they purpose to affix solemnly in the Versailles original locality, on the 20th of this month, which is the anniversary, as a deathless memorial, for some years: they will then dine, as they come back, in the Bois de Boulogne; *—cannot, however, do it without apprising the world. To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labours; and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, make friendly reply;—as indeed the wont has long been; for it is a gesticulating, sympathetic People, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve.

In which circumstances, it occurred to the mind of Anacharsis Clootz that while so much was embodying itself into Club or Committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater and greatest; of which, if it also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, le Genre Humain itself! In what rapt creative moment the Thought rose in Anacharsis's soul; all his throes, while he went about giving shape and birth to it; how he was sneered at by cold worldlings; but did sneer again, being a man of polished sarcasm; and moved to and fro persuasive in coffechouse and soirée, and dived down assiduous-obscure in the great deep of Paris, making his Thought a Fact: of all this the spiritual biographies of that period say nothing. Enough that on the 19th evening of June 1790, the Sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little Planet has not often had to show: Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Manége, with the Human Species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks; Turks, Chaldeans, Caccks, dwellers in Mesopotamia: behold them all; they have come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest

"Our ambassador titles," said the fervid Clootz, "are not written on pareliment, but on the living hearts of all men." These whi kered Polacks, long-flowing turbaned Ishmaelites, astrological Chaldeens, who stand so mute here, let them plead with you, august Senators, more eloquently than eloquence could. They are the mute representatives of their tongue-tied, befettered, heavy-Laden Nations; who from out of that dark bewilderment gaze wistful, amazed, with half-incredulous hope, towards you, and this your bright light of a French Federation; bright particular day-star, the herald of universal day. We claim to stand there, as mute monuments, pathern illy adumbrative of much. From bench and gullery comes 'repeated apphase;' for what august Senater ber 1. Thittered even by the very shadow of Human Species depending on him ! From President Sieves, who presides this remarkable fortal hi, in spite of his small voice, there cames elequent though shall reply. Anathure's and the 'Foreigners Committee' shall have place at the Lederstion; on condition of telling their re-

^{*} See Deux Amis, v. 122; Hist. Parl. &c.

spective Peoples what they see there. In the mean time, we invite them to the 'honours of the sitting, honneur de la séance.' A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds: but owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect,* his words are like spilt water; the thought

he had in him remains conjectural to this day.

Anacharsis and Mankind accept the honours of the sitting; and have forthwith, as the old Newspapers still testify, the satisfaction to see several things. First and chief, on the motion of Lameth, Lafayette, Saint-Fargeau and other Patriot Nobles. let the others repugn as they will: all Titles of Nobility, from Duke to Esquire, or lower, are henceforth *abolished*. Then, in like manner, Livery Servants, or rather the Livery of Servants. Neither, for the future, shall any man or woman, self-styled noble, be 'incensed,'—foolishly fumigated with incense, in Church; as the wont has been. In a word, Feudalism being dead these ten months, why should her empty trappings and scutcheons survive? The very Coats-of-arms will require to be obliterated:—and yet Cassandra Marat on this and the other coach-panel notices that they 'are but painted-over,' and threaten to peer through again.

So that henceforth de Lafayette is but the Sieur Motier, and Saint-Fargeau is plain Michel Lepelletier; and Mirabeau soon after has to say huffingly, "With your Riquetti you have set Europe at cross-purposes for three days." For his Counthood is not indifferent to this man; which indeed the admiring People treat him with to the last. But let extreme Patriotism rejoice, and chiefly Anacharsis and Mankind; for now it seems to be taken for

granted that one Adam is Father of us all!—

Such was, in historical accuracy, the famed feat of Anacharsis. Thus did the most extensive of Public Bodies find a sort of spokesman. Whereby at least we may judge of one thing: what a humour the once sniffing mocking City of Paris and Baron Clootz had got into; when such exhibition could appear a propriety, next door to a sublimity. It is true, Envy did in after times, pervert this success of Anacharsis; making him, from incidental 'Speaker of the Foreign-Nations Committee,' claim to be official permanent 'Speaker, Orateur, of the Human Species,' which he only deserved to be; and alleging, calumniously, that his astrological Chaldeans, and the rest, were a mere French tag-rag and-bobtail disguised for the nonce; and, in short, sneering and fleering at him in her cold barren way; all which, however, he, the man he was, could receive on thick enough panoply, or even rebound therefrom, and also go his way.

Most extensive of Public Bodies, we may call it; and also the most unexpected; for who could have thought to see All Nations in the Tuilenes Riding-Hall? But so it is; and truly as strange things may happen when a whole People goes miniming and minning. Hast not thou thyself perchance seen diagened Cleopatra, diagliter of the Ptolemies, pleading, almost with bended

^{*} Moniteur, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xii. 283).

knee. in unheroic tea-parlour, or dimlit retail-shop, to inflexible gross Burghal Dignitary, for leave to reign and die; being dressed for it, and moneyless, with small children;—while suddenly Constables have shut the Thespian barn, and her Antony pleaded in vain? Such visual spectra the across this Earth, if the Thespian Stage be rudely interfered with: but much more, when, as was said, Pit jumps on Stage, then is it verily, as in Herr Tieck's Drama, a Verkehrte Welt, of World Topsyturvied!

Having seen the Human Species itself, to have seen the 'Dean 'of the Human Species,' ceased now to be a miracle. Such ' Poyen du Genre Humain, Eldest of Men,' had shewn himself there, in these weeks: Jean Claude Jacob, a born Serf, deputed from his native Jura Mountains to thank the National Assembly for entranchising them. On his bleached worn face are ploughed the furrowings of one hundred and twenty years. He has heard dun patois-talk, of immortal Grand-Monarch victories; of a burnt Palatinate, as he toiled and moiled to make a little speck of this Earth greener; of Cevennes Dragoonings; of Marlborough going to the war. Four generations have bloomed out, and loved and hated, and rustled off: he was forty-six when Louis Fourteenth died. The Assembly, as one man, spontaneously rose, and did reverence to the Eldest of the World; old Jean is to take séance among them, honourably, with covered head. He gazes feebly there, with his old eyes, on that new wonder-scene; dreamlike to him, and uncertain, wavering amid fragments of old memories and dreams. For Time is all growing unsubstantial, dreamlike; Jean's eyes and mind are weary, and about to close,—and open on a far other wonder-scene, which shall be real. Patriot Subscription, Royal Pension was got for him, and he returned home glad; but in two months more he left it all, and went on his unknown way.*

CHAPTER XI.

AS IN THE AGE OF GOLD.

MEANWHILE to Paris, ever going and returning, day after day, and all day long, towards that Field of Mars, it becomes painfully apparent that the spadework there cannot be got done in time. There is such an area of it; three hundred thousand square feet: for from the Feole militaire (which will need to be done up in wood with balconies and galleries) westward to the Gate by the river ewhere also shall be wood, in trumpial arches', we count since thousand vards of length; and for breadth, from this umbalconies. A energ of eight rows, on the courts side, to that corre-

^{*} Deux Amis, iv. iii.

sponding one on the North, some thousand feet, more or less. All this to be scooped out, and wheeled up in slope along the sides; high enough; for it must be rammed down there, and shaped stair-wise into as many as 'thirty ranges of convenient seats," firm-trimmed with turf, covered with enduring timber;—and then our huge pyramidal Fatherland's-Altar, Autel de la Patrie, in the centre, also to be raised and stair-stepped! Force-work with a vengeance; it is a World's Amphitheatre! There are but fifteen days good; and at this languid rate, it might take half as many weeks. What is singular too, the spademen seem to work lazily; they will not work double-tides, even for offer of more wages, though their tide is but seven hours; they declare angrily that the human tabernacle requires occasional rest!

Is it Aristocrats secretly bribing? Aristocrats were capable of that. Only six months since, did not evidence get afloat that subterranean Paris, for we stand over quarries and catacombs, dangerously, as it were midway between Heaven and the Abyss, and are hollow underground,—was charged with gunpowder, which should make us 'leap?' Till a Cordelier's Deputation actually went to examine, and found it—carried off again!* An accursed, incurable brood; all asking for 'passports,' in these sacred days. Trouble, of rioting, château-burning, is in the Limousin and elsewhere; for they are busy! Between the best of Peoples and the best of Restorer-Kings, they would sow grudges; with what a fiend's-grin would they see this Federation, looked for by the

Universe, fail!

Fail for want of spadework, however, it shall not. He that has four limbs, and a French heart, can do spadework; and will! On the first July Monday, scarcely has the signal-cannon boomed; scarcely have the languescent mercenary Fifteen Thousand laid down their tools, and the eyes of onlookers turned sorrowfully to the still high Sun; when this and the other Patriot, fire in his eye, snatches barrow and mattock, and himself begins indignantly wheeling. Whom scores and then hundreds follow; and seon a volunteer Fifteen Thousand are shovelling and trundling; with the heart of giants; and all in right order, with that extemporaneous adroitness of theirs: whereby such a lift has been given, worth three mercenary ones;—which may end when the late twilight thickens, in triumph shouts, heard or heard of beyond Montmartre!

A sympathetic population will will, next day, with eagerness, till the tools are free. Or why wait? Spades elsewhere exist! And so now bursts forth that effulgence of Parisian enthusiasm, good-heartedness and brotherly love; such, if Chroniclers are trustworthy, as was not witnessed since the Age of Gold. Paris, male and female, precipitates itself towards its South-west extremity, spade on shoulder. Streams of men, without order; or in order, as ranked fellow-craftsmen, as natural or accidental

^{* 23}ml December, 1780 (Newspapers in III of Port in 14).

reunions, murch towards the Field of Mars. Three-deep these murch; to the sound of stringed music; preceded by young girls with green boughs, and tricolor streamers: they have shouldered. soldier-wise, their shovels and picks; and with one throat are singing ca-ira. Yes, pardicu ca-ira, cry the passengers on the streets. All corporate Guilds, and public and private Bodies of Citizens, from the highest to the lowest, march; the very Hawkers, one finds, have ceased bawling for one day. The neighbouring Villages turn out: their able men come marching, to village field'e or tambourine and triangle, under their Mayor, or Mayor and Curate, who also walk bespaded, and in tricolor sash. As many as one hundred and fifty thousand workers: nay at certain seasons, as some count, two hundred and fifty thousand; for, in the afternoon especially, what mortal but, finishing his hasty day's work, would run! A stirring city: from the time you reach the Place Louis Quinze, southward over the River, by all Avenues, it is one living throng. So many workers; and no mercenary mock-workers, but real ones that lie freely to it : each Patriot stretches himself against the stubborn glebe; hews and wheels

with the whole weight that is in him.

Amiable infants, aimables enfans! They do the 'police des 'l'atelier' too, the guidance and governance, themselves; with that ready will of theirs, with that extemporaneous adroitness. It is a true brethren's work; all distinctions confounded, abolished; as it was in the beginning, when Adam himself delved. Longfrocked tonsured Monks, with short-skirted Water-carriers, with swallowturled well-frizzled Incroyables of a Patriot turn; dark Charcoalmen, in al-white Peruke-makers; or Peruke-wearers, for Advocate and Judge are there, and all Heads of Districts: sober Nuns sisterlike with flaunting Nymphs of the Opera, and females in common circumstances named unfortunate: the patriot Rag-picker, and perfuned dweller in palaces; for Patriotism like New-birth, and also. like Death, levels all. The Printers have come marching, Prudhomme's all in Paper-caps with Révolutions de Paris printed on them; as Camille notes; wishing that in these great days there should be a Pack des Ecrivains too, or Federation of Able Editors.* Beautiful to see! The snowy linen and delicate pantaloon alternates with the soiled check-shirt and bushel-breeches; for both have east their coats, and under both are four limbs and and a set of Patriot muscles. There do they pick and shovel; or bend forward, yoked in long strings to box-barrow or overloaded tumbril; joyous, with one mind. Abbé Sieves is seen pulling, wiry, vehement, if too light for draught; by the side of Beauharnus, who shail get Kings though he be none. Abbé Maury did not pull; but the Charcoalmen brought a mummer quised like hum, so be had to pull in efficy. Let no august Sonner di dein the walk: Wayor Bully, Generalissimo Lafavette are there; and, alis, shall be there as all another day to The King himself comes to see, sky and ing the how; and suddenly with

^{*} See Newspapers, &c. (in Hist, Parl. vi. 381-406).

'shouldered spades they form a guard of honour round him.' Whosoever can come comes; to work, or to look, and bless the work.

Whole families have come. One whole family we see clearly, of three generations: the father picking, the mother shovelling, the young ones wheeling assiduous; old grandfather, hoary with ninety-three years, holds in his arms the youngest of all: * frisky, not helpful this one; who pevertheless may tell it to his grandchildren; and how the Future and the Past alike looked on, and with failing or with half-formed voice, faltered their ca-ira. vintner has wheeled in, on Patriot truck, beverage of wine: "Drink not, my brothers, if ye are not dry; that your cask may last the longer;" neither did any drink, but men 'evidently ex-'hausted.' A dapper Abbé looks on, sneering "To the barrow!" cry several; whom he, lest a worse thing befal him, obeys: nevertheless one wiser Patriot barrowman, arriving now, interposes his "arretez;" setting down his own barrow, he snatches the Abbé's; trundles it fast, like an infected thing, forth of the Champ-de-Mars circuit, and discharges it there. Thus too a certain person (of some quality, or private capital, to appearance), entering hastily, flings. down his coat, waistcoat and two watches, and is rushing to the thick of the work: "But your watches?" cries the general voice. -" Does one distrust his brothers?" answers he; nor were the watches stolen. How beautiful is noble-sentiment: like gossamer gauze, beautiful and cheap; which will stand no tear and wear! Beautiful cheap gossamer gauze, thou film-shadow of a rawmaterial of Virtue, which art not woven, nor likely to be, into Duty; thou art better than nothing, and also worse!

Young Boarding-school Boys, College Students, shout Vive la Nation, and regret that they have yet 'only their sweat to give.' What say we of Boys? Beautifullest Hebes; the loveliest of Paris, in their light air-robes, with riband-girdle of tricolor, are there; shovelling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe eves brighter with enthusiasm, and long hair in beautiful dishevelment: hard-pressed are their small fingers; but they make the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the slope (with a little tracing, which what man's arm were not too happy to lend?) -then bound down with it again, and go for more; with their long locks and tricolors blown back: graceful as the rosy Hours. O, as that evening Sun fell over the Champ-de-Mars, and tinte ! with fire the thick umbrageous boscage that shelvers it on this hand and on that, and struck direct on those Domes and two-andforty Windows of the Ecole Militaire, and made them all of burnished gold .- saw he on his wide zodiac road other such sight? A living garden spotted and dotted with such flowerage; all colours of the prism; the beautifullest blent friendly with the usefullest; all growing and working brotherlike there, under one warm feeling, were it but for days: once and no second time ' But Night is sinking; these Nights too, into Lternity.

hastiest Traveller Versailles ward has drawn bridle on the heights of Chaillot: and looked for moments over the River; reporting at Versailles what he saw, not without tears.*

Meanwhile, from all points of the compass, Federates are arriving: fervid children of the South, 'who glory in their · Mirabeau; ' considerate North-blooded Mountaineers of Jura; sharp Bretons, with their Gaelic suddenness; Normans not to be overreached in bargain: all now animated with one noblest fire of Patriotism. Whom the Paris brethren march forth to receive; with military solemnities, with fraternal embracing, and a hospitulity worthy of the heroic ages. They assist at the Assembly's Debutes, these Federates: the Galleries are reserved for them. They assist in the toils of the Champ-de-Mars; each new troop will put its hand to the spade; lift a hod of earth on the Altar of the Fatherland. But the flourishes of rhetoric, for it is a gesticuliting People; the moral-sublime of those Addresses to an august Assembly, to a Patriot Restorer! Our Breton Captain of Federates kneeds even, in a fit of enthusiasm, and gives up his sword; he wet-eved to a King wet-eyed. Poor Louis! These, as he said

afterwards, were among the bright days of his life.

Reviews also there must be; royal Federate-reviews, with King, Queen and tricolor Court looking on: at lowest, if, as is too common, it rains, our Federate Volunteers will file through the inner gateways, Royalty standing dry. Nay there, should some stop occur, the beautifullest fingers in France may take you softly by the lapelle, and, in mild flute-voice, ask: "Monsieur, of what Province are you?" Happy he who can reply, chivalrously Lowering his sword's point, "Madame, from the Province your ancestors reigned over." He that happy 'Provincial Advocate,' now Provincial Federate, shall be rewarded by a sun-smile, and such melodious glad words addressed to a King: "Sire, these are your faithful Lorr iners." Cheerier verily, in these holidays, is this 'skyblue faced with red' of a National Guardsman, than the dull black and gray of a Provincial Advocate, which in workdays one was used to. For the same thrice-blessed Lorrainer shall, this evening, stand sentry at a Oueen's door; and feel that he could die a thousand deaths for her: then again, at the outer gate, and even a third time, she shall see him; nay he will make her do it; presenting arms with emphasis, 'making his musket 'jingle again'; and in her salute there shall again be a sun-smile, and that little blande locked too hasty Dauphin shall be admonthed, "Salue then, Monsieur, don't be unpolite;" and there with she, like a bright Sky-wanderer or Planet with her little Moon, issues forth peculiar.+

But at micht, when Patriot spadework is over, figure the sacred of this of his pitality. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, a mere private sentior, but with print possessions, has daily his 'hundred dinnerguests.' That blo of Generalissimo Lafayette may double that

Mercier, ii Sr

[†] Narrative by a Lorraine Federate (given in Hist. Parl. vi. 389-91).

number. In lowly parlour, as in lofty saloon, the wine-cup passes round; crowned by the smiles of Beauty; be it of lightly-tripping Grisette, or of high-sailing Dame, for both equally have beauty, and smiles precious to the brave.

CHAPTER XII.

SOUND AND SMOKE.

AND so now, in spite of plotting Aristocrats, lazy hired spademen, and almost of Destiny itself (for there has been much rain), the Champ-de-Mars, on the 13th of the month is fairly ready; trimmed, rammed, buttressed with firm masonry; and Patriotism can stroll over it admiring; and as it were rehearsing, for in every head is some unutterable image of the morrow. Pray Heaven there be not clouds. Nay what far worse cloud is this, of a misguided Municipality that talks of admitting l'atriotism, to the solemnity, by tickets! Was it by tickets we were admitted to the work; and to what brought the work? Did we take the Bastille by tickets? A misguided Municipality sees the error; at late midnight, rolling drums announce to Patriotism starting half out of its bed-clothes, that it is to be ticketless. Pull down thy night-cap therefore; and, with demi-articulate grumble, significant of several things, go pacified to seep again. To-morrow is Wednesday morning; unforgetable among the fasti of the world.

The morning comes, cold for a July one; but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with openings at due intervals), floods-in the living throng; covers without tumult space after space. The Ecole Militaire has galleries and overvaulting canepies, where Carpentry and Painting have vied, for the upper Authorities; triumphal arches, at the Gate by the River, bear inscriptions, if weak, yet well-meant, and orthodox. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane standards of iron, swing pensile our antique Cassolities or pans of incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes,—unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men; and, twice as good, one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ-de-Mars.

What a picture: that circle of bright-dved I ife, spread up there, on its thirty seried Slope; leaving, one would as, on the thick mashings of here Avenue Trees, for the stans of them probable in by the beight; and the leaven of a more executes of some and the other the cleans of write, or white speckip as of topical assets.

circular enamel-picture in the centre of such a vase -of emerald! A vase not empty: the Invalides Cupolas want not their population, nor the distant Windmills of Montmartre; on remotest steepie and invisible village belfry, stand men with spy-glasses. On the heights of Chaillot are many-coloured undulating groups; round and far on, over all the circling heights that embosom Paris, it is as one more or less peopled Amphitheatre; which the eye grows dim with measuring. Nay heights, as was before himed, have cannon; and a floating-battery of cannon is on the Seme. When eve fails, ear shall serve; and all France properly is but one Amphitheatre: for in paved town and unpaved hamlet, men walk listening; till the muffled thunder sound audible on their horizon, that they too may begin swearing and firing !* But now, to streams of music, come Federates enough,—for they have assembled on the Boulevard Saint-Antoine or thereby, and come marching through the City, with their Eighty-three Department Banners, and blessings not loud but deep; comes National Assembly, and takes seat under its Canopy; comes Royalty, and takes seat on a throne beside it. And Lafayette, on white charger, is here, and all the civic Functionaries; and the Federates form dances, till their strictly military evolutions and manœuvres can

begin.

Evolutions and manœuvres? Task not the pen of mortal to describe them: truant imagination droops; -declares that it is not worth while. There is wheeling and sweeping, to slow, to quick, and double quick-time: Sieur Morter, or Generalissimo Latayette, for they are one and the same, and he is General of France, in the King's stead, for four-and-twenty hours; Sieur Motier must step forth, with that sublime chivalrous gait of his; solemnly ascend the steps of the Fatherland's Altar, in sight of Herven and of the scarcely breathing Earth; and, under the creak of those swinging Cassolettes, 'pressing his sword's point from there, pronounce the Oath, To King, to Law, and Nation mot to mention 'grains' with their circulating), in his own name and that of armed France. Whereat there is waving of banners and reclaim sufficient. The National Assembly must swear, standing in its place! the King himself audibly. The King swears; and now be the welkin split with vivats; let citizens enfranchised embrace, each smiting heartily his palm into his fellow's; and armed Federate, clang their arms; above all, that floating battery speak! It has spoken, to the four corners of France. From eminence to cramence, bursts the thunder; faint-heard, loud-repeated. What a sone, cast into what a lake; in circles that do not grow fainter. From Arms to Avignon; from Metz to Bayonne! Over Orleans and itlate it rolls, in common recitative: Pur bellows of it amid bis gramme mountains; I'm where is the shell endle of Great Henri. At the Wayselles, one can think, the ruddy evening witnesses it: over the depoblic Medicironean waters, the Castle of If ruddy tinged dart, forth, from every cannon's mouth, its comme of the . and all the people shout . Yes, France is nec. O glorings France

^{*} Deux Amis, v. 168.

that has burst out so; into universal sound and smoke; and attained—the Phrygian Cap of Liberty! In all Towns, Trees of Liberty also may be planted; with or without advantage. Said we not, it is the highest stretch attained by the Thespian Art on

this Planet, or perhaps attainable?

The Thespian Art, unfortunately, one must still call it; for behold there, on this Field of Mars, the National Banners, before there could be any swearing, were to be all blessed. A most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's blessing bestowed, say even, audibly or inaudibly sought, no Earthly banner or contrivance can prove victorious: but now the means of doing it? By what thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven; and descend gently, life-giving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the simplest : by Two Hundred shavencrowned Individuals, 'in snow-white albs, with tricolor girdles,' arranged on the steps of Fatherland's Altar; and, at their head for spokesman, Soul's Overseer Talleyrand-Perigord! These shall act as miraculous thunder-rod,—to such length as they can. O ve deep azure Heavens, and thou green all-nursing Earth; ye Streams ever-flowing; deciduous Forests that die and are born again, continually, like the sons of men; stone Mountains that die daily with every rain-shower, yet are not dead and levelled for ages of ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explosions, and such tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam half way to the Moon; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwellingplace of the UNNAMED; O spirit, lastly, of Man, who mouldest and modellest that Unfathomable Unnameable even as we see, - is not there a miracle: That some French mortal should, we say not have believed, but pretended to imagine that he believed that Talleyrand and Two Hundred pieces of white Calico could do it!

Here, however, we are to remark with the sorrowing Historians of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Tallevrand, long-stoled, with mitre and tricolor belt, was yet but hitching up the Altar-steps, to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew black; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing; and there descended a very deluge of rain. Sad to see! The thirty-staired Scats, all round our Amphitheatre, get instantaneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick set : our antique Casso etc. become Water-pots; their incense-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapour. Alas, instead of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human individuals feel that they have a skin: happily impervious. The General's sash runs water: how all military banners droop; and will not wave, but larrly flap, as if metamorphosed into painted tin-banners! Worse, far worse, these hundred thousand, such is the Historian's testimony, of the fairest of France! Their snowy muslins all splashed and draggled; the ostrich feather shrunk sharefully to the backbone of a feather; all caps are ruined; inno most pasteboard molting into its original pap: Peauty no longer sweets decrated in Fergarniture, like Love-goddess hidden-rescaled in her Italian clouds, but struggles in disastrous imprisonment in it, for 'the 'shape was noticeable;' and now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, teeheeings, and resolute good-humour will avail. A deluge; an incessant sheet or fluid-column of rain;—such that our Overseer's very mitre must be filled; not a mitre, but a filled and leaky fire-bucket on his reverend head!—Regardless of which, Overseer Talley rand performs his miracle: the Blessing of Talley-rand, another than that of Jacob, is on all the Eighty-three departmental flags of France; which wave or flap, with such thankfulness as needs. Towards three o'clock, the sun beams out again: the remaining evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens,

though with decorations much damaged.*

On Wednesday our Federation is consummated: but the festivities last out the week, and over into the next. Festivities such as no Bagdad Caliph, or Aladdin with the Lamp, could have equalled. There is a Jousting on the River; with its watersomersets, splashing and haha-ing: Abbé Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet, preaches, for his part, in 'the rotunda of the Corn-'market,' a Harangue on Franklin; for whom the National A sembly has lately gone three days in black. The Motier and Lepelletier tables still groan with viands; roofs ringing with patriotic toasts. On the fifth evening, which is the Christian Sabbath, there is a universal Ball. Paris, out of doors and in, man, woman and child, is jigging it, to the sound of harp and four-stringed fiddle. The hoariest-headed man will tread one other measure, under this nether Moon; speechless nurselings, infants as we call them, νήπια τέκνα, crow in arms; and sprawl out numb-plump little limbs, - impatient for muscularity, they know not why. The stiffest balk bends more or less; all joists creak.

Or out, on the Earth's breast itself, behold the Ruirs of the Bastille. All lamplit, allegorically decorated: a Tree of Liberty stry feet high; and Phrygian Cap on it, of size enormous, under which King Arthur and his round-table might have dined! In the depths of the background, is a single lugubrious lamp, rendering dim-visible one of your iron cages, shalf-buried, and some Prison stones. Tyranny vanishing downwards, all gone but the skirt: the rest wholly lamp-festoons, trees real or of pasteboard; in the simulatude of a fairy grove: with this inscription, readable to runner: 'Lei ton danse. Dancing Here.' As indeed had been obscurely foresh idowed by Cagliostro+ prophetic Quack of Quacks, when he, four years ago, quitted the grim durance;— to fall into a

gummer, of the Poman Inquisition, and not quit it.

But, after all, what is this Bastille business to that of the *Champs I lysion*? Theher, to these Fields well named Elysian, all feet tend. It is reduce as day with festooned lamps; little oil-cups, like caregard and these, daintily illumine the leghest leaves; trees there are all sheeted with variegated tire, shedding far a glimmer into the dubious wood. There, under the free sky, do tight-limbed Federate, with fair a newtound sweethears, electic as

^{*} Deux Amis, v. 143-179. † See his Lettre au Peuple Français (London, 1786).

Diana, and not of that coyness and tart humour of Diana, thread their jocund mazes, all through the ambrosial night; and hearts were touched and fired; and seldom surely had our old Planet, in that huge conic Shadow of hers 'which goes beyond the Moon, 'and is named Night,' curtained such a Ball-room. O if, according to Seneca, the very gods look down on a good man struggling with adversity, and smile; what must they think of Five-and-twenty million indifferent ones victorious over it,—for eight days and more?

In this way, and in such ways, however, has the Feast of Pikes danced itself off; gallant Federates wending homewards, towards every point of the compass, with feverish nerves, heart and head much heated; some of them, indeed, as Dampmartin's elderly respectable friend, from Strasburg, quite 'burnt out with liquors,' and flickering towards extinction.* The Feast of Pikes has danced itself off, and become defunct, and the ghost of a Feast; nothing of it now remaining but this vision in men's memory; and the place that knew it (for the slope of that Champ-de-Mars is crumbled to half the original height†) now knowing it no more. Undoubtedly one of the memorablest National Hightides. Never or hardly ever, as we said, was Oath sworn with such heart-effusion, emphasis and expenditure of joyance; and then it was broken irremediably within year and day. Ah, why? When the swearing of it was so heavenly-joyful, bosom clasped to bosom, and Fiveand-twenty million hearts all burning together: O ye inexorable Destinies, why?-Partly because it was sworn with such overjoyance; but chiefly, indeed, for an older reason: that Sin had come into the world and Misery by Sin! These Five-and-twenty millions if we will consider it, have now henceforth, with that Phrygian Cap of theirs, no force over them, to bind and guide: neither in them, more than heretofore, is guiding force, or rule of just living: how then, while they all go rushing at such a pace, en unknown ways, with no bridle, towards no aim, can hurlyburly unutterable fail? For verily not Federation-rosepink is the colour of this Earth and her work: not by outbursts of noble-sentiment, but with far other ammunition, shall a man front the world.

But how wise, in all cases, to 'husband your fire;' to keep it deep down, rather, as genial radical-heat! Explosions, the forciblest, and never so well directed, are questionable; far oftenest futile, always frightfully wasteful: but think of a man, of a Nation of men, spending its whole stock of fire in one artificial Firework! So have we seen fond weddings (for individuals, like Nations, have their Hightides) celebrated with an outburst of triumph and deray, at which the elderly shook their heads. Better had a serious cheerfulness been; for the enterprise was great. Fond pair! the more triumphant ye feel, and victorious over terrestrial evil, which seems all abelished, the wider-eyed will your disappointment be to find terrestrial evil still extant. "And why extant:" will each of

^{*} Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 144-184. † Dulaure, Histoire de Paris, viii. 25.

you cry: "Because my false mate has played the traitor: evil was abolished: I meant faithfully, and did, or would have done." Whereby the oversweet moon of honey changes itself into long years of vinegar; perhaps divulsive vinegar, like Hannibal's.

Shall we say then, the French Nation has led Royalty, or wooed and teased poor Royalty to lead her, to the hymeneal Fatherland's Altar, in such oversweet manner; and has, most thoughtlessly, to celebrate the nuptials with due shine and demonstration,—burnt her bad?

her bed?

BOOK SECOND.

NANCI.

CHAPTER I.

BOUILLÉ.

DIMLY visible, at Metz on the North-Eastern frontier, a certain brave Bouillé, last refuge of Royalty in all straits and meditations of flight, has for many months hovered occasionally in our eye; some name or shadow of a brave Bouillé: let us now, for a little, look fixedly at him, till he become a substance and person for us. The man himself is worth a glance; his position and procedure

there, in these days, will throw light on many things.

For it is with Bouillé as with all French Commanding Officers; only in a more emphatic degree. The grand National Federation, we already guess, was but empty sound, or worse: a last loudest universal Hep-hep-hurrah, with full bumpers, in that National Lapithæ-feast of Constitution-making; as in loud denial of the palpably existing; as if, with hurrahings, you would shut out notice of the inevitable already knocking at the gates! Which new National bumper, one may say, can but deepen the drunkenness; and so, the louder it swears Brotherhood, will the seoner and the more surely lead to Cannibalism. Ah, under that fraternal shine and clangour, what a deep world of irreconcileable discords lie momentarily assuaged, damped down for one moment! Respectable military Federates have barely got home to their quarters; and the inflammablest, 'dving, burnt up with liquors, 'and kindness,' has not yet got extinct; the shine is hardly out of men's eyes, and still blazes filling all men's memories, - when your discords burst forth again very considerably darker than ever. Let us look at Bouillé, and see how.

Bouillé for the present commands in the Garrison of Metz, and far and wide over the East and North; being indeed, by a lite act of Government with sanction of National Assembly, appointed one of our Four supreme Generals. Rochambeau and Mailly, men and Marshals of note in these days, though to us of small moment, are two of his colleagues; tough old babbling Luckner, also of small moment for us, will probably be the third. Margus

de Bouillé is a determined Lovalist; not indeed disinclined to moderate reform, but resolute against immoderate. A man long suspect to Patriotism; who has more than once given the august Assembly trouble; who would not, for example, take the National Oath, as he was bound to do, but always put it off on this or the other pretext, till an autograph of Majesty requested him to do it as a favour. There, in this post if not of honour, yet of eminence and danger, he waits, in a silent concentered manner; very dubious of the future. 'Alone,' as he says, or almost alone, of all the old military Notabilities, he has not emigrated; but thinks a ways, in atrabiliar moments, that there will be nothing for him too but to cross the marches. He might cross, say, to Treves or Cobleniz where Exiled Princes will be one day ranking; or say, over into Luxemburg where old Broglie loiters and languishes. Or is there not the great dim Deep of European Diplomacy; where your Calonnes, your Breteuils are beginning to hover, dimly discernible?

With immeasurable confused outlooks and purposes, with no clear purpose but this of still trying to do His Majesty a service, Bothlie waits; struggling what he can to keep his district loyal, his troops faithful, his garrisons furnished. He maintains, as yet, with his Cousin Lafayette, some thin diplomatic correspondence, by letter and messenger; chivalrous constitutional professions on the one side, military gravity and brevity on the other; which thin correspondence one can see growing ever the thinner and hollower, towards the verge of entire vacuity.* A quick, choleric, sharply discerning, stubbornly endeavouring man; with suppressed-explosive resolution, with valour, nay headlong audacity: a man who was more in his place lionlike defending those Windward Isles, or, as with military tiger-spring, clutching Nevis and Montserrat from the English, than here in this suppressed condition, muzzled and fettered by diplomatic packthreads; looking out for a civil war, which may never arrive. Few years ago Bouillé was to have led a French East-Indian Expedition, and reconquered or conquered Pondicherri and the Kingdoms of the Sun : but the whole world is suddenly changed, and he with it; Destiny willed it not in that way but in this.

CHAPTER II.

ARREARS AND ARISTOCRATS.

INDEED, at to the general outlook of things. Bouillé himself augus not well of it. The French Army, ever since those old Draille day, and earlier, has been universally in the question oblest state, and growing daily worse. Discipline, which is at all aim is

^{*} Bouillé, Mémoires (London, 1797), i. c. 8.

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a kind of miracle, and works by faith, broke down then; one sees not with that near prospect of recovering itself. The Gardes Françaises played a deadly game; but how they won it, and wear the prizes of it, all men know. In that general overturn, we saw the Hired Fighters refuse to fight. The very Swiss of Château-Vieux, which indeed is a kind of French Swiss, from Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, are understood to have declined. Deserters glided over; Royal-Allemand itself looked disconsolate, though stanch of purpose. In a word, we there saw Military Rule, in the shape of poor Besenval with that convulsive unmanageable Camp of his, pass two martyr days on the Champ-de-Mars; and then, veiling itself, so to speak, 'under cloud of night,' depart 'down the left bank of the Seine,' to seek refuge elsewhere; this ground having clearly become too hot for it.

But what new ground to seek, what remedy to try? Quarters that were 'uninfected:' this doubtless, with judicious strictness of drilling, were the plan. Alas, in all quarters and places, from Paris onward to the remotest hamlet, is infection, is seditious contagion: inhaled, propagated by contact and converse, till the dullest soldier catch it! There is speech of men in uniform with men not in uniform; men in uniform read journals, and even write in them.* There are public petitions or remonstrances, private emissaries and associations; there is discontent, jealousy, uncertainty, sullen suspicious humour. The whole French Army, fermenting in dark heat, glooms ominous, boding good to no one.

So that, in the general social dissolution and revolt, we are to have this deepest and dismallest kind of it, a revolting soldiery? Barren, desolate to look upon is this same business of revolt under all its aspects; but how infinitely more so, when it takes the aspect of military mutiny! The very implement of rule and restraint, whereby all the rest was managed and held in order, has become precisely the frightfullest immeasurable implement of misrule; like the element of Fire, our indispensable all-ministering servant, when it gets the *mastery*, and becomes conflagration. Discipline we called a kind of miracle: in fact, is it not miraculous how one man moves hundreds of thousands: each unit of whom it may be loves him not, and singly fears him not, yet has to obey him, to go hither or go thither, to march and halt, to give death, and even to receive it, as if a Fate had spoken; and the word-of-command becomes, almost in the literal sense, a magic-word?

Which magic-word, again, if it be once forgotten; the spell of it once broken! The legions of assiduous ministering spirits in e on you now as menacing fiends; your free orderly arena becomes a tumult-place of the Nether Pit, and the hapless magician is rent limb from limb. Military mobs are mobs with markets in their hands; and also with death hanging over their heads, for death is the penalty of disobolience and they have disobayed. And now if all mebs are arready french, and work french ally with mad fits of bot and of cold, here eage alternating so incoherently

^{*} See Newspapers of July, 1780 in 171. 1 ort. th gov. Se.

with panie terror, consider what your military mob will be, with such a conflict of duties and penalties, whirled between remorse and rune, and, for the hot fit, loaded fire-arms in its hand! To the oldier lunsed, revolt is frightful, and oftenest perhaps pitiable; and yet so dangerous, it can only be hated, cannot be pitied. An anomalous class of mortals these poor Hired Killers! With a frankness, which to the Moralist in these times seems surprising, they have sworn to become machines; and nevertheless they are still partly men. Let no prudent person in authority remind them of this latter fact; but always let force, let injustice above all, top short clearly on this side of the rebounding-point! Soldiers, as we often say, do revolt: were it not so, several things which are transient in this world might be perennial.

Over and above the general quarrel which all sons of Adam maintain with their lot here below, the grievances of the French soldiery reduce themselves to two, First that their Officers are Aristocrats; secondly that they cheat them of their Pay. Two grievances; or rather we might say one, capable of becoming a hundred; for in that single first proposition, that the Officers are Aristocrats, what a multitude of corollaries lie ready! It is a bottomless ever-flowing fountain of grievances this; what you may call a general raw-material of grievance, wherefrom individual grievance after grievance will daily body itself forth. Nay there will even be a kind of comfort in getting it, from time to time, so embodied. Peculation of one's Pay! It is embodied; made tangible, made denounceable; exhalable, if only in angry words.

For unluckily that grand fountain of grievances does exist: Aristocrats almost all our Officers necessarily are; they have it in the blood and bone. By the law of the case, no man can pretend to be the pitifallest lieutenant of militia, till he have first verified. to the satisfaction of the Lion-King, a Nobility of four generations. Not Nobility only, but four generations of it: this latter is the approvement hit upon, in comparatively late years, by a certain War munder much pressed for commissions.* An improvement which and relieve the over-pressed War-minister, but which split France still further into vawning contrasts of Commonalty and Nobility, may of new Nobility and old; as if already with your new and old, and then with your eld, older and oldest, there were not contrasts and discrepancies enough; - the general clash whereof men now see and hear, and in the singular whirlpool, all contrasts gone tagether to the bottom! Gone to the bottom or going: with uprour, without return; going every where save in the Military section of things; and there, it may be asked, can they hope to continue always at the top? Apparently, not.

It is true, in a time of exernal Peace, when there is no fighting but only drilling, this que sion, flow you rise from the ranks, may seem theorem at right r. But in reference to the Rights of Man it is continually practical. The soldier has sworn to be faithful not to be King only, but to the Law and the Nation. Do our com-

^{*} Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 89.

manders love the Revolution? ask all soldiers. Unhappily no, they hate it, and love the Counter-Revolution. Young epauletted men, with quality-blood in them, poisoned with quality-pride, do sniff openly, with indignation struggling to become contempt, at our Rights of Man, as at some newfangled cobweb, which shall be brushed down again. Old officers, more cautious, keep silent, with closed uncurled lips; but one guesses what is passing within. Nay who knows, how, under the plausiblest word of command, might lie Counter-Revolution itself, sale to Exiled Princes and the Austrian Kaiser: treacherous Aristocrats hoodwinking the small insight of us common men?-In such manner works that general raw-material of grievance; disastrous; instead of trust and reverence, breeding hate, endless suspicion, the impossibility of commanding and obeying. And now when this second more tangible grievance has articulated itself universally in the mind of the common man: Peculation of his Pay! Peculation of the despicablest sort does exist, and has long existed; but, unless the new-declared Rights of Man, and all rights whatsoever, be a cobweb, it shall no longer exist.

The French Military System seems dying a sorrowful suicidal death. Nay more, citizen, as is natural, ranks himself against citizen in this cause. The soldier finds audience, of numbers and sympathy unlimited, among the Patriot lower-classes. Nor are the higher wanting to the officer. The officer still dresses and perfumes himself for such sad unemigrated soirée as there may still be; and speaks his woes,—which woes, are they not Majesty's and Nature's? Speaks, at the same time, his gay defiance, his firm-set resolution. Citizens, still more Citizenesses, see the right and the wrong; not the Military System alone will die by suicide, but much along with it. As was said, there is yet possible a deeper overturn than any yet witnessed: that deepest upturn of the black-burning sul-

phurous stratum whereon all rests and grows!

But how these things may act on the rude soldier-mind, with its military pedantries, its inexperience of all that lies off the paradeground; inexperience as of a child, yet ficrceness of a man and vehemence of a Frenchman! It is long that secret communings in mess-room and guard-room, sour looks, thousandfold petty vexations between commander and commanded, measure every where the weary military day. Ask Captain Dampmartin; an authentic, ingenious literary officer of horse; who loves the Reign of Liberty, after a sort; yet has had his heart grieved to the quick many times, in the hot South-Western region and elsewhere; and has seen riot, civil battle by daylight and by torchlight, and anarchy hatefuller than death. How insubordinate Troopers, with drink in their heads, meet Captain Dampmartin and another on the ramparts, where there is no escape or side-path; and make military salute punctually, for we look calm on them; yet make it in a snappish, almost insulting manner: how one morning 'leave all their chamois shirts' and superfluous butts, which they are tired of, laid in piles at the Captain's doors; where it 'we 'laugh,' as the ass does, eating thistles : nay how they 'knot too forage-cords together, with universal noisy cursing, with evident intent to hang the Quarter-master:—all this the worthy Captain, looking on it through the ruddy-and-sable of fond regretful memory, has flowingly written down.* Men growl in vague document; officers iling up their commissions, and emigrate in

disgust.

Or let us ask another literary Officer; not yet Captain; Sublictatenant only, in the Artillery Regiment La Fère: a young man of twenty-one; not unentitled to speak; the name of him is Nobeleon Buonaparte. To such height of Sublicutenancy has he now got promoted, from Brienne School, five years ago; 'being found qualified in mathematics by La Place.' He is lying at Auxonne in the West, in these months; not sumptuously lodged in the house of a Perber, to whose wife he did not pay the cus-'tomary degree of respect;' or even over at the Pavilion, in a chamber with bare walls; the only furniture an indifferent 'bed without curtains, two chairs, and in the recess of a window a table covered with books and papers: his Brother Louis sleeps on a 'coarse mattrass in an adjoining room.' However, he is doing something great: writing his first Book or Pamphlet,-eloquent vehiment Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco, our Corsican Deputy, who is not a Patriot but an Aristocrat, unworthy of Deputyship. Joly of Dôle is Publisher. The literary Sublicutenant corrects the proofs; 'sets out on foot from Auxonne, every morning at four o'clock, for Dôle: after looking over the proofs, he partakes of an extremely frugal breakfast with Joly, and immediately prepares for returning to his Garrison; where he arrives before noon, having thus walked above twenty miles in the course of the 'morning.'

This Sublicutenant can remark that, in drawing-rooms, on street, on highways, at inns, every where men's minds are ready to kindle into a flaine. That a Patriot, if he appear in the drawingroom, or amid a group of officers, is liable enough to be discomaged, so great is the majority against him: but no sooner' closs he get into the street, or among the soldiers, than he feels arms as if the whole Nation were with him. That after the . anous Oath, To the King, to the Nation and Law, there was a great change; that before this, if ordered to are on the people, he for one would have done it in the King's name; but that after this, in the Nation's name, he would not have done it. Likewise that the Patrot oncers, more numerous too in the Artillery and In sincers than elsewhere, were few in number; yet that having t's soldiers on their side, they ruled the regiment; and did often deliver the Austocrat brother officer cut of peril and strait. One day, for example, 'a member of our own eyess roused the mob, by anguing, from the windows of our dining room, O Kr hand, O my "King; and I had to snatch him from their furv.'t

All which let the reader multiply by ten thousand; and spread

^{*} Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 122-146.

into Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, i. 23-31).

it with slight variations over all the camps and garrisons of France. The French Army seems on the verge of universal

mutiny.

Universal mutiny! There is in that what may well make Patriot Constitutionalism and an august Assembly shudder. Something behoves to be done; yet what to do no man can tell. Mirabeau proposes even that the Soldiery, having come to such a pass, be forthwith disbanded, the whole Two Hundred and Eighty Thousands of them; and organised anew.* Impossible this, in so sudden a manner! cry all men. And yet literally, answer we, it is inevitable, in one manner or another. Such an Army, with its four-generation Nobles, its Peculated Pay, and men knotting forage cords to hang their quartermaster, cannot subsist beside such a Revolution. Your alternative is a slow-pining chronic dissolution and new organization; or a swift decisive one; the agonies spread over years, or concentrated into an hour. Mirabeau for Minister or Governor the latter had been the choice; with no Mirabeau for Governor it will naturally be the former.

CHAPTER III.

BOUILLÉ AT METZ.

To Bouillé, in his North-Eastern circle, none of these things are altogether hid. Many times flight over the marches gleams out on him as a last guidance in such bewilderment : nevertheless he continues here: struggling always to hope the best, not from new organisation but from happy Counter-Revolution and return to the old. For the rest it is clear to him that this same National Federation, and universal swearing and fraternising of People and Soldiers, has done 'incalculable mischief.' So much that fermented secretly has hereby get vent and become open: National Guards and Soldiers of the line, solemnly embracing one another on all parade-fields, drinking, swearing patriotic oaths, fall into disorderly street-processions, constitutional unmilitary exclamations and hurrahings. On which account the Regiment Picarche. for one, has to be drawn out in the square of the barracks, here at Metz, and sharply harangued by the General himself; but espresses penitence.†

Far and near, as accounts testify, insubordination has be ungrambling louder and louder. Officers have been seen shut up in their mess-rooms; associted with elemorous demands, but with ut menaces. The insubordinate ringleader is dismiss double with 'yell we' furlough,' yellow infomous thing they call arr, in the same ten new ringleaders rise in his stead, and the yellow information

^{*} Moniteur, 1790. No. 233.

ceases to be thought disgraceful. 'Within a fortnight,' or at furthest a month, or that sublime Feast of Pikes, the whole French Army, a manning Arrears, forming Reading Clubs, frequenting Popular Societies, is in a state which Bouillé can call by no name but that of mutiny. Bouillé knows it as few do; and speaks by

dire experience. Take one instance instead of many.

It is still an early day of August, the precise date now undiscoverable, when Bouillé, about to set out for the waters of Aix la Chapelle, is once more suddenly summoned to the barracks of Metz. The soldiers stand ranked in fighting order, muskets loaded, the orders all there on compulsion; and require, with many-voiced emphasis, to have their arrears paid. Picardie was pentent; but we see it has relapsed: the wide space bristles and lours with mere mutinous armed men. Brave Bouillé advances to the nearest Regiment, opens his commanding lips to harangue; obtains nothing but querulous-indignant discordance, and the sound of so many thousand livres legally due. The moment is trying; there are some ten thousand soldiers now in Metz, and one spirit seems to have spread among them.

German Regiment, named of Salm, is thought to be of better temper: nevertheless Salm too may have heard of the precept, Thou shalt not steal; Salm too may know that money is money. Boullé walks trustfully towards the Regiment de Salm, speaks trustful words; but here again is answered by the cry of forty-four thousand livres odd sous. A cry waxing more and more vociferous, as Salm's humour mounts; which cry, as it will produce no cash or promise of cash, ends in the wide simultaneous whirr of shouldered uniskets, and a determined quick-time march on the part of Salm towards its Colonel's house, in the next street, there to seize the colours and military chest. Thus does Salm, for its part; strong in the faith that meum is not tuum, that fair speeches are not.

forty-four thousand livres odd sous.

Uprestrainable! Salm tramps to military time, quick concommercial way. Bouillé and the officers, drawing sword, have to do homto double quick pas-de-charge, or unmilitary running; to set the start; to section themselves on the outer staircase, and stand there with what of death-defiance and sharp steel they hare. Salm truculently coiling itself up, rank after rank, opposite them, in such hum nir as we can fancy, which happily has not yet mounted to the murder-pitch. There will Bouillé stand, certain at least of one man's purpose; in grim calmness, awaiting the wine. What the intropidest of men and generals can do is done. Bouillé, though there is a barricading picket at each end of the street, and death under his eyes, contrives to send for a Dragoon Decum at with orders to charge: the dragoon officers mount; the dragoon men will not : hope is none there for him. The street, as we say, barricaded; the Earth all shut out, only the indifferent herealt Vault overhead; perhaps here or there a timorous housefulder peering out of window, with prayer for Bouille; copious Rascality, on the pavement, with prayer for Salm: there

do the two parties stand;—like chariots locked in a narrow thoroughfare; like locked wrestlers at a dead-grip! For two hours they stand; Bouillé's sword glittering in his hand, adamantine resolution clouding his brows: for two hours by the clocks of Metz. Moody-silent stands Salm, with occasional clangour; but does not fire. Rascality from time to time urges some grenadier to level his musket at the General; who looks on it as a bronze General would; and always some corporal or other strikes it up.

In such remarkable attitude, standing on that staircase for two hours, does brave Bouillé, long a shadow, dawn on us visibly out of the dinness, and become a person. For the rest, since Salm has not shot him at the first instant, and since in himself there is no variableness, the danger will diminish. The Mayor, 'a man 'infinitely respectable,' with his Municipals and tricolor sashes, finally gains entrance; remonstrates, perorates, promises; gets Salm persuaded home to its barracks. Next day, our respectable Mayor lending the money, the officers pay down the half of the demand in ready cash. With which liquidation Salm pacifies itself, and for the present all is hushed up, as much as may be.*

Such scenes as this of Metz, or preparations and demonstrations towards such, are universal over France: Dampmartin, with his knotted forage-cords and piled chamois jackets, is at Strasburg in the South-East; in these same days or rather nights, Royal Champagne is 'shouting Vive la Nation, an diable les 'Aristocrates, with some thirty lit candles,' at Hesdin, on the far North-West. "The garrison of Bitche," Deputy Rewbell is sorry to state, "went out of the town, with drums beating; deposed its officers; and then returned into the town, sabre in hand." Ought not a National Assembly to occupy itself with these objects? Military France is everywhere full of sour inflammatory humour, which exhales itself fuliginously, this way or that: a whole continent of smoking flax; which, blown on here or there by any angry wind, might so easily start into a blaze, into a continent of fire!

Constitutional Patriotism is in deep natural alarm at these things. The august Assembly sits diligently deliberating; dare nowise resolve, with Mirabeau, on an instantaneous disbandment and extinction; finds that a course of palliatives is easier. But at least and lowest, this grievance of the Arrears shall be rectued. A plan, much noised of in those days, under the name 'Decree of the Sixth of August,' has been devised for that. Inspectors said visit ail armies; and, with certain elected corporals and 'soldiers 'able to write,' verify what arrears and peculations do be due, and make them good. Well, if in this way the smoky heat be cooled down; if it be not, as we say, ventilated over-much, or, by sparks and collision somewhere, sent up!

^{*} Pouillé, i. 140-5.

CHAPTER IV.

ARREARS AT NANCI.

WE are to remark, however, that of all districts, this of Bouille's seems the inflammablest. It was always to Bouille' and Metz that Royalty would fly: Austria lies near; here more than elsewhere must the disunited People look over the borders, into a dim sea of Foreign Politics and Diplomacies, with hope or apprehension,

with mutual exasperation.

It was but in these days that certain Austrian troops, marching neaccably across an angle of this region, seemed an Invasion realised; and there rushed towards Stenai, with musket on shoulder, from all the winds, some thirty thousand National Guards, to inquire what the matter was.* A matter of mere diplomacy it proved; the Austrian Kaiser, in haste to get to Belgium, had bargained for this short cut. The infinite dim movement of European Politics waved a skirt over these spaces, passing on its way; like the passing shadow of a condor; and such a winged flight of thirty thousand, with mixed cackling and crowing, rose in consequence! For, in addition to all, this people, as we said, is much divided: Aristocrats abound; Patriotism has both Aristocrats and Austrians to watch. It is Lorraine, this region; not so illuminated as old France: it remembers ancient Feudalisms; nay, within man's memory, it had a Court and King of its own, or indeed the splendour of a Court and King, without the Then, contrariwise, the Mother Society, which sits in the Jacobins Church at Paris, has Daughters in the Townschere; shrill tongued, driven acrid: consider how the memory of good King Stanislaus, and ages of Imperial Feudalism, may comport with this New acrid Evangel, and what a virulence of discord there may be! In all which, the Soldiery, officers on one side, private men on the other, takes part, and now indeed principal part; a Soldiery, moreover, all the hotter here as it lies the denser, the frontier Province requiring more of it.

So stands Lorraine: but the capital City, more especially so. The plea ant City of Nanci, which faded Feudalism loves, where King at in Jans personally dwelt and shone, has an Aristocrat Municipality, and then also a Daughter Society: it has some forty thousand disaled souls of population: and three large Regiments, one of which a swiss Chateau Vienx, dear to Patriotism ever since it retried in hing, or was thought to refuse, in the Bastille days. Here unhapped, all evil influences seem to meet concentered; here, of all places, may jealousy and heat eviloniself. These many months, accordingly, man has been set against man, Washed against Unwished; Patriot Soldier against Austocrat Captain, ever the more butterly, and a long score of grudges has been run-

ning up.

" Moniteur, Seance du 9 Août 1790.

Nameable grudges, and likewise unnameable: for there is a punctual nature in Wrath; and daily, were there but glances of the eye, tones of the voice, and minutest commissions or omissions, it will jot down somewhat, to account, under the head of sundries, which always swells the sum-total. For example, in April last, in those times of preliminary Federation, when National Guards and Soldiers were every where swearing brotherhood, and all France was locally federating, preparing for the grand National Feast of Pikes, it was observed that these Nanci Officers threw cold water on the whole brotherly business; that they first hung back from appearing at the Nanci Federation; then did appear, but in mere rédingote and undress, with scarcely a clean shirt on; nay that one of them, as the National Colours flaunted by in that solem moment, did, without visible necessity, take occasion to spit.*

Small 'sundries as per journal,' but then incessant ones! The Aristocrat Municipality, pretending to be Constitutional, keeps mostly quiet; not so the Daughter Society, the five thousand aduit male Patriots of the place, still less the five thousand female: not so the young, whiskered or whiskerless, four-generation Noblesse in epaulettes; the grim Patriot Swiss of Château-Vieux, effervescent infantry of Regiment du Roi, hot troopers of Mestre-de-Camp! Walled Nanci, which stands so bright and trim, with its straight streets, spacious squares, and Stanislaus' Architecture. on the fruitful alluvium of the Meurthe; so bright, amid the yellow cornfields in these Reaper-Months, -is inwardly but a den of discord, anxiety, inflammability, not far from exploding. Let Bouillé look to it. If that universal military heat, which we liken to a vast continent of smoking flax, do any where take fire, his beard, here in Lorraine and Nanci, may the most readily of all get singed by it.

Bouillé, for his part, is busy enough, but only with the general superintendence; getting his pacified Salm, and all other still tolerable Regiments, marched out of Metz, to southward towns and villages; to rural Cantonments as at Vic. Marsal and thereabout, by the still waters; where is plenty of horse-forage, sequestered parade-ground, and the soldier's speculative faculty can be stilled by drilling. Salm, as we said, received only half payment of arrears; naturally not without grumbling. Nevertheless that scene of the drawn sword may, after all, have raised Bouillé in the mind of Salm; for men and soldiers love intrepidity and swift inflexible decision, even when they suffer by it. As indeed is not this fundamentally the quality of qualities for a man? A quality which by itself is next to nothing, since inferior animals, asses, dogs, even mules have it; yet, in due combination, it is the indispensable basis of all.

Of Nanci and its heats, Bouillé, commander of the whole, knows nothing special; understands generally that the troops in that

City are perhaps the worst.* The Onicers there have it all, as the; have long had it, to themselves; and unhappily seem to mana cont ill. 'Fifty yellow furloughs,' given out in one batch, do surely betoken difficulties. But what was Patriotism to think of certain light-fencing Fusileers 'set on,' or supposed to be set on, to insult the Grenadier-club,' considerate speculative Grenadiers, and that reading-room of theirs? With shoutings, with hootings; til the speculative Grenadier drew his side-arms too; and there eroued battery and duels! Nay more, are not swashbucklers of the same stamp 'sent out' visibly, or sent out presumably, now in the dress of Soldiers to pick quarrels with the Citizens; now, dissmsed as Citizens, to pick quarrels with the Soldiers? For a certun Roussiere, expert in fence, was taken in the very fact; four Officers (presumably of tender years) hounding him on, who thereupon ded procipitately! Fence-master Roussière, haled to the guardhouse, had sentence of three months' imprisonment : but his comrades demanded 'yellow furlough' for him of all persons; nay, the reafter they produced him on parade; capped him in paperhelmet instruced, Iscuriot: marched him to the gate of City; and there storaly commanded him to vanish for evermore.

On all which suspicions, accusations and noisy procedure, and on enough of the like continually accumulating, the Officer could not but look with disdainful indignation; perhaps disdainfully express the same in words, and 'soon after fly over to the 'Austrians.'

So that when it here as elsewhere comes to the question of Arrears, the humour and procedure is of the bitterest: Regiment Mestre-de-Camp getting, amid loud clamour, some three gold louis amin, which have, as usual, to be borrowed from the Municipality; Sviss Chare m-Vieux applying for the like, but getting instead institutions coversis, or cat-o-nine-tails, with subsequent unsufferable haves from the women and children; Regiment du Roi, sick of hope deferred, at length seizing its military chest, and marching it to quarters, but next day marching it back again, through streets all struck stent: unordered paradings and clamours, not without around higher; objurgation, insubordination; your military ranked A rangement going all (as the Typographers say of set types, in a small rease rapidly to proft Such is Nanci in these early days of August; the subline Feast of Pikes not yet a month old.

ton thurmal Patriotism, at Paris and elsewhere, may well qualle in the next. War Minister Latour du Pin runs breathless to the National Assembly, with a written message that 'all is a Shurming touch touch frage.' The National Assembly, on the apur of the instant, renders such Parist, and 'order to submit and Superior,' as he requires; if it will avail any thing. On the other hand, formalism, through all its throats, gives house outery, condense, elementary pullurave. The Forty eight Sections, lift up times, account. Therefore, or call him now Colone? Santerre, is not described in the harmonic saint Antoine. For meanwhile, the Nanci Salper, have some a Deputation of Len, furnished with documents.

⁺ Deux Amis, v. c. 8.

and proofs; who will tell another story than the 'all-is-burning' one. Which deputed Ten, before ever they reach the Assembly Hall, assiduous Latour du Pin picks up, and on warrant of Mayor Bailly, claps in prison! Most unconstitutionally; for they had officers' furloughs. Whereupon Saint-Antoine, in indignant uncertainty of the future, closes its shops. Is Bouillé a traitor then, sold to Austria? In that case, these poor private sentinels have

revolted mainly out of Patriotism?

New Deputation, Deputation of National Guardsmen now, sets forth from Nanci to enlighten the Assembly. It meets the old deputed Ten returning, quite unexpectedly unhanged; and proceeds thereupon with better prospects; but effects nothing. Deputations, Government Messengers, Orderlies at hand-gallops, Alarms, thousand-voiced Rumours, go vibrating continually; backwards and forwards,—scattering distraction. Not till the last week of August does M. de Malseigne, selected as Inspector, get down to the scene of mutiny; with Authority, with cash, and 'Decree of the Sixth of August.' He now shall see these Arrears liquidated, justice done, or at least tumult quashed.

CHAPTER V.

INSPECTOR MALSEIGNE.

OF Inspector Malseigne we discern, by direct light, that he is 'of Herculean stature;' and infer, with probability, that he is of truculent moustachioed aspect,—for *Royalist* Officers now leave the upper lip unshaven; that he is of indomitable bull-heart; and

also, unfortunately, of thick bull-head.

On Tuesday the 24th of August, 1790, he opens session as Inspecting Commissioner; meets those 'elected corporals, and 'soldiers that can write.' He finds the accounts of Chateau-Vieux to be complex; to require delay and reference: he takes to haranguing, to reprimanding; ends amid audible grumbling. Next morning, he resumes session, not at the Townhall as prudent Municipals counselied, but once more at the barracks. Unfortunately Château-Vieux, grumbling all night, will now hear of no delay or reference; from reprimanding on his part, it goes to bullying,—answered with continual cries of "Jugez tout de suite. Judge it at once;" whereupon M. de Malseigne will off in a lam. But lo, Château-Vieux, swarming all about the barrack-ceuxt, has sentries at every gate; M. de Malseigne, demanding egress, cannot get it, though Commandant Denoue backs him; can get only "Jugez tout de suite." Here is a nodus!

Bull-hearted M. de Malseigne draws his sword; and will force egress. Confused splutter. M. de Malseigne's sword breaks; he snatches Commandant Denoue's; the sentry is wounded. M. de

Malseigne, whom one is loath to kill, does force egress,—followed by Chiteau-Vieux all in disarray; a spectacle to Nanci. M. de Malse are walks at a sharp pace, yet never runs; wheeling from time to time, with nenaces and movements of fence; and so reaches Denoue's house, unhart; which house Château-Vieux, in an agreated manner, invests, --hindered at yet from entering, by a crowd of officers formed on the staircase. M. de Malseigne retreats by back ways to the Townhall, flustered though undaunted; and an escort of National Guards. From the Townhall he, on the morrow, emits fresh orders, fresh plans of settlement with Château-Vieux; to none of which will Château-Vieux listen: whereupon finally he, amid noise enough, emits order that Chiteau-Vieux shall march on the morrow morning, and quarter at Sarre Louis. Château-Vieux flatly refuses marching; M. de Mulseigne 'takes act,' due notarial protest, of such refusal,—if happily that may avail him.

This is the end of Thursday; and, indeed, of M. de Malseigne's Inspectorship, which has lasted some rifty hours. To such length, in lifty hours, has he unfortunately brought it. Mestre-de-Camp and Regiment du Roi hang, as it were, fluttering: Château-Vieux is clean gone, in what way we see. Over night, an Aide-de-Camp of Lafavette's, stationed here for such emergency, sends swift emisseries far and wide, to summon National Guards. The slumher of the country is broken by clattering hoofs, by loud fraternal knockings; every where the Constitutional Patriot must clutch his

fighting-gear, and take the road for Nanci.

And thus the Herralean Inspector has sat all Thursday, among terror struck Municipals, a centre of confused noise: all Thursday, Enday, and till Sacurday towards noon. Château-Vieux, in space of the notarral protest, will not march a step. As many as four thousand National Guards are dropping or pouring in; uncertain what is expected of them, still more uncertain what will be costumed of them. For all is uncertainty, commotion, and suspacion: there goes a word that Bouillé, beginning to bestir himself in the rund Cartenments eastward, is but a Royalist traitor; that Charen View, and Patriotism are sold to Austria, of which latter d. de Malsermous probably some agent. Mestre-de-Camp and Ito there's still more questionably: Château-Vieux, far from man home, 'was a red flags out of two carriages,' in a passionate manner, along the streets; and next morning answers its Officers: " Prom, then; and we will march with you to the orld's end!"

Under Their exerumstances, towards noon on Sacuday, M. de Malseigne thinks it were good perhaps to inspect the ramparts. on horseback. He mounts, accordingly, with escort of three troopers. At the gate of the city, he bitls, two of them wait for it is return; and with the third, a trooper to be depended upon, he gallops of for Lungville; where his a certain Carabacce Regiment not yet in a mutmous state! The two left troopers soon get uneast; discover how it is, and give the diarm. Mestre-de Comp, to the number of a hundred, saddles in frantic hasteras.... if sold to Vertex - Thep one p Unich in these of its Inspiriter. 0.001:

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And so they spur, and the Inspector spurs; careering, with noise and jingle, up the valley of the River Meurthe, towards Lunéville and the midday sun: through an astonished country; indeed almost their own astonishment.

What a hunt, Actæon-like;—which Actæon de Malseigne happily gains! To arms, ye Carabineers of Lunéville: to chastise mutinous men, insulting your General Officer, insulting your own quarters;—above all things, fire soon, lest there be parleying and ye refuse to fire! The Carabineers fire soon, exploding upon the first stragglers of Mestre-de-Camp; who shrink at the very flash, and fall back hastily on Nanci, in a state not far from distraction. Panic and fury: sold to Austria without an if; so much per regiment, the very sums can be specified; and traitorous Malseigne is fled! Help, O Heaven; help, thou Earth,—ye unwashed Patriots; ye too are sold like us!

Effervescent Regiment du Roi primes its firelocks, Mestre-de-Camp saddles wholly: Commandant Denoue is seized, is flung in prison with a 'canvass shirt' (sarreau de toile) about him; Château-Vieux bursts up the magazines; distributes 'three 'thousand fusils' to a Patriot people: Austria shall have a hot bargain. Alas, the unhappy hunting-dogs, as we said, have hunted away their huntsman; and do now run howling and

baying, on what trail they know not; nigh rabid!

And so there is tumultuous march of men, through the night; with halt on the heights of Flinval, whence Lunéville can be seen all illuminated. Then there is parley, at four in the morning; and reparley; finally there is agreement: the Carabineers give in; Malseigne is surrendered, with apologies on all sides. After weary confused hours, he is even got under way; the Lunévillers all turning out, in the idle Sunday, to see such departure: homegoing of mutinous Mestre-de-Camp with its Inspector captive. Mestre-de-Camp accordingly marches; the Lunevillers look. See! at the corner of the first street, our Inspector bounds off again, bull hearted as he is; amid the siash of sabres, the crackle of musketry; and escapes, full gallop, with only a ball lodged in his buff-jerkin. The Herculean man! And vet it is an escape to no purpose. For the Carabineers, to whom after the hardest Sunday's ride on record, he has come circling back, 'stand de-' liberating by their nocturnal watch-fires:' deliberating of Austria, of traitors, and the rage of Mestre-de Camp. So that, on the whole, the next sight we have is that of M. de Malseigne, on the Monday afternoon, faring bull-hearted through the screets of Nanci: in open carriage, a soldier standing over him with drawn sword; amid the furies of the women, bedges of National Guards, and confusion of Babel: to the Prison beside Commandant Denoue! That finally is the lodging of Inspector Mal-

Surely it is time Bouille were drawing near. The Country all

Done Amis, v. 206 251; Newspapers and Decuments in Bist Pari. vii. 59-162).

round, alarmed with watchfires, illuminated towns, and marching and rout, has been sleepless these several nights. Nanci, with its uncertain National Cuards, with its distributed fusils, mutinous soldiers, black panic and redhot ire, is not a City but a Bedlam.

CHAPTER VI.

BOUILLÉ AT NANCI.

HASTE with help, thou brave Bouillé: if swift help come not, all is now verily 'burning;' and may burn,—to what lengths and breadths! Much, in these hours, depends on Bouillé; as it shall now tare with him, the whole Future may be this way or be that. If, for example, he were to loiter dubitating, and not come: if he were to come, and fail: the whole Soldiery of France to blaze into mutiny, National Guards going some this way, some that; and Royalism to draw its rapier, and Sansculottism to snatch its pike; and the Spirit of Jacobinism, as yet young, girt with sun-rays, to grow instantaneously mature, girt with hell-fire,—as mortals, in one night of deadly crisis, have had their heads turned gray!

Brave Bouillé is advancing fast, with the old inflexibility; gathering himself, unhappily 'in small affluences,' from East, from West and North; and now on Tuesday morning, the last day of the month, he stands all concentered, unhappily still in small force, at the village of Frouarde, within some few miles. Son of Adam with a more dubious task before him is not in the world this Tuesday morning. A weltering inflammable sea of doubt and pend, and Bouillé sure of simply one thing, his own determination. Which one thing, indeed, may be worth many. He puts a most firm face on the matter: 'Submission, or unsparing battle and 'destruction; twenty-four hours to make your choice:' this was the tenor of his Proclamation; thirty copies of which he sent yesterd y to Nanci: all which, we find, were intercepted and not posted.*

Nevertheless, at half-past eleven, this morning, seemingly by way of answer, there does wait on him at Frouarde, some Deputation from the mutinous Regiments, from the Nanci Municipals, to see what can be done. Pouillé receives this Deputation, 'in a Targe open court adjoining his lodging:' pacified Salm, and the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the rest, attend also, being invited to do it, all happily still in the grand sale. Salm, for retful of the Metz staircase and sabre, demands that the second sels 'be hanged' there and then. Bouillé

Parl, ubi suprà.

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represses the hanging; but answers that mutinous Soldiers have one course, and not more than one: To liberate, with heartfelt contrition, Messieurs Denoue and de Malseigne; to get ready forthwith for marching off, whither he shall order; and 'submit 'and repent,' as the National Assembly has decreed, as he yesterday did in thirty printed Placards proclaim. These are his terms, unalterable as the decrees of Destiny. Which terms as they, the Mutineer deputies, seemingly do not accept, it were good for them to vanish from this spot, and even promptly; with him too, in few instants, the word will be, Forward! The Mutineer deputies vanish, not unpromptly; the Municipal ones, anxious beyond right for their own individualities, prefer abiding with Bouillé.

Brave Bouillé, though he puts a most firm face on the matter, knows his position full well: how at Nanci, what with rebellious soldiers, with uncertain National Guards, and so many distributed fusils, there rage and roar some ten thousand fighting men; while with himself is scarcely the third part of that number, in National Guards also uncertain, in mere pacified Regiments,—for the present full of rage, and clamour to march; but whose rage and clamour may next moment take such a fatal new figure. On the top of one uncertain billow, therewith to calm billows! Bouillé must 'abandon himself to Fortune;' who is said sometimes to favour the brave. At half-past twelve, the Mutineer deputies having vanished, our drums beat; we march: for Nanci! Let Nanci bethink itself, then; for Bouillé has thought and determined.

And yet how shall Nanci think: not a City but a Bedlam! Grim Château-Vieux is for defence to the death; forces the Municipality to order, by tap of drum, all citizens acquainted with artillery to turn out, and assist in managing the cannon. On the other hand, effervescent Regiment du Roi, is drawn up in its barracks; quite disconsolate, hearing the humour Salm is in; and ejaculates dolefully from its thousand throats: "La loi, la loi, Law, law!" Mestre-de-Camp blusters, with profane swearing, in mixed terror and furor; National Guards look this way and that, not knowing what to do. What a Bedlam-City: as many plans as heads; all ordering, none obeying: quiet none,—except the Dead, who sleep underground, having done their fighting!

And, behold, Bouillé proves as good as his word: 'at hilipat to 'two' scouts report that he is within half a league of the gates; rattling along, with cannon, and array: breathing nothing but destruction. A new Deputation, Municipals, Mutineers, Officers, goes out to meet him; with passionate entreaty for yet one other hour. Bouillé grants an hour. Then, at the end thereof, no Denoue or Malseigne appearing as promised, he rolls his drums, and again takes the road. Towards four o'clock, the terror-struck Townsmen may see him face to face. His cannons rattle there, in their carriages: his vanguard is within thirty paces of the Gate Stanislaus. Onward like a Pianet, by appointed times, by law of Nature! What next? Lo, flag of truce and charado: conjunction

to halt: Malseigne and Denoue are on the street, coming hither; the soldiers all repentant, ready to submit and march! Adamantine Bouille's look alters not; yet the word Halt is given: gladder moment he never saw. Joy of joys! Malseigne and Denoue do verily issue; escorted by National Guards; from streets all frantic, with sale to Austria and so forth: they salute Bouillé, unscathed. Bouillé steps aside to speak with them, and with other heads of the Town there; having already ordered by what Gates

and Routes the mutineer Regiments shall file out.

Such colloguv with these two General Officers and other principal Townsmen, was natural enough; nevertheless one wishes Bouillé had postponed it, and not stepped aside. Such tumultuous inflammable masses, tumbling along, making way for each other; this of keen nitrous oxide, that of sulphurous firedamp, were it not well to stand between them, keeping them well separate, till the space be cleared? Numerous stragglers of Château-Vieux and the rest have not marched with their main columns, which are filing out by the appointed Gates, taking station in the open meadows. National Guards are in a state of nearly distracked uncertainty; the populace, armed and unharmed, roll openly delirious, betrayed, sold to the Austrians, sold to the Aristocrats. There are loaded cannon with lit matches among them, and Bouille's vanguard is halted within thirty paces of Gate. Command dwells not in that mad inflammable mass; which smoulders and tumbles there, in blind smoky rage; which will not open the Gate when summoned; says it will open the cunnon's throat sooner! Cannonade not, O Friends, or be it through my body! cries heroic young Desilles, young Captain of Roi, clasping the murderous engine in his arms, and holding it. Château-Vieux Swiss, by main force, with oaths and menaces, wrench off the heroic youth; who undaunted, amid still louder oaths, seats himself on the touch-hole. Amid still louder oaths; with ever louder clangour, - and, alas, with the loud crackle of first one, and then three other muskets; which explode into his body; which roll it in the dust, - and do also, in the loud madness of such moment, being lit cannon-match to ready priming; and so, with one thunderous belch of grapeshot, blast some fifty of Bouille's vanguard into air!

Fital! That sputter of the first musket-shot has kindled such a cannon-shot, such a death-blaze; and all is now redhot madness, conflagration as of Tophet. With demoniac rage, the Bouillé vangur I storms through that Gate Stanislaus; with fiery sweep, sweeps Motion clear away, to death, or into shelters and cellars: from which latter, again, Mutiny continues firing. The ranked Regiments hear it in their meadow; they rush back again through the nearest Gates; Bouillé gallops in, distracted, inaudible; and now has begun, in Nanci, as in that doomed. Hall of the Nibelun-

gen, 'a murder grim and great.'

Miscrable such some of dismal nimless madness as the anger of Heaven but circly permits among men! From cellar or from gurret, from open street in front, from successive corners of cross-

streets on each hand, Château-Vieux and Patriotism keep up the murderous rolling-fire, on murderous not Unpatriotic fires. Your blue National Captain, riddled with balls, one hardly knows on whose side fighting, requests to be laid on the colours to die: the patriotic Woman (name not given, deed surviving) screams to Château-Vieux that it must not fire the other cannon; and even flings a pail of water on it, since screaming avails not.* Thou shalt fight; thou shalt not fight; and with whom shalt thou fight! Could tumult awaken the old Dead, Burgundian Charles the Bold might stir from under that Rotunda of his: never since he, raging, sank in the ditches, and lost Life and Diamond, was such a noise heard here.

Three thousand, as some count, lie mangled, gory; the half of Château-Vieux has been shot, without need of Court Martial. Cavalry, of Mestre-de-Camp or their foes, can do little. Regiment du Roi was persuaded to its barracks; stands there palpitating. Bouillé, armed with the terrors of the Law, and favoured of Fortune, finally triumphs. In two murderous hours he has penetrated to the grand Squares, dauntless, though with loss of forty officers and five hundred men: the shattered remnants of Château-Vieux are seeking covert. Regiment du Roi, not effervescent now, alas no, but having effervesced, will offer to ground its arms; will 'march in a quarter of an hour.' Nay these poor effervesced require 'escort' to march with, and get it; though they are thousands strong, and have thirty ball-cartridges a man! The Sun is not yet down, when Peace, which might have come bloodless, has come bloody: the mutinous Regiments are on march, doleful, on their three Routes; and from Nanci rises wail of women and men, the voice of weeping and desolation; the City weeping for its slain who awaken not. These streets are empty but for victorious patrols.

Thus has Fortune, favouring the brave, dragged Bouillé, as himself says, out of such a frightful peril, 'by the hair of the head." An intrepid adamantine man this Bouillé: - had he stood in old Broglie's place, in those Bastille days, it might have been all different! He has extinguished mutiny, and immeasurable civil war. Not for nothing, as we see; yet at a rate which he and Comstitutional Patriotism considers cheap. Nay, as for Bouillé, he. urged by subsequent contradiction which arose, declares coldly, it was rather against his own private mind, and more by public military rule of duty, that he did extinguish it, +-immeasurable civil war being now the only chance. Urged, we say, by subsequent contradiction! Civil war, indeed, is Chaos; and in all vital Chaos, there is new Order shaping itself free: but what a faith this, that of all new Orders out of Chaos and Possibility of Man and his Universe, Louis Sixteenth and Two-Chamber Monarchy were precisely the one that would shape itself! It is like undertaking to throw deuce-ace, say only ave hundred successive times, and any other throw to be fatal for Bouillé.

^{*} Deux Amis, v. 268.

Rather thank Fortune, and Heaven, always, thou intrepid Bouillé; and let contradiction go its way! Civil war, conflagrating universally over France at this moment, might have led to one thing or to another thing: meanwhile, to quench conflagration, wheresoever one finds it, wheresoever one can; this, in all times, is the

rule for man and General Officer.

Part at Paris, so agitated and divided, fancy how it went, when the continually vibrating Orderlies vibrated thither at hand earlap, with such questionable news! High is the gratulation; and also deep the indignation. An august Assembly, by overwhelming majorities, passionately thanks Bouillé; a King's auto-St. Ji, the voices of all Loyal, all Constitutional men run to the same tenor. A solemn National funeral-service, for the Lawde nder, slain at Nanci, is said and sung in the Champ de Mars; Bally, Larayette and National Guards, all except the few that protested, assist. With pomp and circumstance, with episcopal Calicoes in tricolor girdles, Altar of Fatherland smoking with cassolectes, or incense-kettles; the vast Champ-de-Mars wholly hung round with black mortcloth, -which mortcloth and expenditure Marat thinks had better have been laid out in bread, in these dear days, and given to the hungry living Patrict.* On the other hand, living Patriotism, and Saint-Antoine, which we have seen noisily clasing its shops and such like, assembles now 'to the number of forty thousand; 'and, with loud cries, under the very windows of the thanking National Assembly, demands revenge for murdered Brothers, judgment on Bouillé, and instant dismissal of War-Minister Latour du Pin.

At sound and sight of which things, if not War-Minister Latour, yet 'Adored Minister' Necker, sees good on the 3d of September 1700, to withdraw softly almost privily,—with an eye to the 'recovery of his health.' Home to native Switzerland; not as he last came; lucky to reach it alive! Fifteen months ago, we saw him covering, with escort of horse, with sound of clarion and trumpet: and now at Arcis-sur-Aube, while he departs unescorted soundless, the Populace and Municipals stop him as a fugitive, are not untike massacring him as a traitor; the National Assembly, consulted on the matter, gives him free egress as a rollier. Such an unstable 'drift-mould of Accident' is the antice of this lower world, for them that dwell in houses of clay, so, especially in het regions and times, do the proudest to the see we huld of it take wings, and become Sahara save pathors, spimming many pillared in the whirlwind, and bury to

in pure of the forcy thousand, the National Assembly periods in its thinks; and Royalise Latour du l'in continues Minister. The force theorem assemble next day, as loud as ever; reil towards Lie in a Hotel; find cannon on the perch steps with flumbeau lit, and have to reuse elsewhither, and digest their spleen, or re-absorb it into the blood.

Over in Lonnine, meanwhile, they of the distributed fusils,

^{*} Ami du Peuple (in Hist. Parl, ubi suprà).

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ringleaders of Mestre-de-Camp, of Roi, have got marked our for judgment :--yet shall never get judged. Briefer is the down of Château-Vieux. Château-Vieux is, by Swiss law, given up for instant trial in Court-Martial of its own officers. Which Court-Martial, with all brevity (in not many hours', has hanged some Twenty-three, on conspicuous gibbets; marched some Threescore in chains to the Galleys; and so, to appearance, finished the matter off. Hanged men do cease for ever from this Farth; but out of chains and the Galleys there may be resuscitation in triumph. Resuscitation for the chained Hero; and even for the chained Scoundrel, or Semi-scoundrel! Scottish John Kney, such World-Hero, as we know, sat once nevertheless polling grim-taciturn at the oar of French Galley, 'in the Water of Lore: and even flung their Virgin-Mary over, instead of kissing her,—as 'a fenied bread,' or timber Virgin, who could naturally swim.* So, ye of Château-Vieux, tag patiently, not without hope!

But indeed at Nanci generally, Aristocraey rides triumphants rough. Bouillé is gone again, the second day; an Aristocrat Municipality, with free course, is as cruel as it had before been cowardly. The Daughter Society, as the mother of the whole mischief, lies ignominiously suppressed; the Prisons can hold no more; bereaved down-beaten Patriotism murmurs, not loud but deep. Here and in the neighbouring Towns, 'flattened balls' picked from the streets of Nanci are worn at buttonholes : balls flattened in carrying death to Patriotism; men wear them there. in perpetual memento of revenge. Mutineer Deserters roam the woods; have to demand charity at the musket's end. All is dissolution, mutual rancour, gloom and despair :-till National-Assembly Commissioners arrive, with a steady gentle flame of Constitutionalism in their hearts; who gently lift up the downtrodden, gently pull down the too uplifted ; reinstate the Daughter Society, recall the Mutineer Descrier; gradually levelling, strive in all wise ways to smooth and soothe. With such gradual mid levelling on the one side; as with solemn funeral-service, Cassolettes, Courts-Martial, National thanks,-all that Officiality can do is done. The bettonhole will drop its flat ball; the black ashes, so far as may be, get green again.

This is the 'Affair of Nanci:' by some called the 'Massacre of 'Nanci:' properly speaking, the unsightly a region of that thrice glorious Feast of likes, the right-side of which formed a spectacle for the very gods. Right-side and wrong he always so near: the one was in July, in August the other' Theatres, the theatres over in London, are bright with their pasteboard simulacrum of that 'Federation of the French People,' brought out as Drama: this of Nanci, we may say, though not paid in any pasteboard Theatre, did for many months enact uself, and even walk spectrally—in all French heads. For the news of it by pealing through all France: awakening, in town and village, in

[&]quot; Knox's History of the Reformation, b. i.

responsible assertion; to the utmost borders, some mimic reflex or imaginative repet tion of the busines; always with the angry questionable assertion; It was right; It was wrong. Whereby come controvers es, duel; embitterment, vain jargon; the hastering for a rel, the augmenting and intensitying of whatever new

expansion, he in store for us.

declinated at this cost of at that, the mutiny, as we say, is collect. The interior Army has neather burst up in universal amiltaneous defirium; nor been at once disbanded, put an end to, and made new again. It must die in the chronic manner, through year aby increas; with partial revolts, as of Brest Sailors of the like, which care not spread; with men unhappy, insubordinate; officers unhapper, in Royalist moustachioes, taking horse, angly of in bodies, across the Rhine; * sick dissatisfaction, sick dissatisfaction, sick dissatisfaction, and distance of both ades; the Army moribund, fit for no duty:—till at do, in the unexpected manner, Phoenix-like, with long theory, it both coad and newborn; then start forth strong, nay stronger and even strongest.

The number of the brave Bouillé hitherto fated to do. Wherewith let him again fade into dimness; and at Metz or the rural Cantoniments, acadeously drilling, mysteriously diplomatising, in scheme authorischeme, hover as formerly a faint shadow, the hope

or Royalty.

* See Dampmartin, i. 249, &c. &c.

BOOK THIRD.

THE TUILERIES.

CHAPTER I.

EPIMENIDES.

How true that there is nothing dead in this Universe; that what we call dead is only changed, its forces working in inverse order! 'The leaf that lies rotting in moist winds,' says one. 'has 'still force; else how could it rot?' Our whole Universe is but an infinite Complex of Forces; thousandfold, from Gravitation up to Thought and Will; man's Freedom environed with Necessity of Nature: in all which nothing at any moment slumbers, but all is for ever awake and busy. The thing that lies isolated inactive thou shalt nowhere discover; seek every where from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, to the passing cloudvapour, to the living man; to the action, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we know, flies-irrevocable: not less, but more, the action that is done. 'The gods themselves,' sings Pindar, 'cannot annihilate the action that is done.' No: this, once done, is done always; cast forth into endless Time; and, long conspicuous or soon hidden, must verily work and grew for ever there, an indestructible new element in the Infinite of Things. Or, indeed, what is this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Universe, but an action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities? The living ready-made sum-total of these three. which Calculation cannot add, cannot bring on its tablets : yet the sum, we say, is written visible: All that has been done. All that is doing, All that will be done! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action the product and expression of exerted Force: the All of Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb To do. Shereless Fountain Ocean of Ferce, of power to do.: wherein Force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, burmonious; wide as Immensity, deep as I't mity; beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended; this is a but mon names Existence and Universe: this thousand finted Flamesin up., . t once veil and revolution, reflex such as he, in his poor brain and heart, can point, of One Unnameable dwelling in inaccessible light! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from before the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls,—round they, nay thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now standest, in this moment which

thy clock measures.

Or apart from all Transcendentalism, is it not a plain treth of sense, which the duller mind can even consider as a truism, that human things wholly are in continual movement, and action and reaction; working continually forward, phasis after phasis, by unalterable laws, towards prescribed issues? How often must we say, and yet not rightly lay to heart: The seed that is sown, it will spring! Given the summer's blossoming, then there is also given the autumnal withering: so is it ordered not with seedfields only, but with transactions, arrangements, philosophies, societies, French Revolutions, whatsoever man works with in this lower world. The Beginning holds in it the End, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak and its fortunes. Solemn enough, did we think of it, which unhappily and also happily we do not very much! Thou there canst begin; the Beginning is for thee, and there: but where, and of what sort, and for whom will the End be? All grows, and seeks and endures its destinies: consider likewise how much grows, as the trees do, whether we think of it or not. So that when your Epimenides, your somnolent Peter Klaus, since named Rip van Winkle, awakens again, he finds it a changed world. In that seven-years' sleep of his, so much has changed! All that is without us will change while we think not of it; much even that is within us. The truth that was yesterday a restless Problem, has to-day grown a Belief burning to be uttered: on the morrow, contradiction has exasperated it into mad Fanaticism; obstruction has dulled it into sick Inertness; it is sinking towards silence, of satisfaction or of resignation. To-day is not Yesterday, for man or for thing. Yesterday there was the oath of Love; to-day bus come the curse of Hate. Not willingly: ah, no; but it could not help coming. The golden radiance of youth, would it willingly have tarnished itself into the dimness of old age?-Fearful: how we stand enveloped, deep-sunk, in that Mystery of TIME; and are Sons of Time; fashioned and woven out of Time; and on us, and on all that we have, or see, or do, is written: Rest not, Continue not, Forward to thy doom!

Our in seasons of Revolution, which indeed distinguish themselves from common seasons by their relocity mainly, your marculous Seven-sleeper might, with miracle enough, wake sooner: not by the century, or seven years, need he sleep; often not by the continuous. Fancy, for example, some new Peter Klaus, sated with the jubilee of that hederation day, had lain down, say directly after the file sing of falloyiand; and, reckoning it all safe now, had fallon composedly asleep under the timber work of the Father-Linds. Alther to sleep there, not twenty-one years, but as it were year and day. The cannonading of Nanci, so far off, does not disturb him, nor does the back mortelytic, do e at hand, not the rounants chanted, and minute guns, messes peas and concourse

right over his head: none of these; but Peter sleeps through them all. Through one circling year, as we say; from July the 14th of 1790, till July the 17th of 1791: but on that latter day, no Klaus, nor most leaden Epimenides, only the Dead could continue sleeping; and so our miraculous Peter Klaus awakens. With what eyes, O Peter! Earth and sky have still their joyous Jalv look, and the Champ-de-Mars is multitudinous with men: but the jubilee-huzzahing has become Bedlam-shricking, of terror and revenge; not blessing of Talleyrand, or any blessing, but cursing imprecation and shrill wail; our cannon-salvoes are turned to sharo shot; for swinging of incense-pans and Eighty-three Departmental Banners, we have waving of the one sanguinous Drapeau-Rouge.— Thou foolish Klaus! The one lay in the other, the one was the other minus Time; even as Hannibal's rock-rending vinegar lav in the sweet new wine. That sweet Federation was of last year; this sour Divulsion is the self-same substance, only older by the

appointed days.

No miraculous Klaus or Epimenides sleeps in these times: and yet, may not many a man, if of due opacity and levity, act the same miracle in a natural way; we mean, with his eyes open? Eyes has he, but he sees not, except what is under his nose. a sparkling briskness of glance, as if he not only saw but saw through, such a one goes whisking, assiduous, in his circle of officialities; not dreaming but that it is the whole world: as, indeed, where your vision terminates, does not inanity begin there, and the world's end clearly disclose itself—to you? Whereby our brisk-sparkling assiduous official person (call him, for instance, Lafayette), suddenly startled, after year and day, by huge grapeshot tumult, stares not less astonished at it than Peter Klaus would have done. Such natural-miracle Lafavette can perform; and indeed not he only but most other officials, non-officials, and generally the whole French People can perform it; and do bounce up, ever and anon, like amazed Seven-sleepers awakening; awakening amazed at the noise they themselves make. strangely is Freedom, as we say, environed in Necessity; such a singular Somnambulism, of Conscious and Unconscious, of Voluntary and Involuntary, is this life of man. If any where in the world there was astonishment that the Federation Oath went into grape-shot, surely of all persons the French, first swearers and then shooters, felt astonished the most.

Alas, offences must come. The sublime Feast of Pikes, with its effulgence of brotherly love, unknown since the Age of Gold, has changed nothing. That prurient heat in Twenty-tive millions of hearts is not cooled thereby; but is still hot, nay hotter. Lift off the pressure of command from so many millions; all pressure or binding rule, except such melodramatic Federation Oath as they have bound themselves with! For Theu shalt was from of old the condition of man's being, and his weal and blessedness was in obeying that. Wo for him when, were it on hest of the clearest necessity, rebellion, disloyal isolation, and mere I and, becomes his rule! But the Gospel of Ican-Jacques has come,

are I the first Sacrament of it has been celebrated: all things, as we say, are got into hot and hotter prurience; and must go on pruriently fermenting, in continual change noted or unnoted.

Worn out with disgusts,' Captain after Captain, in Royalist moustachioes, mounts his warhorse, or his Rozinante war-garron, and rides minatory across the Rhine; till all have ridden. Neither does civic Emigration cease: Seigneur after Seigneur must, in like minner, ride or roll; impelled to it, and even compelled. For the very Peasants despise him in that he dare not join his order and right.* Can be bear to have a Distaff, a Quenouille sent to him: say in copper-plate shadow, by post; or fixed up in wooden real ty over his gate-lintel; as if he were no Hercules but an Omphale? Such scutcheon they forward to him diligently from behind the Rhine; till he too bestir himself and march, and in sour humour, another Lord of Land is gone, not taking the Land with him. Nay, what of Captains and emigrating Seigneurs? There is not an angry word on any of those Twenty-five million French tongues, and indeed not an angry thought in their hearts, but is some fraction of the great Battle. Add many successions of angry words together, you have the manual brawl; add brawls together, with the festering sorrows they leave, and they rise to riots and revolts. One reverend thing after another ceases to meet reverence: in visible material combustion, château after château mounts up; in spiritual invisible combustion, one authority after another. With noise and glare, or noisily and unnoted, a whole Old System of things is vanishing piecemeal; on the morrow thou shalt look and it is not.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAKEFUL

Stree who will, cradled in hope and short vision, like Lafayette, 'who always in the danger done sees the last danger that will 'threaten him,' Time is not sleeping, nor Time's seedfield.

That sacred Herald's-Colle, e of a wear Dynasty; we mean the birdy and odd Billstickers with their leaden badges, are not sleeping. Daily they, with pastepot and cross-stait, new clothe the wills of Paris in colours of the rainbow; authoritative heraldic, as we say, or indeed almost mayical thanmaturgic; for no Placard-Journal that they paste but will convince some soul or souls of rach. The Hawkers bayal; and the Balladsingers; great Journalism blows and blusters, through all its throats, forth from Paris to a rule all corners of France, like an A. Fus' Cave; keeping alive all manner of fires.

^{*} Dampmartin, passim,

Throats or Journals there are, as men count,* to the number of some hundred and thirty-three. Of various calibre; from your Cheniers, Gorsases, Camilles, down to your Marat, down now to your incipient Hébert of the Père Duchesne; these blow, with fierce weight of argument or quick light banter, for the Rights of Man: Durosoys, Royous, Peltiers, Sulleaus, equally with mixed tactics, inclusive, singular to say, of much profane l'arody, + are blowing for Altar and Throne. As for Marat the People's-Friend, his voice is as that of the bullfrog, or bittern by the solitary pools; he, unseen of men, croaks harsh thunder, and that alone continually,—of indignation, suspicion, incurable sorrow. The People are sinking towards ruin, near starvation itself: 'My dear friends,' cries he, 'your indigence is not the fruit of vices nor of 'idleness, you have a right to life, as good as Louis XVI., or the 'happiest of the century. What man can say he has a right to 'dine, when you have no bread?'! The People sinking on the one hand: on the other hand, nothing but wretched Sieur Motiers, treasonous Riquetti Mirabeaus; traitors, or else shadows, and simulacra of Quacks, to be seen in high places, look where you will! Men that go mincing, grimacing, with plausible speech and brushed raiment; hollow within: Quacks Political; Quacks scientific, Academical; all with a fellow-feeling for each other, and kind of Quack public-spirit! Not great Lavoisier himself, or any of the Forty can escape this rough tongue; which wants not fanatic sincerity, nor, strangest of all, a certain rough caustic sense. And then the 'three thousand gaming houses' that are in l'aris; cesspools for the scoundrelism of the world; sinks of iniquity and debauchery, -whereas without good morals Liberty is impossible! There, in these Dens of Satan, which one knows, and perseveringly denounces, do Sieur Motier's mouchards consort and colleague: battening vampyre-like on a People next-door to starvation. Peuple!' cries he oftimes, with heart-rending accent. Treason. delusion, vampyrism, scoundrelism, from Dan to Beersheba! The soul of Marat is sick with the sight : but what remedy? To creet 'Eight Hundred gibbets,' in convenient rows, and proceed to hoisting; 'Riquetti on the first of them!' Such is the brief recipe of Marat, Friend of the People.

So blow and bluster the Hundred and thirty-three: nor, as would seem, are these sufficient: for there are benighted nooks in France, to which Newspapers do not reach; and every where is 'such an appetite for news as was never seen in any country.' Let an expeditious Dampmartin, on furlough, set out to return home from Paris, he cannot get along for 'peasants stopping him 'on the highway; overwhelming him with questions: 'the Martre de Poste will not send out the horses till you have well night quarrelled with him, but asks always, What news? At Autun, 'in 'spite of the rigorous frost' for it is now January, 1701, nothing

will serve but you must gather your wayworn limbs, and thoughts, and 'speak to the multitudes from a window opening into the 'market-place.' It is the shortest method: *This*, good Christian people, is verily what an August Assembly seemed to me to be doing; this and no other is the news;

'Now my weary lips I close; Leave me, leave me to repose.'

The good Dampmartin !- But, on the whole, are not Nations astonishingly true to their National character; which indeed runs in the blood? Nineteen hundred years ago, Julius Cæsar, with his tick sure eye, took note how the Gauls waylaid men. 'It is a 'habit of theirs,' says he, 'to stop travellers, were it even by constraint, and inquire whatsoever each of them may have heard for known about any sort of matter: in their towns, the common people beset the passing trader; demanding to hear from what 'regions he came, what things he got acquainted with there. Ex-*cited by which rumours and hearsays they will decide about the weightiest matters; and necessarily repent next moment that they 'dadet, on such guidance of uncertain reports, and many a traveller 'answering with mere nictions to please them, and get off.'* Nineteen hundred years; and good Dampmartin, wayworn, in winter frost, probably with scant light of stars and fish-oil, still perorates from the Inn-window! This People is no longer called Gaulish; and it has wholly become braccatus, has got breeches, and suffered change enough: certain fierce German Franken came storming over; and, so to speak, vaulted on the back of it; and always after, in their grim tenacious way, have ridden it bridled; for Common is, by his very name, Guerre-man, or man that wars and And so the People, as we say, is now called French or I rankish: nevertheless, does not the old Gaulish and Gaelic Celthood, with its vehemence, effervescent promptitude, and what good and ill it had, still vindicate itself little adulterated?

For the rest, that in such prurient confusion, Clubbism thrives and spicials, need not be said. Already the Mother of Patriotism, strong in the Jacobins, shines supreme over all; and has paled the poor lanar light of that Monarchic Club near to final extinctum. She, we say, shines supreme, girt with sun-light, not yet with internal lightning; reverenced, not without fear, by Municipal Authorities; counting her Barnaves, Lameths, Pétions, of a National Assembly: most gladly of all, her Robespierre. Cordehers, 12 up, your Hebert, Vincent, Bibliopolist Momoro, groan authbly that a tyrannous Mayor and Sieur Motier harrow them with the sharp tribula of Law, intent apparently to suppress them by tribulation. How the Jacobin Mother-Society, as hinted formerly, sheds forth Cordehers on this hand, and then Feuillans on time, the Cordeliers 'an elixir or double-distillation of Jacobin "Patriotism;" the other a wide-spread weak dilution thereof; how the will realisorb the former into her Mother-bosom, and stormfully disapite the latter into Nonentity; how she biged and

^{*} De Bello Gallico, iv. 5.

brings forth Three Hundred Daughter-Societies; her rearing of them, her correspondence, her endeavourings and continual travail: how, under an old figure, Jacobinism shoots forth organic filaments to the utmost corners of confused dissolved France; organising it anew:—this properly is the grand fact of the Time.

To passionate Constitutionalism, still more to Royalism, which see all their own Clubs fail and die, Clubbism will naturally grow to seem the root of all evil. Nevertheless Clubbism is not death, but rather new organisation, and life out of death: destructive, indeed, of the remnants of the Old; but to the New important, indispensable. That man can co-operate and hold communion with man, herein lies his miraculous strength. In hut or hamlet, Patriotism mourns not now like voice in the desert; it can walk to the nearest Town; and there, in the Daughter-Society, make its ejaculation into an articulate oration, into an action, guided forward by the Mother of Patriotism herself. All Clubs of Constitutionalists, and such like, fail, one after another, as shallow fountains: Jacobinism alone has gone down to the deep subterranean lake of waters; and may, unless filled in. flow there, copious, continual, like an Artesian well. Till the Great Deep have drained itself up: and all be flooded and submerged, and Noah's Deluge out-

deluged!

On the other hand, Claude Fauchet, preparing mankind for a Golden Age now apparently just at hand, has opened his Cercle Social, with clerks, corresponding boards, and so forth; in the precincts of the Palais Royal. It is Te-Deum Fauchet: the same who preached on Franklin's Death, in that huge Medicean rotunda of the Halle aux bleds. He here, this winter, by Printing-press and melodious Colloquy, spreads bruit of himself to the utmost City-barriers. 'Ten thousand persons' of respectability attend there; and listen to this 'Procureur-General de la Verité, Attornev-'General of Truth,' so has he dubbed himself; to his sage Condorcet, or other eloquent coadjutor. Eloquent Attorney-General! He blows out from him, better or worse, what crude or ripe thing he holds: not without result to himself; for it leads to a Bishoprick. though only a Constitutional one. Fauchet approves himself a glib-tongucd, strong-lunged, whole-hearted human individual: much flowing matter there is, and really of the better sort, about Right, Nature, Benevolence, Progress: which flowing matter, whether 'it is pantheistic,' or is pot-theistic, only the greener mind, in these days, need read. Busy Brissot was long ago of purpose to establish precisely some such regenerative Social Circle: nay he had tried it, in 'Newman-street Oxford-street, of the Fog Babylon; and failed, as some say, surreptitiously pocketing the cash. Fauchet, not Brissot, was fated to be the happy man: whereat, however, generous Brissot will with sincere heart sing a timber-toned Nunc Domine.* But 'ten thousand persons of respectability; what a burk have many things in proportion to

^{*} See Brisson, Privide François Newspaper: Tanket, Britake Fer, &c. (excerpted in Hist. Parl. viii., ix. et seqq.).

their magnitude! This Cercle Social, for which Brissot chants in sincere timber-tones such Nanc Domine, what is it? Unfortunately wind and shadow. The main reality one finds in it now, is perhaps this: that an 'Attorney-General of Truth' did once take shape of a body, as Son of Adam, on our Earth, though but for months or moments; and ten thousand persons of respectability

attended, ere yet Chaos and Nox had reabsorbed him. Hundred and thirty-three Paris Journals; regenerative Social Circle; oratory, in Mother and Daughter Societies, from the balconies of Inns, by chimney-nook, at dinner-table, -polemical, ending many times in duel! Add ever, like a constant growling accompaniment of bass Discord: scarcity of work, scarcity of The winter is hard and cold; ragged Bakers'-queues, like a black tattered flag-of-distress, wave out ever and anon. It is the third of our Hunger-years this new year of a glorious Revolution. The rich man when invited to dinner, in such distressseasons, feels bound in politeness to carry his own bread in his pocket: how the poor dine? And your glorious Revolution has done it, cries one. And our glorious Revolution is subtilety, by black traitors worthy of the Lamp-iron, perverted to do it, cries another! Who will paint the huge whirlpool wherein France, all shivered into wild incoherence, whirls? The jarring that went on under every French roof, in every French heart; the diseased things that were spoken, done, the sum-total whereof is the French Revolution, tongue of man cannot tell. Nor the laws of action that work unseen in the depths of that huge blind Incoherence! With amazement, not with measurement, men look on the Immeasureable; not knowing its laws; seeing, with all different degrees of knowledge, what new phases, and results of event, its laws bring forth. France is as a monstrous Galvanic Mass, wherein all sorts of far stranger than chemical galvanic or electric forces and substances are at work; electrifying one another, positive and negative; filling with electricity your Leyden-jars,---Twenty-five millions in number! As the jars get full, there will, from time to time, be, on slight hint, an explosion.

CHAPTER III.

SWORD IN HAND.

ON such wonderful basis, however, has Law, Royalty, Authority, and wheever yet exists of visible Order, to maintain itself, while it can allere, as in that Commixture of the Lour Elements did the Anarch Old, has an august Assembly spread its pavilion; curtured by the dark infinite of discords; founded on the wavering bottomless of the Abysis, and keeps continual hubbulb. Time is

around it, and Eternity, and the Inane; and it does what it can,

what is given it to do.

Glancing relunctantly in, once more, we discern little that is edifying: a Constitutional Theory of Defective Verbs struggling forward, with perseverance, amid endless interruptions: Mirabeau, from his tribune, with the weight of his name and genius, awing down much Jacobin violence; which in return vents itself the louder over in its Jacobins Hall, and even reads him sharp lectures there.* This man's path is mysterious, questionable; difficult, and he walks without companion in it. Pure Patriotism does not now count him among her chosen; pure Royalism abhors him: yet his weight with the world is overwhelming. Let him travel on, companionless, unwavering, whither he is bound,—while it is yet day with him, and the night has not come.

But the chosen band of pure Patriot brothers is small; counting only some Thirty, seated now on the extreme tip of the Left, separate from the world. A virtuous Pétion; an incorruptible Robespierre, most consistent, incorruptible of thin acrid men; Triumvirs Barnave, Duport, Lameth, great in speech, thought, action, each according to his kind; a lean old Goupil de Preteln; on these and what will follow them has pure Patriotism to

depend

There too, conspicuous among the Thirty, if seldom audible. Philippe d'Orleans may be seen sitting: in dim fuliginous bewilderment; having, one might say, arrived at Chaos! Gleams there are, at once of a Lieutenancy and Regency; debates in the Assembly itself, of succession to the Throne 'in case the present Branch should fail; and Philippe, they say, walked anxiously, in silence, through the corridors, till such high argument were done: but it came all to nothing; Mirabeau, glaring into the man, and through him, had to ejaculate in strong untranslatable language: Ce j-f-ne vaut pas la peine qu'on se donne pour lui. It came all to nothing; and in the meanwhile Philippe's money, they say, is gone! Could he refuse a little cash to the gifted Patriot, in want only of that; he himself in want of all but that? Not a pamphlet can be printed without cash; or indeed written, without food purchasable by cash. Without cash year hopefullest Projector cannot stir from the spot : individual patriotic or other Projects require cash: how much more do wide-spread Intrigues, which live and exist by cash: lying widespread, with dragon-appetite for cash; fit to swallow Princedoms! And so Prince Philippe, amid his Sillerys, Lacloses, and confused Sons of Night, has rolled along: the centre of the strangest cloudy coil; out of which has visibly come, as we often say, an I pic Preternatural Machinery of SUSPICION; and which there has dwelt and worked, -what specialties of treas a stratagem. aimed or aimless endeavour towards mischief, no party living at it be not the Presiding Genius of it, Prince of the Power of the Air) has now any chance to know. Camille's connecture is the like head: that poor Philippe did mount up, a little way, in treasonab.2

^{*} Camille's Journal (in Hist. Parl. ix. 366-85).

speculation, as he mounted formerly in one of the earliest Balloons; but, frightened at the new position he was getting into, had soon turned the cock again, and come down. More fool than he rose! To create Preternatural Suspicion, this was his function in the Revolutionary Epos. But now if he have lost his cornucopia of ready-money, what else had he to lose? In thick darkness, inward and outward, he must welter and flounder on, in that piteous death-element, the hapless man. Once, or even twice, we shall still behold him emerged; struggling out of the thick death-element: in vain. For one moment, it is the last moment, he starts aloft, or is tlung aloft, even into clearness and a kind of

memorability,—to sink then for evermore!

The Coté Droit persists no less; nay with more animation than ever, though hope has now well nightled. Tough Abbé Maury, when the obscure country Royalist grasps his hand with transport of thanks, answers, rolling his indomitable brazen head: "Helas, Mondeur, all that I do here is as good as simply nothing." Gallant Faussigny, visible this one time in History, advances frames, into the middle of the Hall, exclaiming: "There is but one way of dealing with it, and that is to fall sword in hand on those gentry there, sabre à la main sur ces gaillards là,"* franticly indicating our chosen Thirty on the extreme tip of the Left! Whereupon is clangour and clamour, debate, repentance,evaporation. Things ripen towards downright incompatibility, and what is called 'scission:' that fierce theoretic onslaught of Flussigny's was in August, 1790; next August will not have come, till a famed Two Hundred and Ninety-two, the chosen of Royalism, make solemn final 'scission' from an Assembly given up to faction; and depart, shaking the dust off their feet.

Connected with this matter of sword in hand, there is yet another thing to be noted. Of duels we have sometimes spoken: how, in all parts of France, innumerable duels were fought; and argumentative men and messmates, flinging down the wine-cup and weapons of reason and repartee, met in the measured field; to part bleeding; or perhaps not to part, but to fall mutually skewered through with iron, their wrath and life alike ending. and die as tools die. Long has this lasted, and still lasts. But now it would seem as if in an august Assembly itself, traitorous Royalism, in its despair, had taken to a new course: that of cuttime off l'atriotism by systematic duel! Bully-swordsmen, 'spudasone' of that party, go swaggering; or indeed they can be had for a trule of money. "Twelve Spadassins' were seen, by the cellow eye of Journalism, 'arriving recently out of Switzerland;' also to considerable number of Assissins, nonity considerable "descreen, exercising in fencing-schools and it pistol-targets." An, Patriot Deputy of mark can be called out; let him escape one time, or ten times, a time there necessarily is when he must fall, and it is a mount. How many cartels has Mirabeau had: especially while he was the People's champion! Cartels by the

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 21 Août, 1790.

hundred: which he, since the Constitution must be made first, and his time is precious, answers now always with a kind of stereotype formula: "Monsieur, you are put upon my list; but I

warn you that it is long, and I grant no preferences."

Then, in Autumn, had we not the Duel of Cazales and Barnave; the two chief masters of tongue-shot meeting now to exchange pistol-shot? For Cazalès, chief of the Royalists, whom we call 'Blacks or Noirs,' said, in a moment of passion, "the Patriots were sheer Brigands," nay in so speaking he darted, or seemed to dart, a fire-glance specially at Barnave; who thereupon could not but reply by fire-glances, -by adjournment to the Boisde-Boulogne. Barnave's second shot took effect : on Cazales's The 'front nook' of a triangular Felt, such as mortals then wore, deadened the ball; and saved that fine brow from more than temporary injury. But how easily might the lot have fallen the other way, and Barnave's hat not been so good! Patriotism raises its loud denunciation of Duelling in general; petitions an august Assembly to stop such Feudal barbarism by law. Barbarism and solecism: for will it convince or convict any man to blow half an ounce of lead through the head of him? Surely not.—Barnave was received at the Jacobins with embraces, yet with rebukes.

Mindful of which, and also that his reputation in America was that of headlong foolhardiness rather, and want of brain not of heart, Charles Lameth does, on the eleventh day of November, with little emotion, decline attending some hot young Gentlemen from Artois, come expressly to challenge him: nay indeed he first coldly engages to attend; then coldly permits two Friends to attend instead of him, and shame the young Gentleman out of it, which they successfully do. A cold procedure; satisfactory to the two Friends, to Lameth and the hot young Gentleman; whereby, one might have fancied, the whole matter was cooled down.

Not so, however: Lameth, proceeding to his senatorial duties. in the decline of the day, is met in those Assembly corridors by nothing but Royalist brocards; sniffs, huffs, and open insults. Human patience has its limits: "Monsieur," said Lameth, breaking silence to one Lautrec, a man with hunchback, or natural deformity, but sharp of tongue, and a Black of the deepest tint, "Monsieur, if you were a man to be fought with!" -"I am one," cries the young Duke de Castries. Fast as fireflash Lameth replies, "Tout à l'heure, On the instant, then!" And so, as the shades of dusk thicken in that Bois-de-Boulogne, we behold two men with lion-look, with alert attitude, side foremost, right foot advanced; flourishing and thrusting, stoccado and passado, in tierce and quart; intent to skewer one another. See, with most skewering purpose, headlong I ameth, with his whole weight, makes a furious lunge; but deft Castries whisks aside: Lameth skewers only the air. - and slits deep and far, en Castries' sword's-point, his own extended left arm! Whereupon with bleeding, pallor, surgeon's but, and formality, the Ducl is considered satisfactorily done.

But will there be no end, then? Beloved Lameth lies deep-slit, not out of danger. Black traitorous Aristocrats kill the People's defenders, cut up not with arguments, but with rapier-slits. And the Twelve Spadassins out of Switzerland, and the considerable number of Assassins exercising at the pistol-target? So meditates and ejaculates hurt Patriotism, with ever-deepening ever-widening fervour, for the space of six and thirty hours.

The thirty-six hours past, on Saturday the 13th, one beholds a new spectacle: The Rue de Varennes, and neighbouring Boulevard des Invalides, covered with a mixed flowing multitude: the Castries Hôtel gone distracted, devil-ridden, belching from every window, beds with clothes and curtains, plate of silver and gold with filigree, mirrors, pictures, images, commodes, chiffoniers, and endless crockery and jingle: amid steady popular cheers, absolutely without theft; for there goes a cry, "He shall be hanged that steals a nail!" It is a *Plebiscitum*, or informal iconoclastic Decree of the Common People, in the course of being executed!—The Municipality sit tremulous; deliberating whether they will hang out the *Drapeau Rouge* and Martial Law: National Assembly, part in loud wail, part in hardly suppressed applause: Abbé Maury unable to decide whether the iconoclastic Plebs amount to forty thousand or to two hundred thousand.

Deputations, swift messengers, for it is at a distance over the River, come and go. Lafayette and National Guardes, though without Drapeau Rouge, get under way; apparently in no hot haste. Nay, arrived on the scene, Lafayette salutes with doffed hat, before ordering to fix bayonets. What avails it? The Plebeian 'Court of Cassation,' as Camille might punningly name it, has done its work; steps forth, with unbuttoned vest, with pockets turned inside out: sack, and just ravage, not plunder! With inexhaustible patience, the Hero of two Worlds remonstrates; persuasively, with a kind of sweet constraint, though also with fixed bayonets, dissipates, hushes down: on the morrow

it is once more all as usual.

Considering which things, however, Duke Castries may justly 'write to the President,' justly transport himself across the Marches; to raise a corps, or do what else is in him. Royalism totally abandons that Bobadilian method of contest, and the Twelve Spectarisms return to Switzerland,—or even to Dreamland through the Horn-gate, whichsoever their true home is. Nay Februar Poulhomme is authorised to publish a curious thing: 'We 'are authorised to publish,' says he, dull-blustering Publisher, 'that M. Boyer, champion of good Patriots, is at the head of 'Fitts Spatassimicides or Bully Address. His address is: Passage du 'Fors de Boulonge, Faubourg St. Denis.'* One of the strangest Institutes, this of Champion Boyer and the Bully-killers! Whose services, however, are not wanted; Royalism having abandoned the rapier-method as plainly impracticable.

^{*} Révolutions de Faris (in Hist. Parl. viii. 440).

CHAPTER IV.

TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY.

THE truth is Royalism sees itself verging towards sad extremities; nearer and nearer daily. From over the Rhine it comes asserted that the King in his Tuileries is not free: this the poor King may contradict, with the official mouth, but in his heart feels often to be undeniable. Civil Constitution of the Clergy: Decree of ejectment against Dissidents from it: not even to this latter, though almost his conscience rebels, can he say 'Nav; but, after two months' hesitating, signs this also. It was on January 21st, of this 1790, that he signed it; to the sorrow of his poor heart vet, on another Twenty-first of January! Whereby come Dissident ejected Priests; unconquerable Martyrs according to some, incurable chicaning Traitors according to others. And so there has arrived what we once foreshadowed: with Religion, or with the Cant and Echo of Religion, all France is rent asunder in a new rupture of continuity; complicating, embittering all the older; to be cured only, by stern surgery, in La Vendée!

Unhappy Royalty, unhappy Majesty, Hereditary (Representative), Réprésentant Héréditaire, or however they can name him: of whom much is expected, to whom little is given! Blue National Guards encircle that Tuileries; a Lafayette, thin constitutional Pedant; clear, thin, inflexible, as water, turned to thin ice: whom no Queen's heart can love. National Assembly, its pavilion spread where we know, sits near by, keeping continual hubbub. From without nothing but Nanci Revolts, sack of Castries Hôtels, riots and seditions; riots, North and South, at Aix, at Douai, at Réfort, Usez, Perpignan, at Nismes, and that incurable Avignon of the Pope's: a continual crackling and sputtering of riots from the whole face of France;—testifying how electric it grows. Add only the hard winter, the famished strikes of operatives; that continual running-bass of Scarcity, ground-tone and basis of all other

Discords!

The plan of Royalty, so far as it can be said to have any fixed plan, is still, as ever, that of flying towards the frontiers. In very truth, the only plan of the smallest promise for it! Hy to Bouille; bristle yourself round with cannon, served by your 'forty-thousand' undebauched Germans:' summon the National Assembly to follow you, summon what of it is Royalist, Constitutional, gainable by money: dissolve the rest, by grapeshot if need be. Let Jacobinism and Revolt, with one wild wail, ity into Infinite Space; driven by grapeshot. Thunder over France with the cannon's mouth: commanding, not entreating, that this not cause, and then to rule afterwards with utmost possible can functionality; doing insteed, loving mercy; we she should also ment to rule afterwards with utmost possible can functionality;

not shouter merely, and shepherd's-similitude! All this, if ye date. If ye dare not, then in Heaven's name go to sleep: other handsome alternative seems none.

X.v. it were perhaps possible; with a man to do it. For if such inexpressible whirlpool of Babylonish confusions (which our Era is cannot be stilled by man, but only by Time and men, a man muy moderate its paroxysyms, may balance and sway, and keep himself unswallowed on the top or it, -as several men and Kings in these days do. Much is possible for a man; men will obey a man that kens and cons, and name him reverently their Ken-ning or King. Did not Charlemagne rule? Consider too whether he had smooth times of it; hanging 'thirty-thousand Saxons over 'the Weser-Bridge,' at one dread swoop! So likewise, who knows but, in this same distracted fanatic France, the right man may verily exist? An olive-complexioned taciturn man; for the present, Lieutenant in the Artillery-service, who once sat studying Mathematics at Brienne? The same who walked in the morning to correct proof sheets at Dole, and enjoyed a frugal breakfast with M. Joly? Such a one is gone, whither also famed General Paoli his friend is gone, in these very days, to see old scenes in native Corsica, and what Democratic good can be done there.

Royalty never executes the evasion-plan, yet never abandons it; living in variable hope; undecisive, till fortune shall decide. In utmost secre y, a brisk Correspondence goes on with Bouillé; there is also a plot, which emerges more than once, for carrying the King to Rouch :* plot after plot, emerging and submerging, like tights fatur in foul weather, which lead no whither. About 'ten belock at night,' the Hereditary Representative, in partie quarrie, with the Queen, with Brother Monsieur, and Madame, s.t. playing 'acak,' or whist. Usher Campan enters mysteriously, vito a me sage he only half comprehends: How a certain Compte d Imadel was canxious in the outer antechamber; National Colonel, Captain of the watch for this night, is gained over; post-horses ready all the way; party of Noble se sitting armed, determined; will His Majesty, before midnight, consent to go? Profound stienes; Campan waiting with upturned ear. "Did your Majesty he ir what Cimpan said?" asks the Queen. "Yes, I heard," ensurer. Majores, and plays on. "Twas a pretty couplet, that of Commun's," hints Monsieur, who at times showed a pleasant wit: Taples, sill impreponence, plays wisk. "After all, one must say whething or Campan, remarks the Queen. "Tell M. d'Inisdal," and the king, and the Oneen pats an emphasis on it, "that the Furgeannes on Stabelored away." "I see!" said d'Inisdal, which me round, realising himself into flame of irritancy: "we I see the r k, we are to have all the blame if it fail," + and vanished, he and his plot, is will o'wasps do. The Cueen sat till far to the mole, poeling jewels ; but it came to nothing; in that part of frame of surfaces, the Will of wisp had gone out.

^{*} See Ilist. Parl. vii. 316; Bertrand-Moleville, &c. + Campan, ii. 105.

Little hope there is in all this. Alas, with whom to fly? Our loyal Gardes-du-Corps, ever since the Insurrection of Women, are disbanded; gone to their homes; gone, many of them, across the Rhine towards Coblentz and Exiled Princes: brave Miomandre and brave Tardivet, these faithful Two, have received, in nocturnal interview with both Majesties, their viaticum of gold louis, of heartfelt thanks from a Queen's lips, though unluckily his 'Majesty stood, back to fire, not speaking; '* and do now dine through the Provinces; recounting hairsbreadth escapes, insurrectionary horrors. Great horrows; to be swallowed yet of greater. But on the whole what a falling off from the old splendour of Versailles! Here in this poor Tuileries, a National Brewer-Colonel, sonorous Santerre, parades officially behind her Majesty's chair. Our high dignitaries, all fled over the Rhine: nothing now to be gained at Court; but hopes, for which life itself must be risked! Obscure busy men frequent the back stairs; with hearsays, wind projects, unfruitful fanfaronades. Young Royalists, at the Théâtre de Vaudeville, 'sing couplets;' if that could do any thing. Royalists enough, Captains on furlough, burnt-out Seigneurs, may likewise be met with, 'in the Café de Valois, and at Méot 'the Réstaurateur's.' There they fan one another into high loyal glow; drink, in such wine as can be procured, confusion to Sansculottism; shew purchased dirks, of an improved structure, made to order; and, greatly daring, dine.† It is in these places, in these months, that the epithet Sansculotte first gets applied to indigent Patriotism; in the last age we had Gilbert Sansculotte, the indigent Poet.‡ Destitute-of-Breeches: a mournful Destitution; which however, if Twenty millions share it, may become more effective than most Possessions!

Meanwhile, amid this vague dim whirl of fanfaronades, windprojects, poniards made to order, there does disclose itself one punctum-saliens of life and feasibility: the finger of Mirabeau! Mirabeau and the Queen of France have met; have parted with mutual trust! It is strange; secret as the Mysteries; but it is indubitable. Mirabeau took horse, one evening; and rode westward, unattended,--to see Friend Clavière in that country house of his? Before getting to Clavière's, the much-musing herseman struck aside to a back gate of the Garden of Saint-Cloud: some Duke d'Aremberg, or the like, was there to introduce him; the Oueen was not far: on a 'round knoll, rond point, the highest of 'the Garden of Saint-Cloud,' he beheld the Queen's face; spake with her, alone, under the void canopy of Night. What an interview; fateful secret for us, after all searching; like the colloquies of the gods !\ She called him 'a Mirabeau: 'elsewhere we read that she 'was charmed with him,' the wild submitted Titan; as indeed it is among the honorable tokens of this high ill-fated heart that no mind of any endowment, no Mirabeau, nay no Burnave, no Dumouriez, ever came face to face with har but, in spite of all prepossessions, she was forced to recognise it, to draw

^{*} Campan, ii. 109-11.

¹ Mercier, Nouveau Paris, iii. 204.

[†] Dampmartin, ii 129.

[§] Campan, ii. c. 17.

night to it, with trust. High imperial heart; with the instinctive attraction towards all that had any height! "You know not the Queen," said Mirabeau once in confidence; "her force of mind is prodigious; she is a man for courage."*—And so, under the void Night, on the crown of that knoll, she has spoken with a Mirabeau: he has kissed loyally the queenly hand, and said with enthusiasm: "Madame, the Monarchy is saved!"—Possible? The Foreign Powers, mysteriously sounded, gave favourable guarded response; "Bouillé is at Metz, and could find forty-thousand sure Germans. With a Mirabeau for head, and a Bouillé for hand, something

verily is possible,—if Fate intervene not.

But figure under what thousandfold wrappages, and cloaks of darkness, Royalty, meditating these things, must involve itself. There are men with 'Tickets of Entrance;' there are chivalrous consultings, mysterious plottings. Consider also whether, involve as it like, plotting Royalty can escape the glance of Patriotism; lynx-eyes, by the ten thousand fixed on it, which see in the dark! Patriotism knows much: know the dirks made to order, and can specify the shops; knows Sieur Motier's legions of mouchards; the Tickets of Entrée, and men in black; and how plan of evasion succeeds plan,—or may be supposed to succeed it. Then conceive the couplets chanted at the Théâtre de Vaudeville; or worse, the whispers, significant nods of traitors in moustaches. Conceive, on the other hand, the loud cry of alarm that came through the Hundred-and-Thirty Journals; the Dionysius'-Ear of each of the Forty-eight Sections, wakeful night and day.

Patriotism is patient of much; not patient of all. The Café de Procope has sent, visibly along the streets, a Deputation of Patriots, 'to expostulate with bad Editors,' by trustful word of mouth: singular to see and hear. The bad Editors promise to amend, but do not. Deputations for change of Ministry were many; Mayor Bailly joining even with Cordelier Danton in such: and they have prevailed. With what profit? Of Quacks, willing or constrained to be Quacks, the race is everlasting: Ministers Duportail and Dutertre will have to manage much as Ministers Latour-du-Pin and Cicé did. So welters the confused world.

But now, beaten on for ever by such inextricable contradictory influences and evidences, what is the indigent French Patriot, in these unhappy days, to believe, and walk by? Uncertainty all; except that he is wret hed, indigent: that a glorious Revolution, the wonder of the Universe, has hitherto brought neither Bread nor Peace; being married by traitors, difficult to discover. Traitors that dwell in the dark, invisible there;—or seen for moments, in palled dubious twilight, stealthily vanishing thither! Preternitural Suspicion once more rules the minds of men.

'Nobody here,' writes Carra of the Annales Patriotogues, so early as the first of February, 'can entertain a doubt of the constant obstunite project these people have on foot to get the King 'away; or of the perpetual succession of maneuvres they employ

^{*} Dumont, p. 211.

[†] Correspondance Secrète (in Hist. Parl. viii. 169-73).

for that.' Nobody: the watchful Mother of Patriotism deputed two Members to her Daughter at Versailles, to examine how the matter looked there. Well, and there? Patriotic Carra continues: The Report of these two deputies we all heard with our own ears 'last Saturday. They went with others of Versailles, to inspect the King's Stables, also the stables of the whilom Gardes du 'Corps; they found there from seven to eight hundred horses 'standing always saddled and bridled, ready for the road at a 'moment's notice. The same deputies, moreover, saw with their own 'two eyes several Royal Carriages, which men were even then busy 'loading with large well-stuffed luggage-bags,' leather cozys, as we call them, 'vaches de cuir; the Royal Arms on the panels almost 'entirely effaced.' Momentous enough! Also, 'on the same day the whole Maréchaussée, or Cavalry Police, did assemble with arms, 'horses and baggage,'—and disperse again. They want the King over the marches, that so Emperor Leopold and the German Princes, whose troops are ready, may have a pretext for beginning: 'this,' adds Carra, 'is the word of the riddle: this 'is the reason why our fugitive Aristocrats are now making levies of men on the frontiers; expecting that, one of these mornings, the Executive 'Chief Magistrate will be brought over to them, and the civil war 'commerce.'*

If indeed the Executive Chief Magistrate, bagged, say in one of these leather cows, were once brought safe over to them! But the strangest thing of all is that Patriotism, whether barking at a venture, or guided by some instinct of preternatural sagacity, is actually barking aright this time; at something, not at nothing. Bouillé's Secret Correspondence, since made public, testifies as much.

Nay, it is undeniable, visible to all, that Mesdames the King's Aunts are taking steps for departure: asking passports of the Ministry, safe-conducts of the Municipality; which Marat warns all men to beware of. They will carry gold with them, 'these old 'Beguines;' nay they will carry the little Dauphin, 'having nursed 'a changeling, for some time, to leave in his stead!' Besides, they are as some light substance flung up, to shew how the wind sits; a kind of proof-kite you fly off to ascertain whether the grand

paper-kite, Evasion of the King, may mount!

In these alarming circumstances, Patriotism is not wanting to itself. Municipality deputes to the King; Sections depute to the Municipality; a National Assembly will scon stir. Meanwhile, behold, on the 19th of February 1791, Mesdames, quitting Beileville and Versailles with all privacy, are off! Towards Rome, seepingly; or one knows not whither. They are not without King's passports, countersigned; and what is more to the purpose, a serviceable Escort. The Patriotic Mayor or May relet of the Village of Moret tried to detain them; but brisk Long do Northonne, of the Escort, dashed off at hand-gallop; recurred to equivalently dragoons, and victoriously cut them out. And so the poor ancient women go their way; to the terror of Figure 1.

^{*} Carra's Newspaper, 1st Feb. 17-1 in Hill 1 1 1 1 1

Parie, whose nervous excitability is become extreme. Who else would hinder poor Logue and Graille, now grown so old, and fallen into such unexpected circumstances, when gossip itself turning only on terrors and horrors is no longer pleasant to the mind, and you cannot get so much as an orthodox confessor in peace,—from going what way soever the hope of any solacement

might lead them?

They go, poor ancient dames, -whom the heart were hard that does not pity: they go; with palpitations, with unmelodious suppressed screechings; all France, screeching and cackling, in loud unsuppressed terror, behind and on both hands of them: such murual suspicion is among men. At Arnay le Duc, above halfway to the frontiers, a Patriotic Municipality and Populace again tikes courage to stop them: Louis Narbonne must now back to Paris, must consult the National Assembly. National Assembly answers, not without an effort, that Mesdames may go. Whereupon l'aris rises worse than ever, screeching half-distracted. Tuileres and precincts are filled with women and men, while the National Assembly debates this question of questions; Lafayette is needed at night for dispersing them, and the streets are to be illuminated. Commandant Berthier, a Berthier before whom are great things unknown, lies for the present under blockade at Bellevue in Versailles. By no tactics could be get Mesdames' Luggage stirred from the Courts there; frantic Versaillese women came screaming about him; his very troops cut the waggon-traces; he retired to the interior, waiting better times.*

Nay, in these same hours, while Mesdames hardly cut out from Moret by the sabre's edge, are driving rapidly, to foreign parts, and not yet stopped at Arnay, their august Nephew poor Monsieur, at Paris has dived deep into his cellars of the Luxembourg for Judter; and according to Montgaillard can hardly be persuaded up again. Screeching multitudes environ that Luxembourg of his; drawn thither by report of his departure; but, at sight and wind of Monsieur, they become crowing multitudes; and escort Mud ime and him to the Tuileries with vivats.† It is a

state of nervous excitability such as few Nations know.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAY OF PONIARDS.

Or, igun, what means this visible reparation of the Castle of Vincences: Other July being all crowded with prisoners, new space is wanted here; that is the Municipal account. For in such changing of Judicatures, Parlement; being abolished, and New

^{*} Campan, ii. 132.

⁺ Montgaillard, ii. 282; Deux Amis, vi. c. 1.

Courts but just set up, prisoners have accumulated. Not to say that in these times of discord and club-law, offences and committals are, at any rate, more numerous. Which Municipal account, does it not sufficiently explain the phenomenon? Surely, to repair the Castle of Vincennes was of all enterprises than an enlightened Municipality could undertake, the most innocent.

Not so however does neighbouring Saint-Antoine look on it: Saint-Antoine to whom these peaked turrets and grim donjons, alltoo near her own dark dwelling, are of themselves an offence. Was not Vincennes a kind of minor Bastille? Great Diderot and Philosophes have lain in durance here; great Mirabeau, in disastrous eclipse, for forty-two months. And now when the old Bastille has become a dancing-ground (had any one the mirth to dance), and its stones are getting built into the Pont Louis-Seize. does this minor, comparative insignificance of a Bastille flank itself with fresh-hewn mullions, spread out tyrannous wings; menacing Patriotism? New space for prisoners: and what A d'Orleans, with the chief Patriots on the tip of the prisoners? Left? It is said, there runs 'a subterranean passage' all the way from the Tuileries hither. Who knows? Paris, mined "with quarries and catacombs, does hang wondrous over the abvss; Paris was once to be blown up, -- though the powder, when we went to look, had got withdrawn. A Tuileries, sold to Austria and Coblentz, should have no subterranean passage. Out of which might not Coblentz or Austria issue, some morning; and, with cannon of long range, 'foudroyer,' bethunder a patriotic Saint-Antoine into smoulder and ruin!

So meditates the benighted soul of Saint-Antoine, as it sees the aproned workmen, in early spring, busy on these towers. An official-speaking Municipality, a Sieur Motier with his legions of mouchards, deserve no trust at all. Were Patriot Santerre, indeed, Commander! But the sonorous Brewer commands only our own Battalion: of such secrets he can explain nothing, knows nothing, perhaps suspects much. And so the work goes on; and afflicted benighted Saint-Antoine hears rattle of hammers, sees

stones suspended in air.*

Saint-Antoine prostrated the first great Bastille: will it falter over this comparative insignificance of a Bastille? Friends, what if we took pikes, firelocks, sledgehammers; and helped ourselves!—Speedier is no remedy: nor so certain. On the 28th day of February, Saint-Antoine turns out, as it has now often done; and, apparently with little superfluous turnult, moves eastward to that eye-sorrow of Vincennes. With grave voice of authority, no need of bullying and shouting, Saint-Antoine signifies to parties concerned there that its purpose is. To have this suspicious Stronghold razed level with the general soil of the country. Remonstrance may be proffered, with zeal: but it avails not. The outer gate goes up, drawbridges turable: iron window-stanchions, smitten out with sledgehammers, become iron-crowbars: it rains furniture, stone-masses, slates: with chaotic clatter

Montgaillard, ii. 285.

and rattle, Demolition clatters down. And now hasty expresses rush through the agitated streets, to warn Lafayette, and the Municipal and Departmental Authorities; Rumour warns a National Assembly, a Royal Tuileries, and all men who care to hear it: That Saint-Antoine is up; that Vincennes, and probably the last remaining Institution of the Country, is coming down.*

Quick, then! Let Lafayette roll his drums and fly eastward; for to all Constitutional Patriots this is again bad news. And you, ye friends of Royalty, snatch your poniards of improved structure, made to order; your sword-canes, secret arms, and tackets of entry; quick, by backstairs passages, rally round the Son of Sixty Kings. An effervescence probably got up by d'Orlans and Company, for the overthrow of Throne and Altar: it is talker Majesty shall be put in prison, put out of the way; what then will his Majesty be? Clay for the Sansculottic Potter! Orwere it impossible to fly this day; a brave Noblesse suddenly all rallying? Peril threatens, hope invites: Dukes de Villequier, de Duras, Centlemen of the Chamber give tickets and admittance; a brave Noblesse is suddenly all rallying. Now were the time to fall sword in hand on those gentry there,' could it be done with effect.

The Hero of two Worlds is on his white charger; blue Nationals, horse and foot, hurrying eastward: Santerre, with the Saint-Antoine Battalion, is already there,—apparently indisposed to act. Heavy-laden Hero of two Worlds, what tasks are these! The Jeerings, provocative gambollings of that Patriot Suburb, which is all out on the streets now, are hard to endure; unwashed Patriots jeering in sulky sport; one unwashed Patriot 'seizing the 'General by the boot' to unhorse him. Santerre, ordered to fire, makes answer obliquely, "These are the men that took the Bastille;" and not a trigger stirs! Neither dare the Vincennes Magistracy give warrant of arrestment, or the smallest countenance: wherefore the General 'will take it on himself' to arrest. It. promptude, by cheerful adroitness, patience and brisk valour without limits, the root may be again bloodlessly appeased.

Meanwhile, the rest of Paris, with more or less unconcern, may mind the rest of its business; for what is this but an effervescence, of which there are now so many? The National Assembly, in one of its stormlest moods, is debating a Law against Emigration; Mirabeau declaring aloud, "I swear beforehand that I will to obey it." Mirabeau is often at the Tribune this day; with cuthes impediments from without; with the old unabated energy it in within. What can murmurs and clamours, from Left or from Fight, do to this man; like Feneriffe or Atlas unremoved? With clear thought; with strong bass-voice, though at first low, imjertion, be claims and ence, sways the storm of men; anon the mind of him wises, settens; he rises into far sounding melody of engith, trumphant, which subdues all hears; his rude-geomed free, desof to his scathed, becomes fire-lif, and radiates:

^{*} David to a , vi. 11 og; Newspap as (in Work P. vi. in. 111 og).

once again men feel, in these beggarly ages, what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men. "I will triumph or be torn in fragments," he was once heard to say. "Silence," he cries now, in strong word of command, in imperial consciousness of strength, "Silence, the thirty voices, Silence aux trente voix!"—and Robespierre and the Thirty Voices die into mutterings; and the Law is once more as Mirabeau would have it.

How different, at the same instant, is General Lafayette's street eloquence; wrangling with sonorous Brewers, with an ungrammatical Saint-Antoine! Most different, again, from both is the Café-de-Valois eloquence, and suppressed fanfaronade, of this multitude of men with Tickets of Entry; who are are now inundating the Corridors of the Tuileries. Such things can go on simultaneously in one City. How much more in one Country; in one Planet with its discrepancies, every Day a mere crackling infinitude of discrepancies—which nevertheless do yield some

coherent net-product, though an infinitesimally small one!

Be this as it may, Lafayette has saved Vincennes; and is marching homewards with some dozen of arrested demolitionists. Royalty is not yet saved ;- nor indeed specially endangered. But to the King's Constitutional Guard, to these old Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, as it chanced to be, this affluence of men with Tickets of Entry is becoming more and more unintelligible. Is his Majesty verily for Metz, then; to be carried off by these men, on the spur of the instant? That revolt of Saint-Antoine got up by traitor Royalists for a stalking-horse? Keep a sharp outlook, ye Centre Grenadiers on duty here: good never came from the 'men in black.' Nay they have cloaks, rédingotes : some of them leather-breeches, boots, - as if for instant riding! Or what is this that sticks visible from the lapelle of Chevalier de Court?* Too like the handle of some cutting or stabbing instrument! He glides and goes; and still the dudgeon sticks from his left lapelle. "Hold, Monsieur!"-a Centre Grenadier clutches him; clutches the protrusive dudgeon, whisks it out in the face of the world: by Heaven, a very dagger; hunting-knife, or whatsoever you call it; fit to drink the life of Patriotism!

So fared it with Chevalier de Court, early in the day: not without noise; not without commentaries. And now this continually increasing multitude at nightfall? Have they daggers too? Alas, with them too, after angry parleyings, there has begun a groping and a rummaging; all men in black, spite of their Tickets of Entry, are clutched by the collar, and groped. Scandalous to think of; for always, as the dirk, sword-cane, pistol, or were it but tailor's bodkin, is found on him, and with loud scorn drawn forth from him, he, the hapless man in black, is flung all too rapidly down stairs. Flung: and ignominiously descends, head foremost: accelerated by ignominious shovings from sentry after sentry: nay, as is written, by smitings, twitchings, spurnings, a bastern of, not to be named. In this accelerated way, emerges, un estain

which end uppermost, man after man in black, through all issues, into the Taileries Carden. Emerges, alas, into the arms of an incommant multitude, now gathered and gathering there, in the hour of dask, to see what is toward, and whether the Hereditary Representative is carried off or not. Hapless men in black; at last articled of poniards made to order; convicted 'Chevaliers of the Landed' Within is as the burning ship; without is as the deep see. Within is no help; his Majesty, looking forth, one moment, from his interior sanctuaries, coldly bids all visitors 'give up their 'weapons;' and shuts the door again. The weapons given up form a heap: the convicted Chevaliers of the Poniard keep descending pedmell, with impetuous velocity; and at the bottom of all starcases, the mixed multitude receives them, hustles, buffets, chases and disperses them.*

Such sight meets Lafayette, in the dusk of the evening, as he returns, successful with difficulty at Vincennes: Sansculotte Scalar hardly weathered, here is Aristocrat Charybdis gurgling under his lee! The patient Hero of two Worlds almost loses temper. He accelerates, does not retard, the flying Chevaliers; delivers, indeed, this or the other hunted Loyalist of quality, but takes him in bater words, such as the hour suggested; such as no salion could pardon. Hero ill-bested; hanging, so to speak, in mistir; hateful to Rich divinities above; hateful to Indigent mortals below! Duke de Villequier, Gentleman of the Chamber, gets such contumelious rating, in presence of all people there, that he may see good first to exculpate himself in the Newspapers; then, that not prospering, to retire over the Frontiers, and begin plotting at Brussels. His Apartment will stand vacant; usefuller, as we may find, than when it stood occupied.

So dy the Chevaliers of the Poniard; hunted of Patriotic men, sharpefull; in the thickening dusk. A dim miserable business; born of darkness; dving away there in the thickening dusk and charces! In the midst of which, however, let the reader discern charly one figure running for its life: Crispin-Cataline d'Esprémenil, for the last time, or the last but one. It is not yet three years since these same Centre Grenadiers, Gardes Françaises then, marched him towards the Calypso Isles, in the gray of the May morning; and he and they have got thus far. Buffeted, have endown, delivered by popular Pétion, he might well answer have here and I too. Monsieur, have been carried on the People's deathers. A fact which popular Pétion, if he like, can medicate.

Or harquit, one way and another, the speedy night covers up the encommons Day of Pennards; and the Chevaliers reape, the limitarited, with torp coat-skirts and heavy hearts, to the restricted with torp coat-skirts and heavy hearts, to the restricted dwelling houses. Riot twofold is quelied; and hither black and, if it be not insignificant blood cross too poses. And the maintained head, reparable; and the Herodylas Day matter has not been stolen, nor the threen smarth limit from A.D.; long remembered; commented on with lond

^{*} Hist. Parl. ix. 139-48.

1 See Mercier, ii. 40, 202.

⁺ Montgaillard, ii. 286.

hahas and deep grumblings; with bitter scornfulness of triumph, bitter rancour of defeat. Royalism, as usual, imputes it to d'Orleans and the Anarchists intent on insulting Majesty: Patriotism, as usual, to Royalists, and even Constitutionalists, intent or stealing Majesty to Metz: we, also as usual, to Preternatural Suspicion, and Phœbus Apollo having made himself like the Night.

Thus however has the reader seen, in an unexpected arena, on this last day of February 1791, the Three long-contending elements of French Society, dashed forth into singular comicotragical collision; acting and reacting openly to the eye. Constitutionalism, at once quelling Sansculottic riot at Vincennes, and Royalist treachery from the Tuileries, is great, this day, and prevails. As for poor Royalism, tossed to and fro in that manner, its daggers all left in a heap, what can one think of it? Every dog, the Adage says, has its day: has it; has had it; or will have For the present, the day is Lafayette's and the Constitution's. Nevertheless Hunger and Jacobinism, fast growing fanatical, still work; their-day, were they once fanatical, will come. Hitherto, in all tempests, Lafayette, like some divine Sea-ruler, raises his serene head: the upper Æolus' blasts fiv back to their caves, like foolish unbidden winds: the under sea-billows they had vexed into froth allay themselves. But if, as we often write, the submarine Titanic Fire-powers came into play, the Ocean bed from beneath being burst? If they hurled Poseidon Lafavette and his Constitution out of Space; and, in the Titanic mêlée, sea were mixed with

CHAPTER VI.

MIRABEAU.

The spirit of France waxes ever more acrid, fever-sick: towards the final outburst of dissolution and delirium. Suspicion rules all minds: contending parties cannot now commingle; stand separated sheer asunder, eying one another, in most aguish mood, of cold terror or hot rage. Counter-Revolution, Days of Poniards, Castr es Duels: Flight of Mesdames, of Monsieur and Reynly! Journalism shrills ever louder its cry of alarm. The sleepless Dionysius's Ear of the Forty-eight Sections, how feverishly quick has it grown; convulsing with strange pangs the whole sick body, as in such sleeplessness and sickness, the car will it.

Since Royalists get Poniards made to order, and a Sieur Motier is no better than he should be, shall not Patriotism too, even of the indigent sort, have Pikes, secondhand Firelocks, in readmess for the worst? The anvils ring, during this March month, with hammering of Pikes. A Consututional Municipality promulgated

its Placard, that no citizen except the 'active or cash-citizen' was entitled to have arms; but there rose, instantly responsive, such a tempest of astonishment from Club and Section, that the Constitutional Placard, almost next morning, had to cover itself up, and die away into inanity, in a second improved edition.*

hammering continues; as all that it betokens does.

Mark, again, how the extreme tip of the Left is mounting in favour, if not in its own National Hall, yet with the Nation, espe-· tally with Paris. For in such universal panic of doubt, the opinion that is sure of itself, as the meagrest opinion may the soonest be, is the one to which all men will rally. Great is Belief, were it never so meagre; and leads captive the doubting heart! Incorraptible Robespierre has been elected Public Accuser in our new Courts of Judicature; virtuous Pétion, it is thought, may rise to be Mayor. Cordelier Danton, called also by triumphant majorities, sits at the Departmental Council-table; colleague there of Mirabeau. Of incorruptible Robespierre it was long ago predicted that he might go far, mean meagre mortal though he was; for Doubt dwelt not in him.

Under which circumstances ought not Royalty likewise to cease doubting, and begin deciding and acting? Royalty has always that sure trump-card in its hand: Flight out of Paris. Which sure trump-card, Royalty, as we see, keeps ever and anon clutching at, grasping; and swashes it forth tentatively; yet never tables it, still puts it back again. Play it, O Royalty! If there be a chance left, this seems it, and verily the last chance; and now every hour is rendering this a doubtfuller. Alas, one would so fain both fly and not fly; play one's card and have it to play. Royalty, in all human likelihood, will not play its trump-card till the honours, one after one, be mainly lost; and such trumping of it prove to be the sudden finish of the game!

Here accordingly a question always arises; of the prophetic sort; which cannot now be answered. Suppose Mirabeau, with whom Royalty takes deep counsel, as with a Prime Minister that cannot yet legally avow himself as such, had got his arrangements completed? Arran jement; he has; far-stretching plans that dawn fufully on us, by fragments, in the confused darkness. Thirty Deparaments ready to sun loyal Addresses, of prescribed tenor: King carried out of Paris, but only to Compiègne and Rouen, hardly to Metz, since, once for all, no Emigrant rabble shall take the lead in it. National Assembly consenting, by duit of loyal Addresses, by management, by force of Bouillé, to hear reason, and follow thuber 't Was it so, on these terms, that Jacobinism and Mirabe in were then to grapple, in their Hercules and Typion duel; leath movitable for the one or the other? The duel it elf is determined on, and sure, but on what terms; much more, with what . are, we in vain guess. It is vague darkness all: unknown what , to be; unknown even what has already been. The grant Mira-

^{*} Ordonnine du 17 Mars 1701 1/1 ' Pari. ix. 257). f sout as to art, vn. 1. 6; Dumont, c. 11, 13, 14.

beau walks in darkness, as we said; companionless, on wild ways: what his thoughts during these months were, no record of Biogra-

pher, not vague Fils Adoptif, will now ever disclose.

To us, endeavouring to cast his horoscope, it of course remains doubly vague. There is one Herculean man; in internecine duel with him, there is Monster after Monster. Emigrant Noblesse return, sword on thigh, vaunting of their Loyalty never sullied: descending from the air, like Harpy-swarms with ferocity, with obscene greed. Earthward there is the Typhon of Anarchy, Political, Religious; sprawling hundred-headed, say with Twentyfive million heads; wide as the area of France; fierce as Frenzy; strong in very Hunger. With these shall the Serpent queller do

battle continually, and expect no rest.

As for the King, he as usual will go wavering chameleonlike; changing colour and purpose with the colour of his environment; -good for no Kingly use. On one royal person, on the Queen only, can Mirabeau perhaps place dependance. It is possible, the greatness of this man, not unskilled too in blandishments, courtiership, and graceful adroitness, might, with most legitimate sorcery, fascinate the volatile Queen, and fix her to him. She has courage for all noble daring; an eye and a heart: the soul of Theresa's Daughter. 'Faut-il-donc, Is it fated then,' she passionately writes to her Brother, 'that I with the blood I am come of, with the sentiments I have, must live and die among such mor-'tals?'* Alas, poor Princess, Yes. 'She is the only man,' as Mirabeau observes, 'whom his Majesty has about him.' Of one other man Mirabeau is still surer: of himself. There lies his resources; sufficient or insufficient.

Dim and great to the eye of Prophecy looks that future! A perpetual life-and-death battle; confusion from above and from below ;-mere confused darkness for us; with here and there some streak of faint lurid light. We see King perhaps laid aside; not tonsured, tonsuring is out of fashion now; but say, sent away any whither, with handsome annual allowance, and stock of smithtools. We see a Queen and Dauphin, Regent and Minor: a Queen ' mounted on horseback,' in the din of battles, with Moriamur pro

rege nostro! 'Such a day,' Mirabeau writes, 'may come.'

Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above and from below: in such environment the eye of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz, stormfully maintain himself; with head all-devising, heart all-daring, if not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The specialties and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at : it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night; and in the middle of it, now visible, far dorting, now labouring in eclipse, is Mirabeau indomitably streggling to be Cloud-Compeller !- One can say that, had Mirabeau lived. the History of France and of the World had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did. the whole compass of that same 'Art of Daring, Art a Car, which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living.

^{*} Fils Adoptif, ubi supra.

would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realised by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness for ever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

BUT Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important, or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,-it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same would-have-beens are mostly a vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the grunt oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on hre: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! 'If I had 'not fived with him,' says Dumont, 'I should never have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was · more than a week or a month is for others; the mass of things he guded on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the escoutie; not a moment lost." "Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible." "Impossible!" answered he starting from his chair, " No me die s num us to bit the mot, Never name to me that blockhead of a word. And then the social repasts; the dinner which he gives a, Commandant of National Guards, which costs five hundred 'pounds, 'alas, and 'the Syrens of the Opera;' and all the ginger that is bot in the mouth; down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus' Shirt on this Hercules; he must

storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a

monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; 'his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session:' there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. 'At parting he embraced me,' says Dumont, with an emotion I had never seen in him: "I am dying, my 'friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. 'When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The 'miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France."* Sickness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck's, by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny it elf; spoke, loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune -for ever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: Take me out of this!

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; incessantly inquiring; within doors there, in that House numbered in our time '42, the over wearied giant has fallen down, to die.† Crowds, of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a-day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. 'A written 'bulletin is handed out every three hours,' is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken: to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there

at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that, on this day, he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been. Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in savings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous; unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself

^{*} Dumont, p. 267.

⁺ Fils Adoptif, viii. 420-79.

looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hoar! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quirting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is chacacteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on. gases forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says: "Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain."*- Death has mastered the outworks; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: Dormir 'To sleep,' writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Dr. Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says "Il ne souffre sius." His suffering and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden light-His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more.—The multitudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to fight; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal: never in this City was such sorrow for one death; never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, 'and the Cricurs des Corps went sounding 'their bells, and crying along the streets: Le bon roi Louis, père 'du peuple, est mort, The good King Louis, Father of the People, 'is dead!'t King Mirabeau is now the lost King; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the bournes, with large silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast distractively with his rosing wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. The bourne-stone orators speak as it is given them; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager, as men will to any Sermon, or Sermo, when it

* I'. 1 1000 vin 430. Tournal do la malado et de la mort de Mirabera pur P. J. G. Cabinis Fires, 1800.

+ Henault, Abrege Chronologique, p. 429.

ing No-thing. In the Réstaurateur's of the Palais Royal, the waiter remarks, "Fine weather, Monsieur:"-"Yes, my friend," answers the ancient Man of Letters, "very fine; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhythmic threnodies comes also from the throats of balladsingers; are sold on gray-white paper at a sou each.* But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn, and written; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay Vaudevilles, Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the leaves of Spring. Nor, that a tincture of burlesque might be in it, is Gobel's Episcopal Mandement wanting; goose Gobel, who has just been made Constitutional Bishop of Paris. A Mandement wherein ça ira alternates very strangely with Nomine Domini; and you are, with a grave countenance, invited to 'rejoice at possessing in the midst of you a body of Prelates created by Mirabeau, zealous followers of his doctrine, faithful imitators of his virtues. † So speaks, and cackles manifold, the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will 'turn mechanically to the place where

Mirabeau sat,'-and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand! All roofs are thronged with onlookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. 'Sadness 'is painted on every countenance; many persons There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society, and Societies; King's Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Bouillé is noticeable there, 'with his hat on; ' say, hat drawn over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in religious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the level sunrays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits, with the mufiled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new clangour of trombones, and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which 'brings down pieces of the plaster.' Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Geneviève; which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland. Aux Granas Hommes la Patric réconnaissante. Hardly at midnight is the business done : and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling : first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

Tenant, alas, who inhabits but at will, and shall be cast out! For, in these days of convulsion and disjection, not even the dust

^{*} F. A. Wif, viii. 1. 10: Newspapers and Excepts in Fig. 1371. ix. 366-402).
† Hist. Parl. ix. 405.

by to be carried from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières, to an eager standing grave, in Paris his birth-city: all mortals processioning and perorating there; cars drawn by eight white horses, goadsters in classical costume, with fillets and wheat-ears enough; -though the weather is of the wettest.* Evangelist Jean Jacques, too, as is most proper, must be dug up from Ermenonville, and processioned, with pomp, with sensibility, to the Pantheon of the Patherland.† He and others: while again Mirabeau, we say, is a to forth from it, happily incapable of being replaced; and rests now, irrecognisable, reburied hastily at dead of night, in the central part of the Churchyard Sainte-Catherine, in the Suburb Saint-Marceau,' to be disturbed no further.

50 blazes out, farseen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes and a caput mortuum, in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who 'had swallowed all ' formulas;' who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the plus and the minus, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shrick condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him, again: That he is a Keality, and no Simulacrum: a living son of Nature our general Mother; not a hollow Artfice, and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, brother to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking sorrowful in a world mostly of 'Stuffed' Clothes suits,' that chatter and grin meaningless on him, quite ghastly to the earnest soul, think what significance there is!

Of men who, in such sense, are alive, and see with eyes, the number is now not great: it may be well, if in this huge French Revolution itself, with its all-developing fury, we find some Three. Mortals driven rabid we find; sputtering the acridest logic; baring their breast to the battle-hail, their neck to the guillotine; of whom it is so painful to say that they too are still, in good part, manu-

factored Formalities, not Facts but Hearsays!

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and it something. For in the way of being war Gy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease, nothing else can be on. Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. 'Hateful to God,' as divine Dante sings, 'and to the Enemies of God,

' A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui!'

But wheever will, with sympothy, which is the first essential towords imagit, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that

^{*} Monitenr, du 13 Juillet 1791.

[†] Ibid. du 18 Septembre, 1794. See also du 30 Août, &c. 1791.

there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what was, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful: but at worst was lamentable, loveable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true; and was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity. sunk, bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father the harshest of old crabbed men he loved with warmth, with veneration.

Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself often lamented even with tears.* Alas, is not the Life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up 'of Fate and of one's own Deservings,' of Schicksal und eigene Schuld; full of the elements of Pity and Fear? This brother man, if not Epic for us, is Tragic: if not great, is large; large in his qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several dialects, will say of him and sing of him,-till the right thing be said; and so the Formula that can judge him

be no longer an undiscovered one. Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems as if in him. with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. The Bailli Mirabeau, worthy uncle, will soon die forlorn, alone. Barrel-Mirabeau, already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. 'Barrel-Mirabeau,' says a biographer of his, 'went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless 'and of heart, meditating in Tartarcan humour on the turn things 'took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused; he again demands, with re-'fusal; and then again, till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau. blazing up into a mere burning brandy barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this canaille of an intruder. alas, on the ' canaille of an intruder's sword's point, who had drawn with switt dexterity; and dies, and the Newspapers name it apopiery and 'alarming accident.' So die the Mirabeaus.

^{*} Dumont, p. 287.

New Mirabeaus one hears not of: the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do: producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintescence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far from help.

BOOK FOURTH.

VARENNES.

CHAPTER I.

EASTER AT SAINT-CLOUD.

THE French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blindness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majesties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and wavering. himself had to complain that they only gave him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan. Had they fled frankly with him, to Rouen or anywhither, long ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; which will go on lessening towards absolute zero. Decide, O Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouillé there has been enough; what profits consulting, and hypotheisis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic sits waiting till the river run dry: alas with you it is not a common river, but a Nile Inundation; snow melting in the unseen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged.

Many things invite to flight. The voice of Journals invites; Royalist Journals proudly hinting it as a threat, Patriot Journals rabidly denouncing it as a terror. Mother Society, waxing more and more emphatic, invites;—so emphatic that, as was prophesied, Lafayette and your limited Patriots have ere long to branch off from her, and form themselves into Fcuillans; with infinite public controversy; the victory in which, doubtful though it look, will remain with the unlimited Mother. Moreover, ever since the Day of Poniards, we have seen unlimited Patriotism openly equipping itself with arms. Citizens denied 'activity,' which is facetier-ly made to signify a certain weight of purse, cannot buy blue uniforms, and be Guardsmen: but man is greater than blue cloth: man can fight, if need be, in multiform cloth, or even almost without cloth - as Sansculotte. So Pikes continued to be hammered, whether those Dirks of improved structure with barbs be 'me int 'for the West-India market,' or not meant. Men beat, the wrong way, their ploughshares into swords. Is there not what we may call an 'Austrian Committee,' Comité Autrichien, sitting daily and nightly in the Tuileries? Patriotism, by vision and suspicion, knows it too well! If the King fly, will there not be Aristocrat-At strian Invasion; butchery, replacement of Feudalism; wars more than civil? The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

Dissident Priests likewise give trouble enough. Expelled from their Parish Churches, where Constitutional Priests, elected by the Public, have replaced them, these unhappy persons resort to Convents of Nuns, or other such receptacles; and there, on Sabbath, collecting assemblages of Anti-Constitutional individuals, who have grown devout all on a sudden,* they worship or pretend to worship in their strait-laced contumacious manner; to the scandal of Patriotism. Dissident Priests, passing along with their sacred wafer for the dying, seem wishful to be massacred in the streets; wherein Patriotism will not gratify them. Slighter palm of martyrdom, however, shall not be denied: martyrdom not of massacre, yet of fustigation. At the refractory places of worship, Patriot men appear; Patriot woman with strong hazel wands, which they apply. Shut thy eyes, O Reader; see not this misery, peculiar to these later times,—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church is not allowed to lie dead; no, it is galvanised into the detestablest death life; whereat Humanity, we say, shuts its eyes. Patriot women take their hazel wands, and fustigate, amid laughter of by standers, with alacrity: broad bottom of Priests; alas, Nuns too reversed, and cotillons retrousses! The National Guard does what it can: Municipality 'invokes the Principles of Toleration;' grants Dissident worshippers the Church of the Théatins; promising protection. But it is to no purpose: at the door of that Theatins Church, appears a Placard, and suspended atop, like Pleberan Consular Jusces, -a Bundle of Rods! The Principles of Toleration must do the best they may: but no Dissident man shall worship contumaciously; there is a Plebiscitum to that effect; which, though unspoken, is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Dissident contumacious Priests ought not to be harboured, even in private, by any man : the Club of the Cordeliers openly denounces Majesty himself as doing it.+

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from extreth Litely, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at interfloid. Our at Sain Cloud. Wishing to celebrate his laster, his Place, or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitutional Dissidents. Wishing rather to make off for Compiègne, and there to the Frontiers. As were, in good sooth, perhaps for the, or would once have been; nothing but some two charse were attending you; chasseurs easily corrupted! It is a pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty thousand

Toulongeon, i. 262.

Then papers of April and June, 1791 (in Hist. Parl. ix. 149; X. 217).

Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human Imagination is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Representative; and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirlblast, whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the risk his only; or

his and all France's?

Monday the eighteenth of April is come; the Easter Journey to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its orders; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, and probably arrived. His Majesty's Maison-bouche, they say, is all bury stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud; the King's Dinner not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Carriage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place du Carrousel; draws up to receive its royal burden. But hark! From the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin begins ding-donging. Is the King stolen then; he is going; gone? Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel: the Royal Carriage still stands.

there ;-and, by Heaven's strength, shall stand!

Lafayette comes up, with aide-de-camps and oratory; pervading the groups: "Taisez vous," answer the groups, "the King shall not go." Monsieur appears, at an upper window: ten thousand voices bray and shriek, " Nous ne voulons pas que le Roi parte." Their Majesties have mounted. Crack go the whips; but twenty Patriot arms have seized each of the eight bridles: there is rearing, rocking, vociferation; not the smallest headway. In vain does Lafayette fret, indignant; and perorate and strive: Patriots in the passion of terror, bellow round the Royal Carriage; it is one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic. Will Royalty fly off towards Austria; like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagration of Civil War? Stop it, ye Patriots, in the name of Heaven! Rude voices passionately apostrophise Royalty itself. Campan, and other the like official persons, pressing forward with help or advice, are clutched by the sashes, and hurled and whirled, in a confused perilous manner; so that her Majesty has to plead passionately from the carriage-window.

Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed: National Guards know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire Battalion, are there; not on duty; alas, in quasi-mutiny: speaking rude disobedient words; threatening the mounted Guards with sharp shot if they hurt the people. Lafayette mounts and dismounts; runs haranguing, panting; on the verge of despair. For an hour and three-quarters; 'seven quarters of an hour,' by the Tuileries Clock! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage, were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order. Their Majesties, counselled to it by Royalist friends, by Patriot foes, dismount: and retire in, with heavy indignant heart: giving up the enterprise. Maison-houche may eat that cooked dinner themselves; his Majesty shall not see Saint-Cloud this day,—or any day.*

^{*} Deux Amis, vi. c. 1; Hist. Parl. ix. 407-14.

The pathetic fable of imprisonment in one's own Palace has become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Municipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sections respond with suilen brevity of negation. Lafayette flings down his Commission; appears in civic pepper-and-salt frock; and cannot be flattered back again; -not in less than three days; and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling to him, and declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are free men kneeling here to the Statue of Liberty. For the rest, those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded, -yet indeed are reinlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris: meditating much on this singular posture of things: but as good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted by difficulty.

CHAPTER II.

EASTER AT PARIS.

FOR above a year, ever since March 1790, it would seem, there has hovered a project of Flight before the royal mind; and ever and anon has been condensing itself into something like a purpose; but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will not serve: to fly, if not in a leather vache, one must verily stir himself. Better to adopt that Constitution of theirs; execute it so as to shew all men that it is inexecutable? Better or not so good; surely it is easier. To all difficulties you need only say, There is a lion in the path, behold your Constitution will not act! For a somnolent person it requires no effort to counterfeit death,-as Dame de Stael and Friends of Liberty can see the King's Government long doing, faisant le mort.

Nay now, when desire whetted by difficulty has brought the matter to a head, and the royal mind no longer halts between two, what can come of it? Grant that poor Louis were safe with Bouillé, what on the whole could be look for there? Exasperated Tickets of Entry answer, Much, all. But cold Reason answers, Little almost nothing. Is not loyalty a law of Nature? ask the Tickets of Entry. Is not love of your King, and even death for hun, the glory of all Frenchmen, except these few Democrats? Let Democrat Constitution builders see what they will do without their Keystone; and France rend its hair, having lost the Here-

ditary Representative!

Thus will King Louis fly; one sees not reasonably towards what. As a malifeated Boy, shall we say, who, having a Stepmother, rushe, sulky into the wide world; and will wring the paternal heart? - Louis escapes from known unsupportable evils, to an unknown mixture of good and evil, coloured by He goes, as Rabelais did when dying, to seek a great May-b vais chercher un grand Peut-être! As not only the sulky but the wise grown Man is obliged to do, so often, in c. gencies.

For the rest, there is still no lack of stimulants, and stepda maltreatments, to keep one's resolution at the due pitch. Facti disturbance ceases not: as indeed how can they, unless: tatively conjured, in a Revolt which is by nature bottomle the ceasing of faction be the price of the King's somnole

may awake when he will, and take wing.

Remark, in any case, what somersets and contortions. Catholicism is making,-skilfully galvanised: hideous, an piteous, to behold! Jurant and Dissident, with their crowns, argue frothing everywhere; or are ceasing to argu. stripping for battle. In Paris was scourging while need c tinued: contrariwise, in the Morbihan of Brittany, with scourging, armed Peasants are up, roused by pulpit-drum, th know not why. General Dumouriez, who has got mission thitherward, finds all in sour heat of darkness; finds also t

explanation and conciliation will still do much.*

But again, consider this: that his Holiness, Pius Sixth, has so good to excommunicate Bisphop Talleyrand! Surely, we will then, considering it, there is no living or dead Church in the Ea that has not the indubitablest right to excommunicate Talleyra Pope Pius has right and might, in his way. But truly so like" has Father Adam, ci-devant Marquis Saint-Huruge, in his Behold, therefore, on the Fourth of May, in the Palais-Roya mixed loud-sounding multitude; in the middle of whom. Fa Adam, bull-voiced Saint-Huruge, in white hat, towers visible audible. With him, it is said, walks Journalist Gorsas, walk n others of the washed sort; for no authority will interfere. Sixth, with his plush and tiara, and power of the Keys, they aloft: of natural size, - made of lath and combustible Royou, the King's Friend, is borne too in effigy; with a pi Newspaper King's-Friends, condemned numbers of the An. Roi; fit fuel of the sacrifice. Speeches are spoken: a judg is held, a doom proclaimed, audible in bull-voice, towards the winds. And thus, amid great shouting, the holocaust is con mated, under the summer sky; and our lath-and-gum Hol with the attendant victims, mounts up in flame, and sinks in ashes; a decomposed Pope: and right or might, among a parties, has better or worse accomplished itself, as it co But, on the whole, reckoning from Martin Luther in the M place of Wittenberg to Marquis Saint-Huruge in this Palaisof Paris, what a journey have we gone; into what strange tories has it carried us! No Authority can new interfere. Religion herself, mourning for such things, may after all ask have I to do with them?

In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism so + Hist. Pari. ve

^{*} Deux Amis, v. 410 21; Dumouriez, ii. c. 5.

the sublime. One must needs vote, for the thing is self-evident, that his Majesty has been abducted, or spirited away, 'enleve',' by some person or persons unknown: in which case, what will the Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles, as we

always say; "revenons aux principes."

By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided: Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their functions; Lafavette is examined; and Gouvion, who gives a most helpless ac ount, the best he can. Letters are found written: one Letter, of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to the National Assembly. It details, with earnestness, with a childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not; then insurrection; want of due cash in Civil List; general want of cash, furniture and order; anarchy everywhere; Dencit never yet, in the smallest, 'choked or comblé: wherefore in brief His Majesty has retired towards a Place of Liberty; and, leaving Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to shift for themselves, does now refer-to what, thinks an august Assembly? To that 'Declara-'tion of the Twenty-third of June,' with its "Seul il fera, He alone will make his People happy." As if that were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevocable Twelvemonths, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole Feudai World! This strange autograph Letter the National Assembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-three Departments, with exegetic commentary, short but pithy. Commissioners a so shall go forth on all sides; the People be exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the Commonweal suffer no damage. - And now, with a sublime air of calmness, nay of indifference, we 'pass to the order of 'the day!'

By such sublime calmness, the terror of the People is calmed. These gleaming Pike forests, which bristled fateful in the early sun, disappear again; the far-sounding Street-orators cease, or spout milder. We are to have a civil war; let us have it then. The King is gone; but National Assembly, but France and we remain. The People also takes a great attitude; the People also is calm; motionless as a couchant lion. With but a few brookings, some wiggings of the tail; to show what it will do! Cazalès, for in tance, was beset by street groups, and cries of Lanterne; but National Patrol, easily delivered him. Likewise all King's efficies and statues, at least stucco ones, get abolished. Even King's names; the world Roi fades suddenly out of all shep signs; the Royal Bengal Lypruself, on the Boulevards, becomes the National

Bengal one, Tigre National.*

How great a a caim couchant People! On the more we men will say to one unother. "We have no be set we slept ound enough." On the morrow, fervent Achille de Charelet, and Thomas Pame the reledible. Accollement, shall have the walls of Paris profusely place and with their Placed; announcing that there must

be a Republic!*—Need we add that Lafayette too, though at first menaced by Pikes, has taken a great attitude, or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-de-camp fly forth, vague, in quest and pursuit; young Romœuf towards Valenciennes, though

with small hope.

Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. the Messageries Royales, in all Mail-bags, radiates forth far-darting the electric news: Our Hereditary Representative is flown. Laugh, black Royalists: yet be it in your sleeve only; lest Patriotism notice, and waxing frantic, lower the Lanterne! Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmness; truly, other places must take it as they can: with open mouth and eyes; with panic cackling, with wrath, with conjecture. each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its leathern bag and 'The King is fled,' furrows up smooth France as it goes; through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lumbers on, as if nothing had happened! Along all highways; towards the utmost borders; till all France is ruffled,—roughened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous, desperate-minded, red-guggling Turkey Cock!

For example, it is under cloud of night that the leathern Monster reaches Nantes; deep sunk in sleep. The word spoken rouses all Patriot men: General Dumouriez, enveloped in roquelaures, has to descend from his bedroom; finds the street covered with 'four or 'five thousand citizens in their shirts.'t Here and there a faint farthing rushlight, hastily kindled; and so many swart-featured haggard faces, with nightcaps pushed back; and the more or less flowing drapery of night-shirt: open-mouthed till the General say his word! And overhead, as always, the Great Bear is turning so quiet round Boötes; steady, indifferent as the leathern Diligence itself. Take comfort, ye men of Nantes: Boötes and the steady Bear are turning; ancient Atlantic still sends his brine, loudbillowing, up your Loire-stream; brandy shall be hot in the stomach: this is not the Last of the Days, but one before the Last. -The fools! If they knew what was doing, in these very instants,

also by candle-light, in the far North-East!

Perhaps we may say the most terrified man in Paris or France is—who thinks the Reader?—scagreen Robespierre. Double paleness, with the shadow of gibbets and halters, overcasts the scagreen features: it is too clear to him that there is to be 'a Saint-Bartholomew of Patriots,' that in four-and-twenty hours he will not be in life. These horrid anticipations of the soul he is heard uttering at Pétion's; by a notable witness. By Madame Reland, namely; her whom we saw, last year, radiant at the Lyons I coeration! These four months, the Rolands have been in Paris: arranging with Assembly Committees the Municipal affairs of Lyons, affairs all sunk in debt; communing, the while, as was most natural, with the best Patriots to be found here, with our Brissots, Pétions, Buzots, Robespierres; who were wont to come to us, says the fair Hostess, four evenings in the week. They,

⁺ Dumouriez, Mémoires, ii. 109. * Dumont, c. 16.

running about, busier than ever this day, would fain have comforted the seagreen man; spake of Achille du Châtelet's Placard; of a Journal to be called The Republican; of preparing men's minds for a Republic. "A Republic?" said the Seagreen, with one of his dry husky unsportful laughs, "What is that?"* O seagreen Incorruptible, thou shalt see!

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW BERLINE.

But scouts all this while and aide-de-camps, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romœuf, as we said, was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speedily grants a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an Herb-merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evidence of it:† Romœuf, furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on a hopefuller track; by Bondy, Claye, and Chalons, towards Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops à franc itrier.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a commonplace travelling-carriage is off Northwards; Madame, his Princess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one another while changing horses, without look of recognition; and reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner, beautiful Princess de Lamballe set off, about the same hour; and will reach England safe:—would she had continued there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful and the

All run; along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle; huge Argosy, let us say, or Acapulco-ship; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three vellow Pilot boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It Imbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, 20 prancing and cluttering; loyal but stupid; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages to be repaired at I times. King Louis too will dismount, will walk up hills, and en on the ble sed sunshine—with eleven horses and double drink money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found

^{*} Madame Roland, ii. 70. † Moniteur, &c. (in Hist. Parl. x. 244-313).

that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Choiseul might stand waiting, in the Village of Pont-de-Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Chalons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul drove out of Paris, in all privity, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time; his Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come 'to escort a Treasure 'that is expected:' but, hour after hour, is no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that North-east Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the Great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, from this Pont-de-Sommevelle Northeastward as far as Montmédi, at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting: a train or chain of Military Escorts; at the Montmédi end of it our brave Bouillé: an electric thunder-chain; which the invisible Bouillé, like a Father Jove, holds in his hand-for wise purposes! Brave Bouillé has done what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Chalons: it waits but for the new Korff Berline; to receive it, escort it, and, if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers; from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont-de-Sommevelle, in all Post-villages; for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns: they loiter impatient 'till the Treasure arrive.'

Judge what a day this is for brave Bouillé: perhaps the first day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full-blooded Captains: your Dandoins, Comte de Damas, Duke de Choiseul, Engineer Goguelat, and the like; entrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more westward: and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Paris-ward: with face of unconcern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from cales and dramshops.* Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline: dawn on us, thou Sun-

chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of His Majesty's ordering, this military array of Fscorts: a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue; yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally: This clatter of cavalry, and matching and lounging of troops, what means it? To escort a Treasure? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the

^{*} Déclaration du Sieur La Gache du Régionné Regul-Dragueux en Choiseul, pp. 125-39).

Nation; or where is your Treasure?—There has been such marching and counter-marching: for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as yesterday; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month being the day first appointed, which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism; suspicious, above all, of Bouillé the Aristocrat; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and

exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours!

At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, 'demanded three hundred fusils of their 'Townhall,' and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was just coming in, from Clermont with his troop, at the other end of the Village. A fresh troop; alarming enough; though happily they are only Dragoons and French! So that Goguelat with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast; till here at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place, as on burning For the rumour of him flies abroad; and men run to and marle. fro in fright and anger: Chalons sends forth exploratory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand; which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehold, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussais, men of foreign guttural speech; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you? A Treasure?—exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Treasu e t's: Military scizure for rents, feudalities; which no Bailuf could make us pay! This they know; -and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin; with rapid effect! Choiseul and Goguelat, if the whole country is not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount; and this Parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride slowly Eastward, towards Sainte-Menchould; still hoping the Sun Charot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Perline! And near now is that Sainte-Menchould, which expelled us in the morning, with its 'three hundred National fusils;' which looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons, though only French;—which, in a word, one dare not enter the seand time, under pain of explosion! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left; through byways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoiding Sainte-Menchould and all places which have seen them heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening-ride.

This time militury post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect; or with worse, and your chain threatens to entangle itself! The Great Road, however, is got hushed again into a kind of queetude, though one of the wake-

fullest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermaster, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state near distraction, beat the dusky highway, with a face of indifference; and no Sun-Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incredible, that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether it ever even got out of Paris;—and yet also one knows not whether, this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD DRAGOON DROUET.

In this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost North-West; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on longshadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad screnade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvass, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-scats; * their children. mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menchould. as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time as a Condé Dragoon. This day from an early hour, Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular Mortre de Poste, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig: which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeared. Wholly an uns treactory

^{*} Rapport de M. Rémy (in Choiseul, p. 143).

Cav. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast cf Pikes: and what do these Bouillé Soldiers mean? Hussars, with their gig, and a vengeance to it !- have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart e iten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart

flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! Here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delighted with his tine livery.-Lumbering along with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chaise behind, the Korif Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco-ship with its Cockboat, having got thus for. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a lady in gipsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her.* Dandoins stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful moustachio; careless glance, --which however surveys the Villagegroups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier. Be quick, be quick! Thick-headed Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the Village!

Nor is Post-master Drouct unobservant, all this while; but steps our and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the to of and the; prying into several things. When a man's faculness or the tight time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carrage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time ; - 11 the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this Grosse-Tite in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it -- -? Onle', Henr Caullaume, Clerk of the Directoire, bring me a new A lignar! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paperm mer Puture and the Gross-Head in round hat there : by Day and Sight I you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this murch of Troops; this sountering and

whispering,—I see it!

Dionet Post master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old Dragoon of Combe, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast: for behald the new Borline, expeditionally voked, cracks whipcord,

^{*} Déclaration de la Gache (in Choiseul ubi suprà).

and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé does what is advisablest: privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound castward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

They bound eastward, in sharp trot; their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread and cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandeins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret despatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic: *—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume gallop after it, and Dandoins's Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear with the

frightfullest issues!

CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGHT OF SPURS.

THIS comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Ferline with eleven horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.' Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable not to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first sturing of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering

^{*} Déclaration de La Gache (in Choiseul), p. 134.

with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers. Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the

Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postillions crack and when: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown 'Inconnu on horseback' shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night.* August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless overwearied Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk Guillaume spur; taking sideroads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone, as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted, in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shricking for ball-cartridges; and the Village 'illuminates itself; '-deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A camisado, or shirt-tumult, every where: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious générale, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Dumas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism. speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menchould; King and Country calling on the brave;" then gives the fire-word, Draw swords. Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only smile their sword-handles, driving them further home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.+

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year, remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spars! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has mixed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Vermes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with visum there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride to to that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance, - impeded

by storm bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And Drougt rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country runs. Country for and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, care the overstock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clernontais, by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling in the putalls, and lying 'swooned three quarters of an hour,' the

^{*} Campan, ii. 159.

^{1 11} Stan Processed Cornent in Chasen, p. 18422.

rest refusing to march without them. What an evening-ride from Pont-de-Sommerville; what a thirty hours, since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Leonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forestherb, queen-of-the-meadows spilling her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"-yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to

verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.- The Korif Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the littly paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Do not all towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé, Bouillé's own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night. has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postillions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! 'For five-and-thirty minutes' by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand; Round-hat arguing with Churnboots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers greping, bungling; -young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom: the horses deliberately slobber, Roundhat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick eff faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole riding hurlyburly; unshet. though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken

thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullably to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arms, Bras a Or Tavern, across that sloping

marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them; cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or*, Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "Camarade, estu bon Patriote," Art thou a good Patriot?"—"Si je suis!" answers Boniface.—"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what

whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.*

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guiilaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a 'furniture waggon they 'mad there,' with whatever waggons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swittly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National Muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korif Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: Alta là! lanterns flash out from under coatskirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National Muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "Mesdames, your Passports?"—Alas! Alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer is there, with official grocer politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in M.

Sausse's till the dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegin then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Soverer in Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, er never in this world: "Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons or high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all begains have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble se to know it! The King has said, in this one small morn r; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall your av. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable to have; but his dead body only, and answer itto Heaven and banth. To me, Bodyguards: Postilions, en avant!" - One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers: the drooping of Dronei's under-jaw; and how Procureur Sausse had moleculate follow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps and ening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and hussars: framplementry, with civalending high-brandishing Escort, and Lacut, into Montmedi; and the whole course of French History

Man is not an the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him a reach Heating had never come under this Varennes Arche

^{*} Deux Amis, vi. 139-78.

thunder; thunderous rattle of Royal Allemand at his heels. English Tom answers as he can the brief question, How it is at Varennes?—then asks in turn what he, English Tom, with M. de Choiseul's horses, is to do, and whither to ride?—To the Bottomless Pool! answers a thunder-voice; then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal Allemand to the gallop; and vanishes, swearing (en jurant).* 'Tis the last of our brave Bouillé. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, calls a council of officers; finds that it is in vain. King Louis has departed, consenting : amic the clangour of universal storm-bell; amid the tramp of Terthousand armed men, already arrived; and say, of Sixty thousand flocking thither. Brave Deslons, even without 'orders,' darted ac the River Aire with his Hundred !t swam one branch of it, could not the other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated nostril; the Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mockery, the new Berline lumbering Paris-ward its weary inevitable way. No help, then in Earth; nor in an age, not of miracles, in Heaven!

That night, 'Marquis de Bouillé and twenty-one more of us rode 'over the Frontiers; the Bernardine monks at Orval in Luxemburg 'gave us supper and lodging.' With little of speech, Bouillé rides; with thoughts that do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with thin Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act; towards England, towards premature Stoical death; not towards France any more. Honour to the Brave; who, be it in this quarrel or in that, is a substance and articulate-speaking piece of Human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-actors this Bouillé, of whom so much can be said.

The brave Bouillé too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named French Revolution, which did weave itself then in very fact, 'on the loud-sounding 'LOOM OF TIME!' The old Brave drop out from it, with their strivings; and new acrid Drouets, of new strivings and colour, come in:—as is the manner of that weaving.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN.

So then our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has excercing itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal minimatum, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist I lots and Projects, one after another, cur-

^{*} Déclaration du Sieur Thomas (in Choiseul, p. 188). † Weber, il. 386. ‡ Aubriot, ut suprè, p. 158.

ningly-devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunderclaps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a Seance Royale on the Twenty-third of June 1780, which exploded as we then said, 'through the touchhole;' which next, your wargod Broglie having reloaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and O Richard, O my King; which, aided by Hunger produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on Fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witne sed: we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, a ter this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. I acroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now 'sit in one of the accompanying carriages.' Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been served there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Dahube; the light of her Patriot Supper-Parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies how! Fleding Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundred, of thou ands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is return by. Not till Saturday; for the Royal Berline travels by downthes; amid such loud-voiced conduent sea of National Counts, except thougand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Parnase, timed Perion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gave to meet it; or whom the two former ride in the Berline itself to alle Maiesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man or whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear,

with Dame Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds or thousand, is a sun drawn up : not now denoing the tricolor joyden e of hope; nor as yet dancing in fary donce of hate and it in ge; but in alone e, with a gue look of conjecture and curiosity mostly scientific. A same Antoine Pire and has given notice this morning that Solice and in alts Louis shall be cauch, who oscillate applied him shall be hanged. Behold then, at last, that wanderful Sow Belling, a norded by blue National sea with a cell broader, which they shows to be blue at the flow of the said. Three yellow Courses it stop hound with top. Pittin, Barnave, her Malestics, with a for Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

shirt,—may fancy what an affair to settle this was. Robespierre, on the extreme Left, with perhaps Pétion and lean old Goupil, for the very Triumvirate has defalcated, are shrieking hoarse; drowned in Constitutional clamour. But the debate and arguing of a whole Nation; the bellowings through all Journals, for and against; the reverberant voice of Danton; the Hyperion-shafts of Camille; the

porcupine-quills of implacable Marat:—conceive all this.

Constitutionalists in a body, as we often predicted, do now recede from the Mother Society, and become Feuitlans; threatening her with inanition, the rank and respectability being mostly gone. Petition after Petition, forwarded by Post, or borne in Deputation, comes praying for Judgment and Déchéance, which is our name for Deposition; praying, at lowest, for Reference to the Eighty-three Departments of France. Hot Marseillese Deputation comes declaring, among other things: "Our Phocean Ancestors flung a Bar of Iron into the Bay at their first landing; this Bar will float again on the Mediterranean brine before we consent to be slaves." All this for four weeks or more, while the matter still hangs doubtful; Emigration streaming with double violence over the frontiers; France seething in fierce agitation of this question and prize-question: What is to be done with the fugitive Hereditary Representative?

Finally, on Friday the 15th of July 1791, the National Assembly decides; in what negatory manner we know. Whereupon the Theatres all close, the *Bourne*-stones and Portable-chairs begin spouting, Municipal Placards flaming on the walls, and Proclamations published by sound of trumpet, 'invite to repose;' with small effect. And so, on Sunday the 17th, there shall be a thing seen, worthy of remembering. Scroll of a Petition, drawn up by Brissots, Dantons, by Cordeliers, Jacobins; for the thing was infinitely shaken and manipulated, and many had a hand in it: such Scroll lies now visible, on the wooden framework of the Fatherland's Altar, for signature. Unworking Paris, male and female, is crowding thither, all day, to sign or to see. Our fair Roland herself the eye of History can discern there, 'in the morning;' † not without interest. In few weeks the fair Patriot will quit Paris; yet perhaps only to return.

But, what with sorrow of baulked Patriotism, what with closed theatres, and Proclamations still publishing themselves by sound of trumpet, the fervour of men's minds, this day, is great. Nay, over and above, there has fallen out an incident, of the nature of Farce-Tragedy and Riddle; enough to stimulate all creatures. Early in the day, a Patriot (or some say, it was a Patriotess, and indeed Truth is undiscoverable), while standing on the firm deal-board of Fatherland's Altar, feels suddenly, with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his bootsole pricked through from below; he clutches up suddenly this electrified bootsole and toot: discerns next instant—the point of a gimlet or brisk-and playing up, through the firm deal-board, and new hastily drawing itself back! Mystery, perhaps Treason? The wooden frame-work is

^{*} Bouillé, ii. 101.

[†] Madame Roland, ii. 74.

impetuously broken up; and behold, verily a mystery; never expircable fully to the end of the world! Two human individuals, of mean aspect, one of them with a wooden leg, lie ensconced there, gunlet in hand; they must have come in overnight; they have a supply of provisions, -no barrel of gunpowder that one can see; they affect to be asleep; look blank enough, and give due lamest account of themselves. "Mere curiosity; they were har ag up to get an eye-hole; to see, perhaps 'with lubricity,' whatsoever, from that new point of vision, could be seen: "—little that was edifying, one would think! But indeed what stupidest thing may not human Dulness, Pruriency, Lubricity, Chance and the Devil, choosing Two out of Half-a-million idle human heads,

tempt them to?*

Sure enough, the two human individuals with their gimlet are there. Ill-starred pair of individuals! For the result of it all is that Patriotism, fretting itself, in this state of nervous excitability, with hypotheses, suspicions and reports, keeps questioning these two distracted human individuals, and again questioning them; claps them into the nearest Guardhouse, clutches them out again; one hypothetic group snatching them from another: till finally, in such extreme state of nervous excitability, Patriotism hangs them as spies of Sieur Motier; and the life and secret is choked out of them forevermore. Forevermore, alas! Or is a day to be looked for when these two evidently mean individuals, who are human nevertheless, will become Historical Riddles; and, like him of the Iron Mask (also a human individual, and evidently nothing more), - have their Dissertations? To us this only is certain, that they had a gimlet, provisions and a wooden. leg; and have died there on the Lanterne, as the unluckiest fools might die.

And so the signature goes on, in a still more excited manner. And Chammette, for Antiquarians possess the very Paper to this hour, that signed limited in a flowing saucy hand slightly beined; and Hibert, detestable Père Duchêne, as if an inked signed and tropped on the paper; Usher Maillard also has signed, and many Crosses, which cannot write. And Paris, through its thousand avenues, is welling to the Champ-de-Mars and from it, in the utmost excitability of humour; central Fatherland's Alter quite heiped with signing Patriots and Patriotesses; the Tosty benches and whole internal Space crowded with onlookers, with comer, and goers; one regurgitating whirlpool of men and waren in their Sunday clothes. All which a Constitutional Sieur Menter sees; and Bully, looking into it with his long visage made toll hunter. Auguring no good; perhaps Dichéaner and Deposition after all! Stop it, ve Constitutional Patriots; fire itself is

quenchable, yet only quenchable at first!

or the Universe a right to petition?—Happily, if also unhappily, here is one proof of riot, these two human individuals, hanged at the Lantine. Proof. O treacherous Sour Motier? Were they not two human individuals sent thither by thee to be hanged; to

^{*} Hist. Parl. xi. 104-7.

be a pretext for thy bloody *Drapeau Rouge?* This question shall many a Patriot, one day, ask; and answer affirmatively, strong in

• Preternatural Suspicion.

Enough, towards half past seven in the evening, the mere natural eye can behold this thing: Sieur Motier, with Municipals in scarf with blue National Patrollotism, rank after rank, to the clang of drums; wending resolutely to the Champ-de-Mars; Mayor Bailly, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad duty bound, the Drapeau Rouge! Howl of angry derision rises in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats, at the sight of Martial Law; which nevertheless waving its Red sanguinary Flag, advances there, from the Gros-Caillou Entrance; advances, drumming and waving, towards Altar of Fatherland. Amid still wilder howls, with objurgation, obtestation; with flights of pebbles and mud, saxa et ineces; with crackle of a pistol-shot;—finally with volley-fire of Patrolotism; levelled muskets; roll of volley on volley! Precisely after one year and three days, our sublime Federation Field is wetted, in this manner, with French blood.

Some 'Twelve unfortunately shot,' reports Bailly, counting by units; but Patriotism counts by tens and even by hundreds. Not to be forgotten, nor forgiven! Patriotism flies, shricking, execrating. Camille ceases Journalising, this day; great Danton with Camille and Fréron have taken wing, for their life; Marat burrows deep in the Earth, and is silent. Once more Patrollotism

has triumphed: one other time; but it is the last.

This was the Royal Flight to Varennes. Thus was the Throne overturned thereby; but thus also was it victoriously set up again—on its vertex; and will stand while it can be held.



BOOK FIFTH.

PARLIAMENT FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

GRANDE ACCEPTATION.

In the last nights of September, when the autumnal equinox is past, and grey September fades into brown October, why are the Champs Llysées illuminated; why is Paris dancing, and flinging fire-works? They are gala-nights, these last of September; Paris may well dance, and the Universe: the Edifice of the Constitution is completed! Completed; nay revised, to see that there was nothing insufficient in it; solemnly proferred to his Majesty; solemnly accepted by him, to the sound of cannon-salvoes, on the fourteenth of the month. And now by such illumination, jubilee, dancing and fire-working, do we joyously handsel the new Social Eddice, and first raise heat and reek there, in the name of

Hope.

The Revision, especially with a throne standing on its vertex, has been a work of difficulty, of delicacy. In the way of propping and buttressing, so indispensable now, something could be done; and yet, as is feared, not enough. A repentant Barnave Triumviene, our Rabauts, Duports, Thourets, and indeed all Constitutional Deputies did strain every nerve: but the Extreme Left was an norw; the People were so suspicious, clamorous to have the work ended; and then the loyal Right Side sat feeble petulant all the white, and as it were, pouting and petting; unable to help, had they even been willing. The Two Hundred and Ninety had solemnly made sussion, before that; and departed, shaking the dist out their feet. To such transcendency of fret, and despect to hope that worsening of the bad might the sooner end it and brang back the good, had our unfortunate loyal Right Side now come!*

However, one finds that this and the other little prop has been added, where possibility allowed. Civil list and Privy purse were from of classell cared for. King's Constitutional Guard, Eighteen builded by all men from the Fighty three Departments, under a Lyal Du's de Brissae; this, with trustworthy Swiss besides, is of

^{*} Toulongeon, ii. 56, 59.

itself something. The old loyal Bodyguards are indeed dissolved, in name as well as in fact; and gone mostly towards Coblentz. But now also those Sansculottic violent Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, shall have their mittimus: they do ere long, in the Journals, not without a hoarse pathos, publish their Farewell; 'wishing all Aristocrats the graves in Paris which to us are 'denied.'* They depart, these first Soldiers of the Revolution; they hover very dimly in the distance for about another year; till they can be remodelled, new-named, and sent to fight the Austrians; and then History beholds them no more. A most notable Corps of men; which has its place in World-History; -though to us, so is History written, they remain mere rubrics of men; nameless; a shaggy Grenadier Mass, crossed with buff-belts. And yet might we not ask: What Argonauts, what Leonidas' Spartans had done such a work? Think of their destiny: since that May morning, some three years ago, when they, unparticipating, trundled off d'Espréménil to the Calypso Isles; since that July evening, some two years ago, when they, participating and sacreing with knit brows, poured a volley into Besenval's Prince de Lambesc! History waves them her mute adicu.

So that the Sovereign Power, these Sansculottic Watchdogs, more like wolves, being leashed and led away from his Tuileries, breathes freer. The Sovereign Power is guarded henceforth by a loyal Eighteen hundred,—whom Contrivance, under various pretexts, may gradually swell to Six thousand; who will hinder no Journey to Saint-Cloud. The sad Varennes business has been soldered up; cemented, even in the blood of the Champ-de-Mars, these two months and more; and indeed ever since, as formerly, Majesty has had its privileges, its 'choice of residence,' though, for good reasons, the royal mind 'prefers continuing in Paris.' Poor royal mind, poor Paris; that have to go mumming; enveloped in speciosities, in falsehood which knows itself false: and to enact mutually your sorrowful farce-tragedy, being bound to it;

and on the whole, to hope always, in spite of hope!

Nay, now that his Majesty has accepted the Constitution, to the sound of cannon-salvoes, who would not hope? Our good King was misguided but he meant well. Lafavette has moved for an Amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting of Revolutionary faults; and now surely the glorious Revolution cleared of its rubbish, is complete! Strange enough, and touching in several ways, the old cry of Tire le Koi once more rises round King Louis the Hereditary Representative. Their Majesties went to the Opera; gave money to the Poor: the Queen herse'f, now when the Constitution is accepted, hears voice of cheering. Bygone shall be bygone; the New Era shall begin! To and fro, amid those lamp-galaxies of the Elysian Fields, the Koyal Carriage slowly wends and rolls; every where with morals, from a multitude striving to be glad. Louis looks out, mainly on the variegated lamps and gay human groups, with satisfaction enough for the hour. In her Majesty's face, 'under that kind graceful smile a

deed sadness is legible.'* Brilliancies, or valour and of wit, stroll here observant: a Dame de Stacl, leaning most probably on the arm of her Narbonne. She meets Deputies; who have built this Constitution; who saunter here with vague communings,-· not without thoughts whether it will stand. But as yet melodious findlestrings twang and warble every where, with the rhythm of light fantastic feet; long lamp-galaxies iling their coloured radiame; and brass-lunged Hawkers elbow and bawl, " Grande Ac-Adam to hope. Have not Lafayette, Barnave, and all Constitut.o. alists set their shoulders handsomely to the inverted pyramid of a throne? Feuillans, including almost the whole Constitutional Respectability of France, perorate nightly from their tribune; excespond through all Post-offices; denouncing unquiet Jacobini.m: trusting well that its time is night done. Much is uncertain, questionable: but if the Hereditary Representative be wise and lucky, may one not, with a sanguine Gaelic temper, hope that he will get in motion better or worse; that what is wanting to him will gradually be gained and added?

For the rest, as we must repeat, in this building of the Constitutional Fabric, especially in this Revision of it, nothing that one could think of to give it new strength, especially to steady it, to give a permanence, and even eternity, has been forgotten. and l'amarient, to be called Legislative, Assemblée Législative; with Seven Hundred and Forty-five Members, chosen in a judicrows in diner by the 'active citizens' alone, and even by electing or electors still more active: this, with privileges of Parliament in I meet, self-authorized if need be, and self-dissolved; shall gene mone; supplies and talk; watch over the administration and authornues; discharge for ever the functions of a Constitutional Great Council, Colle tive Wisdom, and National Palaver, as the licavers will enable. Our First biennial Parliament, which neleed his been a choosing since early in August, is now as good as chosen. Nav it has mosely got to Paris: it arrived gradually; no without pathetic greeting to its venerable Parent, the now mordand Constituent; and sat there in the Galleries, reverently Interior; ready to begin, the instant the ground were clear

Then as to changes in the Constitution itself? This, impossible for any Legislaures, or common biennial r'arliament, and possible andly for ome resiscitated Constituent or National Convention, is evidend, one of the most ticklish points. The august moritured Assembly debated it for four entire days. Some thought a climite, or at least review if and new approval, might be admissible in livity years; some even went lower, down to twenty, my to fifteen. The ingust Assembly had ones decided for thirty years; but it as sked that, on better thoughts, and did not be any date of time, but in reis some sague outline of a posture of circumstants, and on the whole left the material banging. * Doubtle is a featureful Convention can be assembled even a 22.7 the thirty

^{*} De Stäel, Considerations, i. c. 23.

[†] Choix de Rapports, &c. (Paris, 1825), vi. 239-317.

years: yet one may hope, not; but that Legislatives, biennial Parliaments of the common kind, with their limited faculty, and perhaps quiet successive additions thereto, may suffice, for gener-

ations, or indeed while computed Time runs.

Furthermore, be it noted that no member of this Constituent has been, or could be, elected to the new Legislative. So nobleminded were these Law-makers! cry some: and Solon-like would banish themselves. So splenetic! cry more: each grudging the other, none daring to be outdone in self-denial by the other. So unwise in either case! answer all practical men. But consider this other self-denying ordinance, That none of us can be King's Minister, or accept the smallest Court Appointment, for the space of four, or at lowest (and on long debate and Revision), for the space of two years! So moves the incorruptible seagreen Robespierre; with cheap magnanimity he; and none dare be outdone by him. It was such a law, not so superfluous then, that sent Mirabeau to the Gardens of Saint-Cloud, under cloak of darkness, to that colloquy of the gods; and thwarted many things. Happily and unhappily there is no Mirabeau now to thwart.

Welcomer meanwhile, welcome surely to all right hearts, is Lafayette's chivalrous Amnesty. Welcome too is that hard-wrung Union of Avignon; which has cost us, first and last, 'thirty ses-'sions of debate,' and so much else: may it at length prove lucky! Rousseau's statue is decreed : virtuous Jean-Jacques, Evangelist of the Contrat Social. Not Drouet of Varennes; nor worthy Lataille, master of the old world-famous Tennis Court in Versailles, is forgotten; but each has his honourable mention, and due reward in money.* Whereupon, things being all so neatly winded up, and the Deputations, and Messages, and royal and other Ceremonials having rustled by; and the King having now affectionately perorated about peace and tranquilisation, and members having answered "Oui! oui!" with effusion, even with tears,-President Thouret, he of the Law Reforms, rises, and, with a strong voice, utters these memorable last-words: "The National Constituent Assembly declares that it has finished its mission; and that its sittings are all ended." Incorrupt ble Robespierre, virtuous Pétion are borne home on the shoulders ef the people; with vivats heaven-high. The rest glide quietiv to their respective places of abode. It is the last afternoon of September, 1791; on the morrow morning the new Legislative will begin.

So, amid glitter of illuminated streets and Champs Elysées, and crackle of fireworks and glad deray, has the first National Assembly vanished; discolving, as they well say, into blank Time; and is no more. National Assembly is gone, its work remaining; as all Bodies of men go, and as man hamself goes; it had its beginning, and must likewise have its end. A I haptasm-Reality born of Time, as the rest of us are; fitting even backwards now on the tide of Time; to be long remembered of men.

^{*} Moniteur (in Hist. Parl. xi. 473).

Very strange Assemblages, Sanhedrims, Amphictyonics, Trades Umons, Ecumenic Councils, Parliaments and Congresses, have met to other on this Planet, and dispersed again; but a stranger Assemblage than this august Constituent, or with a stranger mission, perhaps never met there. Seen from the distance, this also will be a marcle. Twelve Hundred human individuals, with the Gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in their pocket, congregating in the name of Twenty-five Millions, with full assurance of faith, to 'make the Constitution:' such sight, the acme and main product of the Eighteenth Century, our World can witness once only. For Time is rich in wonders, in monstrosities most rich; and is observed never to repeat himself, or any of his Gospels:—surely least of all, this Gospel according to Jean-Jacques. Once it was right and indispensable, since such had become the Belief of men;

but once also is enough.

They have made the Constitution, these Twelve Hundred Jean-Jacques Evangelists; not without result. Near twenty-nine months they sat, with various fortune; in various capacity; always, we may say, in that capacity of carborne Caroccio, and miraculous Standard of the Revolt of Men, as a Thing high and litted up; whereon whosoever looked might hope healing. They have seen much: cannons levelled on them; then suddenly, by interposition of the Powers, the cannons drawn back; and a wargod Broglie vanishing, in thunder not his own, amid the dust and downrushing of a Bastille and Old Feudal France. They have suffered somewhat: Royal Session, with rain and Oath of the fennis-Court; Nights of Pentecost; Insurrections of Women. Also have they not done somewhat? Made the Constitution, and managed all things the while; passed, in these twenty-nine months, 'twenty-five hundred Decrees,' which on the average is some three for each day, including Sundays! Brevity, one finds, is possible, at times : had not Moreau de St. Méry to give three thousand orders before rising from his seat? - There was valour (or value) in these men; and a kind of faith,—were it only faith in this, That colleges are not cloth; that a Constitution could be made. Cobwebs and chameras ought verily to disappear; for a Reality there 15. Let formulas, soul killing, and now grown body-killing, incupportable, become, in the name of Heaven and Earth !- Time, as we say, brought forth these Twelve Hundred; Eternity was before them, Fremly behind: they worked, as we all do, in the confluence of Two Fternities; what work was given them. Say not that it was nothing they did. Consciously they did somewhat: uncon croysly how much! They had their giants and their dware, they accomplished their good and their evil; they are cone, and return no more. Shall they not go with our blessons, in these circumstances; with our mild farewell?

By part, by delivence, on adulte or sole; they are gone; toward, the fam winds! Not a few over the muches, to rank at Coblems. Thither wended Maury, among others; but in the end toward, itome, to be clothed there in red Cardinal plush; in falsehood as in a gument; pet son her Last born?) of the

Scarlet Woman. Talleyrand-Perigord, excommunicated Constitutional Bishop, will make his way to London; to be Ambassador, spite of the Self-denying Law; brisk young Marquis Chauvelin acting as Ambassador's-Cloak. In London too, one finds Pétion the virtuous; harangued and haranguing, pledging the wine-cap with Constitutional Reform Clubs, in solemn tavern-dinner. Incorruptible Robespierre retires for a little to native Arras: seven short weeks of quiet; the last appointed him in this world. Public Accuser in the Paris Department, acknowledged highpriest of the Jacobins; the glass of incorruptible thin Patriotism, for his narrow emphasis is loved of all the narrow,—this man seems to be rising, somewhither? He sells his small heritage at Arras; accompanied by a Brother and a Sister, he returns, scheming out with resolute timidity a small sure destiny for himself and them, to his old lodging, at the Cabinet-maker's, in the Rue St. Honoré:-O resolute-tremulous incorruptible seagreen man, towards what a destiny!

Lafayette, for his part, will lay down the command. He retires Cincinnatus-like to his hearth and farm; but soon leaves them again. Our National Guard, however, shall henceforth have no one Commandant; but all Colonels shall command in succession, month about. Other Deputies we have met, or Dame de Stael has met, 'sauntering in a thoughtful manner;' perhaps uncertain what to do. Some, as Barnave, the Lameths, and their Duport, will continue here in Paris: watching the new biennial Legislative, Parliament the First; teaching it to walk, if so might be; and the

Court to lead it.

Thus these: sauntering in a thoughtful manner; travelling by post or diligence,—whither Fate beckons. Giant Mirabeau slumbers in the Pantheon of Great Men: and France? and Europe?—The brass-lunged Hawkers sing "Grand Acceptation, Monarchic Constitution" through these gay crowds: the Morrow, grandson of Yesterday, must be what it can, as To-day its father is. Our new biennal Legislative begins to constitute itself on the first of October, 1791.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

If the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and place, gain comparatively small attention from us, how much less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right Side and its I of: the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here or now: it spouts and speaks: listens to Reports, reads Italis and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the Hi tory of France, one finds, is seldon or never there. Unhappy Legislative, what

con History do with it: if not drop a tear over it, almost in silence? First of the two-year Parlaments of France, which, if Paper Consultation and of repeated National Oath could avail aught, were to follow in souly-strong indissoluble sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish doleidly within one year; and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless increased like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless increased with such explosive Federation Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and variegated radiance, went to pieces, like mail crockery, in the crash of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Limbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, except for rare specific purposes, let

them rest, in melancholy peace.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public. Body of men to itself! Æsop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in purple with fisces and insignia, are governed by their valets, by the peuting of their wemen and children; or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest it not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Bubylon which he has builded; and is a nondescript biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years course of grazing! These Seven Hundred and Forty-five elected individuals doubt not but they are the First biennial Parliament, come to govern France by parl usentary eloquence: and they are what? And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise!

It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no men bers of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of parties and parhamentary tactics; that such was their foolish Selfdenying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constituent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand, what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Sun coald have enectually profited? There are First biennial Parliaments so postured as to be, in a sense, beyond wisdom; where wisdom and foly dater only in degree, and wreckage and dissolution are the

appointed issue for both.

cold Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths and the like, for whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these new I egilibrors, * but let not un! The poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citizens of France, are what they could be; do what is fitted them. That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aristocial Nobleme had thed over the reaches, or sat brooding alent in their unburnt Châteaus; small prospect had they in Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with I had to Amennes, what with Days of Penands, with plot after plan, the People are left to themselves, the People must needs choose Defenders of the People, such as can be had. Choosing,

Dumouriez, ii. 150, &c.

as they also will ever do, 'if not the ablest man, yet the man 'ablest to be chosen!' Fervour of character, decided Patriot-Constitutional feeling; these are qualities: but free utterance, mastership in tongue-fence; this is the quality of qualities. Accordingly one finds, with little astonishment, in this First Biennial, that as many as Four hundred Members are of the Advocate or Attorney species. Men who can speak, if there be aught to speak: nay here are men also who can think, and even act. Candour will say of this ill-fated First French Parliament that it wanted not its modicum of talent, its modicum of honesty; that it, neither in the one respect nor in the other, sank below the average of Parliaments, but rose above the average. Let average Parliaments, whom the world does not guillotine, and cast forth to long infamy, be thankful not to themselves but to their stars!

France, as we say, has once more done what it could: fervid men have come together from wide separation; for strange issues. Fiery Max Isnard is come, from the utmost South-East; fiery Claude Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet Bishop of Calvados, from the utmost North-West. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had swallowed formulas: our only Mirabeau now is Danton, working as yet out of doors; whom some call 'Mirabeau of the Sanscu-

lottes.'

Nevertheless we have our gifts, -especially of speech and logic. An eloquent Vergniaud we have; most mellifluous yet most impetuous of public speakers; from the region named Gironde, of the Garonne: a man unfortunately of indolent habits; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to be scheming and perorating. Sharp bustling Guadet; considerate grave Censonné; kind-sparkling mirthful young Ducos; Valazé doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that Gironde, or Bourdeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like temper will gather; known by and by as Girondins, to the sorrowing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Condorcet, Marquis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Municipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper Chronique de Paris, Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face, and fiery heart; 'volcano hid under snow;' styled likewise, in irreverent language, 'mouton enrage,' peaceablest of creatures bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot; whom Destiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to have done with him. A biennial Senator he too; nay, for the present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; who took to himself the style de Warville, heralds know not in the least why; unless it were that the father of him did, in an unexceptionable manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Village of Ouarville? A man of the windmill species, that grinds always, turning towards all winds; not in the stradiest manner.

In all these men there is talent, faculty to work : and they will

do it: working and shaping, not without effect, though alas not in marble, only in quicksand!—But the highest faculty of them all remains yet to be mentioned; or indeed has yet to unfold itself for mention: Captain Hippolyte Carnot, sent hither from the Pas de Calais; with his cold mathematical head, and silent stubbornness of will: iron Carnot, far-planning, imperturbable, unconquerable; who, in the hour of need, shall not be found wanting. His hair is yet black; and it shall grow grey, under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous; and with iron aspect this man shall face them all.

Nor is Cot. Drait, and band of King's friends, wanting: Vaublanc, Dumas, Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier; who love Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it; and speak fearlessly according to that faith; whom the thick-coming hurricanes will sweep away. With them, let a new military Theodore Lameth be named;—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents' Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets, honey-mouthed conciliatory Lamourettes, and speechless nameless individuals sit plentiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a Coté Gauche wanting: extreme Left; sitting on the topmost benches, as if aloft on its speculatory Height or Mountain, which will become a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of Mountain famous-infamous to all times and lands.

Honour waits not on this Mountain; nor as yet even loud dishonour. Gitts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that will defy the Earth and the Heavens. Foremost here are the Cordelier Trio: hot Merlin from Thionville, hot Bazire, Attorneys both; Chabot, distrocked Capuchin, skilful in agio. Lawyer Lacroix, who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little dreaming what he is ;- whom a aid chance has paralysed in the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, not warm in his true love's bower (who undered was by law another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold pear bog, being hunted out; quaking for his life, in the cold quakand morning,* and goes now on crutches to the end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a finance-talent for pointing of Assignats; Father of Paper-money; who, in the hour of menne, shall utter this stern sentence, War to the Manor-house, peace to the Hut, Guerre aux Châteaux, paix aux "Chaumaber" † Lecointre, the intrepid Draper of Versailles, is welcome here; known since the Opera-Repast and Insurrection of Women Thuriot too; Elector Thuriot, who stood in the embruares of the Bastille, and saw Saint-Antoine rising in mass; who has many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all note old Buhl, with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Abstract Luther in breed; a man whom age and book-learning have not thight; who, haringuing the old men of Rheims, shall hold up the socied Ampulia Meaven sent, wherefrom Clovis and

^{*} Dumouriez, il. 370.

⁺ Choix de Rapports, xi. 25.

all Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil-bottle, and dash it to sherds on the pavement there; who, alas, shall dash much to sherds, and finally his own wild head, by pistel-shot, and so end it.

Such lava welters redhot in the bowels of this Mountain; unknown to the world and to itself! A mere commonplace Mountain hitherto; distinguished from the Plain chiefly by its superior barrenness, its baldness of look: at the utmost it may, to the most observant, perceptibly smoke. For as yet all lies so solid, peaceable; and doubts not, as was said, that it will endure while Time runs. Do not all love Liberty and the Constitution? All heartily; -and yet with degrees. Some, as Chevalier Jaucourt and his Right Side, may love Liberty less than Royalty, were the trial made; others, as Brissot and his Left Side, may love it more than Royalty. Nay again of these latter some may love Liberty more than Law itself; others not more. Parties will unfold themselves; no mortal as yet knows how. Forces work within these men and without: dissidence grows opposition; ever widening; waxing into incompatibility and internecine feud: till the strong is abolished by a stronger; himself in his turn by a strongest! Who can help it? Jaucourt and his Monarchists, Feuillans, or Moderates; Brissot and his Brissotins, Jacobins, or Girondins; these, with the Cordelier Trio, and all men, must work what is appointed them, and in the way appointed them.

And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Fortyfive are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be so hard as not to pity them. Their soul's wish was to live and work as the First of the French Parliaments: and make the Constitution march. Did they not, at their very instalment, go through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost with tears? The Twelve Eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the Constitution itself, the printed Book of the Law. Archivist Camus, an Old-Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the Ancient Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, bearing the divine Book: and President and all Legislative Senators, laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, with cheers and heart-effusion, universal three-times-three.* In this manner they begin their Session. Unhappy mortals! For, that same day, his Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as seemed, rather drily, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, cannot but lament such slight: and thereupon our cheering swearing lint Parliament sees itself, on the morrow, obliged to explode into ficus retaliatory sputter, of anti-royal Enactment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty; and hew Majesty shall not be called Sire any more, except they please: and then, on the following day, to recal this Linectment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter though not unprovoked.

An effervescent well-intentioned set of Senitors; too combustible, where continual sparks are flying! Ther History is a

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 4 Octobre 1791.

series of sputters and quarrels; true desire to do their function, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations, reprimandings of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real; hot rage and fulmination against fulminating Emigrants; terror of Austrian Kaser, of Austrian Committee in the Tuileries itself: rage and haunting terror, haste and dim desperate bewilderment !-- Haste, we sy; and yet the Constitution had provided against haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it have been thrice real, with interval; of eight days; - unless the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency.' Which, accordingly, the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitution, never omits to do: Considering this, and also considering that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always 'qu'il y a urgence;' and thereupon 'the Assembly, having decreed that there is urgence,' is free to decree-what indispensable distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon, within Eleven munits!* The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred and Forty-five: true-pairiotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs fling fire: Senate of touchwood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying!

Or think, on the other hand, looking forward some months, of that seene they call Baiser de Lamourette! The dangers of the co mtry are now grown imminent, immeasurable; National Assembir, hope of France, is divided against itself. In such extreme cur um rances, honey-mouthed Abbé Lamourette, new Bishop of Lyon, rice, whose name, l'amourette, signifies the sweetheart, or Delilih doxy. he rises, and, with pathetic honied eloquence, calls on all august Senators to forget mutual griefs and grudges, to swear a new outh, and unite as brothers. Whereupon they all, with vivus, embrace and swear; Left Side confounding itself with Right; barren Mountain rusbing down to fruitful Plain, Pastoret into the arms of Condorcet, injured to the breast of injurer, with to any and all swearing that whosoever wishes either Feuillant Tax number Monarchy or Extreme-Jacobin Republic, or any thin, but the Constitution and that only, shall be anathema marancha + Touchun, to behold! For, literally on the morrow morning, ther must again quariei, driven by l'ate; and their sublime reconcolement is called densively Baiser de L'amourette, or Delilah Kis:

Like fited Expocles Polynices Brothers, embracing, though in van, sverping that they must not love, that they must hate only, and die by each other's hands! Or say, like doomed Familian sports; ordered, by Art Magic under penalties, to do a harder than twist rope, or and; 'to make the Constitution march. If the Constitution would but murch! Also, the Constitution will not stir. It falls on its fire, they tremblingly lift is on end a similar the hall reach, by the Constitution will not march. "He shall reach, by the Smill and United Toby, and even swore. The Corporal suspected manifully: "He will never march in this world."

^{*} Mangalland, in. 1, 237. † Mangar, Some du Squiet 1702.

A constitution, as we often say, will march when it images, if not the old Habits and Beliefs of the Constituted; then accurately their Rights, or better indeed, their Mights;—for these two, well-understood, are they not one and the same? The old Habits of France are gone: her new Rights and Mights are not yet ascertained, except in Paper-theorem; nor can be, in any sort, till she have tried. Till she have measured herself, in fell death-grip, and were it in utmost preternatural spasm of madness, with Principalities and Powers, with the upper and the under, internal and external; with the Earth and Tophet and the very Heaven! Then will she know.—Three things bode ill for the marching of this French Constitution: the French People; the French King; thirdly the French Noblesse and an assembled European World.

CHAPTER III.

AVIGNON.

BUT quitting generalities, what strange Fact is this, in the far South-West, towards which the eyes of all men do now, in the end of October, bend themselves? A tragical combustion, long smoking and smouldering unluminous, has now burst into flame there.

Hot is that Southern Provençal blood: alas, collisions, as was once said, must occur in a career of Freedom; different directions will produce such; nay different velocities in the same direction will! To much that went on there History, busied elsewhere, would not specially give heed: to troubles of Uzez, troubles of Nismes, Protestant and Catholic, Patriot and Aristocrat: to troubles of Marseilles, Montpelier, Arles; to Aristocrat Camp of Jalès, that wondrous real-imaginary Entity, now fading pale-dim, then always again glowing forth deep-hued (in the Imagination mainly): —ominous magical, 'an Aristocrat picture of war done naturally!' All this was a tragical deadly combustion, with plot and riot, tumult by night and by day; but a dark combustion, not luminous, not noticed; which now, however, one cannot help noticing.

Above all places, the unluminous combustion in Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin was fierce. Papal Avignon, with its Castle rising sheer over the Rhone-stream; beautifullest Town, vith its purple vines and gold-orange groves: why must foolish old "hyming Réné, the last Sovereign of Provence, bequeath it to the Pope and Gold Tiara, not rather to Louis Eleventh with the Laden Virgin in his hatband? For good and for evil! Popes, Antipopes, with their pomp, have dwelt in that Castle of Avignon using sheer over the Rhone-stream: there Laura de Sade went to car mass; her Petrarch twanging and singing by the Fountain of Vaucluse hard by, surely in a most melancholy manner. This vas in the old days.

And now in these new days, such issues do come from a squirt of the pen by some foolish rhyming Réné, after centuries, this is what we have: Jourdan Coupe-tite, leading to siege and warfare an Army, from three to niteen thousand strong, called the Brigands of Avignon; which title they themselves accept, with the addition of an epithet, 'The brave Brigands of Avignon!' It is even so. Jourdan the Head man fled hither from that Châtelet Inquest, from that Insurrection of Women; and began dealing in madder; but the scene was rife in other than dye-stuffs; so Jourdan shut his madder shop, and has risen, for he was the man to do it. The tile-beard of Jourdan is shaven off; his fat visage has got coppered and studded with black carbuncles; the Silenus trunk is swollen with drink and high living: he wears blue National uniform with epaulettes, 'an 'enormous sabre, two horse-pistols crossed in his belt, and other 'two smaller, sticking from his pockets;' styles himself General, and is the tyrant of men.* Consider this one fact, O Reader; and what sort of facts must have preceded it, must accompany it! Such things come of old Réné; and of the question which has risen, Whether Avignon cannot now cease wholly to be Papal and become French and free?

For some twenty-five months the confusion has lasted. three months of arguing; then seven of raging; then finally some fifteen months now of fighting, and even of hanging. For already in February 17,0, the Papal Aristocrats had set up four gibbets, for a sign; but the People rose in June, in retributive frenzy; and, forcing the public Hangman to act, hanged four Aristocrats, on each Papal gibbet a Papal Haman. Then were Avignon Emigrations, Papal Aristocrats emigrating over the Rhone River; demission of Papal Consul, flight, victory: re-entrance of Papal Legate, truce, and new onslaught; and the various turns of war. Petitions there were to National Assembly; Congresses of Town-Jups; three seere and odd Townships voting for French Reunion, and the blessin, of Liberty; while some twelve of the smaller, manipulated by Aristocrats, gave vote the other way : with shricks and discord! Township against Township, Town against Town: Carpentrus, long je ilous of Avignon, is now turned out in open war with it; and Jourdan Coupe-tête, your first General being halled in mariny, closes his dye-shop; and does there visibly, with see utillery, above all with bluster and tumult, with the brave 'Bagands of Avignon,' beleaguer the rival Town, for two months, in the face of the world!

heats were done, doubt it not, far-famed in Parish History; but to Universal History unknown. Gibbets we see rise, on the one and and on the other; and wretched carcasses swinging there, a dozen in the row; wretched Mayor of Var-on buried before deal? The fruitful cedicald, lie unrespect, the vineyards trampled dozen; there is rederiedly, madness of universal choler and all Hasse and anarely everywhere, a combination meaning, but achieved, not to be noticed here! I mally, as we saw,

^{*} Dampmartin, Evenemens, i. 267.

⁺ Barbaroux, Mémoires, p. 26.

on the 14th of September last, the National Constituent Assembly, having sent Commissioners and heard them;* having heard Petitions, held Debates, month after month ever since August 1789; and on the whole 'spent thirty sittings' on this matter, did solemnly decree that Avignon and the Comtat were incorporated with France, and His Holiness the Pope should have what indemnity was reasonable.

And so hereby all is amnestied and finished? Alas, when madness of choler has gone through the blood of men, and gibbets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parchment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do? Oblivious Lethe flows not above ground! Papal Aristocrats and Patriot Brigands are still an eye-sorrow to each other; suspected, suspicious, in what they do and forbear. The august Constituent Assembly is gone but a fortnight, when, on Sunday the Sixteenth morning of October 1791, the unquenched combustion suddenly becomes luminous! For Anti-constitutional Placards are up, and the Statue of the Virgin is said to have shed tears, and grown red.† Wherefore, on that morning, Patriot l'Escuyer, one of our 'six leading 'Patriots,' having taken counsel with his brethren and General Jourdan, determines on going to Church, in company with a friend or two: not to hear mass, which he values little; but to meet all the Papalists there in a body, nay to meet that same weeping Virgin, for it is the Cordeliers Church; and give them a word of admonition. Adventurous errand; which has the fatallest issue! What L'Escuyer's word of admonition might be no History records : but the answer to it was a shrieking howl from the Aristocrat Papal worshippers, many of them women. A thousand-voiced shriek and menace; which as L'Escuyer did not fly, became a thousandhanded hustle and jostle; a thousand-footed kick, with tumblings and tramplings, with the pricking of semstresses stilettes, scissors, and female pointed instruments. Horrible to behold; the ancient Dead, and Petrarchan Laura, sleeping round it there: 1 high Altar and burning tapers looking down on it; the Virgin quite tearless, and of the natural stone-colour !- L'Escuver's friend or two rush off, like Job's Messengers, for Jourdan and the National Force. But heavy Jourdan will seize the Town-Gates first: does not run treble-fast, as he might: on arriving at the Cordchers Church, the Church is silent, vacant; L'Escuyer, all alone, lies there, swimming in his blood, at the foot of the high Altar; pricked with scissors; trodden, massacred; -gives one dumb sob. and gasps out his miserable life for evermore.

Sight to stir the heart of any man: much more of many men, self-styled Brigands of Avignon! The corpse of L'Escuver, stretched on a bier, the ghastly head girt with laurel, is borne through the streets: with many-voiced unmelodious New 2:

† Production of de la Commune of Argun, &c. (n Hos. Park xa. 419 23).

† Ugo Foscolo, Essay on Petrarch, p. 35.

[&]quot;Lescène Desmaisons: Carific marin à l'Assentice Notant le 10 Septembre 1791 (Choix des Rapports, vii. 273-93).

fine also ill still deeper than it is loud! The copper face of Jourday of secret l'arrow in has grown black. I'etime Manicipolite despatches official Narrative and tidings to Paris; orders numerous or innumerable arrestments for inquest and perquisition. At socrats male and female are haled to the Castle; lie crowded in abternment dungeous there, bemoaned by the hoarse rushing

of the Rhone; cut out from help.

Jourdan Headsman for Generalissimo, with his copper-face grown black, and armed Brigand Patriots chanting their Nenia, the impost is likely to be brief. On the next day and the next, let Manicipality consent or not, a Brigand Court-Martial establishes it elf in the subterranean stories of the Castle of Avignon; brigand Executioners, with naked sabre, waiting at the door, for a Brigand verdict. Short judgment, no appeal! There is Brigand wrath and vengeance; not unrefreshed by brandy. Close by is the Dungeon of the Glacière, or Ice-Tower: there may be deeds done—? For which language has no name!—Darkness and the shadow of horrid cruelty envelopes these Cande Dungeons, that Glacière Tower: clear only that many have entered, that few have returned. Jourdan and the Brigands, supreme now over Municipals, over all Authorities Patriot or

Papal, reign in Avignon, waited on by Terror and Silence.

The result of all which is that, on the 15th of November 1791, we behold Friend Dampmartin, and subalterns beneath him, and General Choisi above him, with Infantry and Cavalry, and proper cannon-carriages rattling in front, with spread banners, to the sound of fife and drum, wend, in a deliberate formidable manner, towards that sheer Castle Rock, towards those broad Gues of Auguon; three new National-Assembly Commissioners following at safe distance in the rear.* Avignon, summoned in the name of Assembly and Law, flings its Gates wide open; Chors with the rest, Dampmartin and the Bons Enfans, 'Good * Boys of Berjie mont,' so they name these brave Constitutional Dragoons, known to them of old, - do enter, amid shouts and scattered flowers. To the joy of all honest persons; to the terror only of Jourdan Headsman and the Brigands. Nay next we behold carbuncled a wollen fourdan himself shew copper-face, with sabre and four pistols; affecting to talk high: engaging, meanwhile, to surrender the Castle that instant. So the Chi i Grenadiers enter with him there. They stirt and stop, passing that Glavier, saufting is hamble breath; with wild yell, with cries of "Cut the Bur her dawn " and Jourdan has to whish himself through scoret passages, and instantaneously vanish.

They corper, of men, not of women and even children for the trendling mother, buttly erged, could not leave her infant, he happed in that GZ = GZ; putted, under purpolities: the herror of the world. For three day, there is mournful litting out, and recognition: and the cases and movements of a passionate Southern.

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people, now kneeling in prayer, now storming in wild pity and rage: lastly there is solemn sepulture, with muffled drums, religious requiem, and all the people's wail and tears. Their Massacred rest

now in holy ground; buried in one grave.

And Jourdan Coupe-tête? Him also we behold again, after a day or two: in flight, through the most romantic Petrarchan hill-country; vehemently spurring his nag; young Ligonnet, a brisk youth of Avignon, with Choisi Dragoons, close in his rear! With such swollen mass of a rider no nag can run to advantage. The tired nag, spur-driven, does take the River Sorgue; but sticks in the middle of it; firm on that chiaro fondo di Sorga; and will proceed no further for spurring! Young Ligonnet dashes up; the Copper-face menaces and bellows, draws pistol, perhaps even snaps it; is nevertheless seized by the collar; is tied firm, ancles under horse's belly, and ridden back to Avignon, hardly to be saved from massacre on the streets there.*

Such is the combustion of Avignon and the South-West, when it becomes luminous! Long loud debate is in the august Legislative, in the Mother-Society as to what now shall be done with it. Amnesty, cry eloquent Vergniaud and all Patriots: let there be mutual pardon and repentance, restoration, pacification, and, if so might any how be, an end! Which vote ultimately prevails. So the South-West smoulders and welters again in an 'Amnesty,' or Non-remembrance, which alas cannot but remember, no Lethe flowing above ground! Jourdan himself remains unchanged; gets loose again as one not yet gallows-ripe; nay, as we transciently discern from the distance, is 'carried in triumph through the cities of the South.'† What things men carry!

With which transient glimpse, of a Copper-faced Portent faring in this manner through the cities of the South, we must quit these regions; -- and let them smoulder. They want not their Aristocrats; proud old Nobles, not yet emigrated. Arles has its 'Chiffonne,' so, in symbolical cant, they name that Aristocrat Secret-Association: Arles has its pavements piled up, by and by, into Aristocrat barri Against which Rebecqui, the hot-clear Patriot, must lead Marseilles with cannon. The Bar of Iron has not yet risen to the top in the Bay of Marseilles; neither have these hot Sons of the Phoceans submitted to be slaves. By clear management and het instance, Rebecqui dissipates that Chiffonne, without blood-hed; restores the pavement of Arles. He sails in Coast-barks, this Rebecqui, scrutinising suspicious Martello-towers, with the keen eve of Patriotism; marches overland with despatch, singly, or in force; to City after City; dim scouring far and wide; #-argues, and if it must be, fights. For there is much to do: Jalès itself is looking suspicious. So that Legislator Fauchet, after debate on it, has to propose Commissioners and a Camp on the Plain of Peaucaire; with or without result.

Dampmartin, ubi supra.

[†] Deux Amis vii. (Paris, 1797), pp. 59-71.

† Barbaroux, p. 21; Hist. Parl. xiii. 421-4.

Of all which, and much else, let us note only this small consequence, the young Barbaroux, Advocate, Town-Clerk of Marseilles, being charged to have these things remedied, arrived at Paris in the month of February 1792. The beautiful and brave : young Sp. man, rive in energy, not ripe in wisdom; over whose black doom there shall flit nevertheless a certain ruddy fervour, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly swallowed of Death! Note also that the Rolands of Lyons are again in Paris; for the second and final time. King's Inspectorship is abrogated at Lyons, as elsewhere: Rol and has his retaring-pension to claim, if attainable; has Parriot friends to commune with; at lowest, has a book to publish. That young Barbaroux and the Rolands came together; that elderly Sportan Roland liked, or even loved the young Spartan, and was loved by him, one can fancy : and Madame -? Breathe not, thou poison-breath, Evil-speech! That soul is taintless, clear, a, the mirror-sea. And yet if they too did look into each other's eyes, and each, a silence, in tragical renunciance, did find that the other was all too lovely? Honi soit! She calls him 'beautiful as 'Antinous:' he will speak elsewhere of that astonishing woman. - A Madame d'Udon (or some such name, for Dumont does not recollect quite clearly, gives copious Breakfast to the Brissotin Deputas and as Friends of Freedom, at her house in the Place Vendome; with temporary celebrity, with graces and wreathed smiles; not without cost. There, amid wide babble and jingle, our plan of Legislative Debate is settled for the day, and much counselling held. Strict Roland is seen there, but does not go often. *

CHAPTER IV.

NO SUGAR.

Stich are our inward troubles; seen in the Cities of the South; extant, seen or unseen, in all cities and districts, North as well as South. For in all are Aristocrats, more or less malignant; watched by Patriotism; which again, being of various shades, from light Frentist Feuillant down to deep sombre Jacobin, has to watch them?

Literature, of Departments, what we call County Magistracies, being cho on by Cittens of a too 'active' class, are found to pull one viv. Municipalities, Town Magistracies, to pull the other wir. In all places too are Dissident Priests; whom the Legislative will be a deal with a continuacious individuals, working on that in most of passions; plotting, enlisting to Coblentz; or a jet to do plotting tool of a universal unconstitutional heat. What to do with them? They may be conscientious as well as a numerical and yet it must be specifily. In uniforminated La Vender the simple are like to

^{*} Dumont, Souvenirs, p. 374.

be seduced by them; many a simple peasant, a Cathelineau the wool-dealer wayfaring meditative with his wool-packs, in these hamlets, dubiously shakes his head! Two Assembly Commissioners went thither last Autumn; considerate Gensonné, not yet called to be a Senator; Gallois, an editorial man. These Two, consulting with General Dumouriez, spake and worked, softly, with judgment; they have hushed down the irritation, and produced a

soft Report,—for the time.

The General himself doubts not in the least but he can keep peace there; being an able man. He passes these frosty month's among the pleasant people of Niort, occupies 'tolerably handsome 'apartments in the Castle of Niort,' and tempers the minds of men.* Why is there but one Dumouriez? Elsewhere you find South or North, nothing but untempered obscure jarring; which breaks forth ever and anon into open clangour of riot. Southern Perpignan has its tocsin, by torch light; with rushing and onslaught: Northern Caen not less, by daylight; with Aristocrats ranged in arms at Places of Worship; Departmental compromise proving impossible; breaking into musketry and a Plot discovered! + Add Hunger too: for Bread, always dear, is getting dearer: not so much as Sugar can be had; for good reasons. Poor Simoneau, Mayor of Etampes, in this Northern region, hanging out his Red Flag in some riot of grains, is trampled to death by a hungry exasperated People. What a trade this of Mayor, in these times! Mayor of Saint-Denis hung at the Lanterne, by Suspicion and Dyspepsia, as we saw long since: Mayor of Vaison, as we saw lately, buried before dead; and now this poor Simoneau, the Tanner, of Etampes,-whom legal Constitutionalism will not forget.

With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is verily what they call déchiré, torn asunder this poor country: France and all that is French. For, over seas too come bad news. In black Saint-Domingo, before that variegated Glitter in the Champs Elysées was lit for an Accepted Constitution, there had risen, and was burning contemporary with it, quite another variegated Glitter and nocturnal Fulgor, had we known it: of molasses and ardent-spirits; of sugar-boileries, plantations, furniture, cattle and men: skyhigh; the Plain of Cap Français one

huge whirl of smoke and flame!

What a change here, in these two years; since that first 'Pox' of Tricolor Cockades' got through the Custom-house, and atrabiliar Creoles too rejoiced that there was a levelling of Bastilles! Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles, have their grievances:—and your yellow Quarteroons? And your dark-yellow Mulattoes? And your Slaves soot-black? Quarteroon Oge, Friend of our Parisian Brissotin Friends of the Blacks, telefor his share too, that Insurrection was the most sacred of datases the tricolor Cockades had fluttered and swashed only some three months on the Creole hat, when Oge's signal-conflagrators

^{*} Dumouriez, ii. 120. † Wist. Pari. xii. 171, 141; xin. 114 417.

went aloft; with the voice of rage and terror. Repressed, doomed to die, he took black powder or seedgrains in the hollow of his hand, this Ogé; sprinkled a film of white ones on the top, and said to his Judges, "Behold they are white;"— then shook his hand, and said, "Where are the Whites, Ou sont les Blanes?"

53 now, in the Autumn of 1791, looking from the sky-windows of Can Français, thick clouds of smoke girdle our horizon, smoke in the day, in the night fire; preceded by fugitive shricking white weren, by Terror and Rumour. Black demonised squadrons are messacring and harrying, with nameless cruelty. They fight and tire 'from behind thickets and coverts,' for the Black man loves the Bush; they rush to the attack, thousands strong, with brandished cutlusses and fusils, with caperings, shoutings and vociferation, which, if the White Volunteer Company stands firm. dw.adle into staggerings, into quick gabblement, into panic flight at the first volley, perhaps before it. * Poor Ogé could be broken on the wheel; this fire-whirlwind too can be abated, driven up into the Mountains: but Saint-Domingo is shaken, as Ogé's seed grains were; shaking, writhing in long horrid death-throes, it is Black without remedy; and remains, as African Haiti, a monition to the world.

o my Parisian Friends, is not this, as well as Regraters and condition Plotters, one cause of the astonishing dearth of Sugar! The Grocer, palpitant, with drooping lip, sees his Sugar taxé; weighted out by Female Patriotism, in instant retail, at the inadequate rate of twenty-five sous, or thirteen pence a pound. "Abstain from it." Yes, ye Patriot Sections, all ye Jacobins, abstain! Louvet and Collot d'Herbois so advise; resolute to make the sacrince: though "how shall literary men do without coffee?"

Abstain, with an oath; that is the surest!

Also, for like reason, must not Brest and the Shipping Interest Linguish? Poor Brest languishes, sorrowing, not without spleen; dendinger an Aristocrae Bertrand-Moleville traitorous Aristocrae verine Minister. Do not her Ships and King's Ships lie rotting promodent brokers; Naval Officers mostly fled, and on furlough two, with pay? Little Mining there; if it be not the Brest Gallies, whip drawn, with their Galley-Slaves, alas, with some Forty of our baples. Swits Seldiers of Château-Vieux, among others! These Forty Salas, too mindful of Nanci, do now, in their red violent, and reflects out, their own sorrowful shaggy faces; and seem forgotten of Hope.

that, on the whole, may we not say, in figurative language, that the I send Constitution which shall march is very *rhoumatic*, full of shooting into rail pains, in joint and muscle; and will not march

without difficulty?

^{*} Deux Amis, x. 157. † Débats des Jacobins, &c. (Hist. Parl. xiii. 171, 92-98).

CHAPTER V.

KINGS AND EMIGRANTS.

EXTREMELY rheumatic Constitutions have been known to march, and keep on their feet, though in a staggering sprawling manner, for long periods, in virtue of one thing only: that the Head were healthy. But this Head of the French Constitution! What King Louis is and cannot help being, Readers already know. A King who cannot take the Constitution, nor reject the Constitution: nor do anything at all, but miserably ask, What shall I do? A King environed with endless confusions; in whose own mind is no germ Haughty implacable remnants of Noblesse struggling with humiliated repentant Barnave-Lameths: struggling in that obscure element of fetchers and carriers, of Half-pay braggarts from the Café Valois, of Chambermaids, whisperers, and subaltern officious persons; fierce Patriotism looking on all the while, more and more suspicious, from without: what, in such struggle, can they do? At best, cancel one another, and produce zero. Poor King! Barnave and your Senatorial Jaucourts speak earnestly into this ear; Bertrand-Moleville, and Messengers from Coblentz, speak earnestly into that: the poor Rayal head turns to the one side and to the other side; can turn itself fixedly to no side. Let Decency drop a veil over it: sorrier misery was seldom enacted in the world. This one small fact, does it not throw the saddest light on much? The Queen is lamenting to Madam Campan: "What am I do to? When they, these Barnaves, get us advised to any step which the Noblesse do not like, then I am pouted at; nobody comes to my card table; the King's Couchee is solitary."* In such a case of dubiety, what is one to do? Go inevitably to the ground!

The King has accepted this Constitution, knowing beforehand that it will not serve: he studies it, and executes it in the hope mainly that it will be found inexecutable. King's Ships lie rotting harbour, their officers gone: the Armies disorganised: robbers scour the highways, which wear down unrepaired; all Public Service lies slack and waste: the Executive makes no effort, or an effort only to throw the blame on the Constitution. Shamming death, 'faisant le mort!' What Constitution, use it in this manner, can march? 'Grow to disgust the Nation' it will truly.+-unless you first grow to disgust the Nation! It is Bertrand de Moleville's plan, and his Majesty's; the best they can

form.

Or if, after all, this best-plan proved too slow: proved a failure! Provident of that too, the Queen, shrouded in deepest mysters, 'writes all day, in cipher, day after day, to Coblentz; 'Lugineer Goguelat, he of the Night of Spurs, whom the Laurette Amnesty

^{*} Campan, ii. 177, 202. † Bertrand-Moleville, i. c. 4.

has delivered from Prison, rides and runs. Now and then, on fit occasion, a Royal familiar visit can be paid to that Salle de Manege, an affecting encouraging Royal Speech (sincere, doubt it not, for the moment) can be delivered there, and the Senators all cheer and almost weep;—at the same time Mallet du Pan has visibly ceased editing, and invisibly bears abroad a King's Autograph, soliciting help from the Foreign Potentates* Unhappy

Louis, d) this thing or else that other, - if thou couldst!

The thing which the King's Government did do was to stagger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction; and wedding Fire to Water, envelope itself in hissing, and ashy steam! Danton and needy corruptible Patriots are sopped with presents of ca.h: they accept the sop: they rise refreshed by it, and travel their own way.† Nay, the King's Government did likewise hire Hand-clappers, or claqueurs, persons to applaud. Subterranean Rivarol has Fifteen Hundred men in King's pay, at the rate of one flo,oco sterling, per month; what he calls 'a staff of 'genius:' Paragraph-writers, Placard-Journalists; 'two hundred 'and eighty Applauders, at three shillings a day:' one of the strangest Staffs ever commanded by man. The muster-rolls and account-books of which still exist. Bertrand-Moleville himself, in a way he thinks very dexterous, contrives to pack the Galleries of the Legislative; gets Sansculottes hired to go thither, and applaud as a signal given, they fancying it was Pétion that bid them: a device which was not detected for almost a week. Dexterous crough; as if a man finding the Day fast decline should determine on altering the Clockhands: that is a thing possible for him.

Here too let us note an unexpected apparition of Philippe d'Orleans at Court : his List at the Levee of any King. D'Orleans, cometime in the winter months seemingly, has been appointed to that old first-coveted rank of Admiral, -though only over ships routing in port. The wished-for comes too late! However, he wait, on Bertrand-Moleville to give thanks: nay to state that he would willingly thank his Majesty in person; that, in spite of all the horrible things men have said and sung, he is far from being his Mijesty's enemy; at bottom, how far! Bertrand delivers the message, bungs about the royal Interview, which does pass to the satisfaction of his Majesty; d'Orleans seeming clearly repentant, determined to turn over a new leaf. And yet, next Sunday, what do we see? 'Next Sunday,' says Bertrand, 'he came to the King's *Levee; but the Courtiers ignorant of what had passed, the crowd of Royalists who were accustomed to resort thuther on that day specially to pay their court, gave him the most humiliating reception. They came pressing round him; managing, as if by 'mustake, to tread on his toes, to elbow him towards the door, and mot let him enter accim. He went downstairs to her Majesty's Apartments, where cover was laid; so soon as he shewed face, " sound, the on all ades, " Messeurs, take care of the dishes," as out he had carried power in his poelets. The insults which his presence ever where excited forced birn to retire without having " Moleville, i. 370. + Ibid. i. c. 17. 1 Montgaillard, iii. 41'seen the Royal Family: the crowd followed him to the Queen's 'Staircase; in descending, he received a spitting (crachat) on the 'head, and some others, on his clothes. Rage and spite were seen 'visibly painted on his face: '* as indeed how could they miss to be? He imputes it all to the King and Queen, who know nothing of it, who are even much grieved at it; and so descends, to his Chaos again. Bertrand was there at the Château that day himself, and an eye-witness to these things.

For the rest, Non-jurant Priests, and the repression of them, will distract the King's conscience; Emigrant Princes and Noblesse will force him to double-dealing: there must be vieto on vieto; amid the ever-waxing indignation of men. For Patriotism, as we said, looks on from without, more and more suspicious. Waxing tempest, blast after blast, of Patriot indignation, from without; dim inorganic whirl of Intrigues, Fatuities, within! Inorganic, fatuous; from which the eye turns away. De Staël intrigues for her so gallant Narbonne, to get him made War-Minister; and ceases not, having got him made. The King shall fly to Rouen: shall there, with the gallant Narbonne, properly 'modify the Con-'stitution.' This is the same brisk Narbonne, who, last year, cut out from their entanglement, by force of dragoons, those poor fugitive Royal Aunts: men say he is at bottom their Brother, or even more, so scandalous is scandal. He drives now, with his de Staël, rapidly to the Armies, to the Frontier Towns; produces rosecoloured Reports, not too credible; perorates, gesticulates; wavers poising himself on the top, for a moment, seen of men; then tumbles, dismissed, washed away by the Time-flood.

Also the fair Princess de Lamballe intrigues, bosom friend of her Majesty: to the angering of Patriotism. Beautiful Unfortunate, why did she ever return from England? Her small silver-voice, what can it profit in that piping of the black World-tornado? Which will whirl her, poor fragile Bird of Paradise, against grim rocks. Lamballe and de Staël intrigue visibly, apart or together: but who shall reckon how many others, and in what infinite ways, invisibly! Is there not what one may call an 'Austrian Committee,' sitting invisible in the Tuileries; centre of an invisible Anti-National Spiderweb, which, for we sleep among mysteries, stretches its threads to the ends of the Earth? Journalist Carra has now the clearest certainty of it: to Brissotin Patriotism, and

France generally, it is growing more and more probable.

O Reader, hast theu no pity for this Constitution? Rheumatic shooting pains in its members; pressure of hydrocephale and hysteric vapours on its Brain: a Constitution divided against itself; which will never march, hardly even stagger? Why were not Dreutt and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that unblessed Varennes Night! Why did they not, in the name of Heaven, let the Korn Perlipe go whither it listed! Nameless incoherency, incompatibility, perhaps predigies at which the world still shudders, had been spared.

this French Constitution: besides the French People, and the Lench King, there is thirdly-the assembled European world? it also become necessary now to look at that also. Fair France is a hummous : and round and round it, is troublous Cimmerian M. Jat. Calonnes, Beteuils hover dim, far-flown; evernetting former with intrigues. From Turin to Vienna; to Berlin, and utum : Petersburg in the frozen North! Creat Burke has raised has the voice long ago; eloquently demonstrating that the end an Epoch is come, to all appearance the end of Civilised Time. Him many answer: Camille Desmoulins, Clootz Speaker of Man-Lust, Paine the rebellious Needleman, and honourable Gallic Vindicators in that country and in this: but the great Burke remains unanswerable; 'the Age of Chivalry is gone,' and could not but go, having now produced the still more indomitable Age of Hunger. Altars enough, of the Dubois-Rohan sort, changing to the Gobel-and-Talleyrand sort, are faring by rapid transmutation to, shall we say, the right Proprietor of them? French Game and French Game-Preservers did alight on the Cliffs of Dover, with cries of distress. Who will say that the end of much is not come? A set of mortals has risen, who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this Earth, supposed always to be Belial's, which 'the Supreme Quack' was to inherit! Who will say that Church, State, Throne, Altar are not in danger; that the sacred Strongbox itself, last Palladiam of effete Humanity, may not be blasphemously blown upon, and its padlocks undone?

The poor Constituent Assembly might act with what delicacy and diplomacy it would; declare that it abjured meddling with its neighbours, foreign conquest, and so forth; but from the first this thing was to be predicted: that old Europe and new France could not subsist together. A Glorious Revolution, oversetting State Prisons and Feudalism; publishing, with outburst of Federative Cinnon, in face of all the Earth, that Appearance is not Reality, how shall it subsist amid Governments which, if Appearance is not Peality, are one knows not what? In death-feud, and internecine wrestle and battle, it shall subsist with them; not

otherwise.

Rights of Man, printed on Cotton Handkerchiefs, in various dislates of human spatch, pass over to the Frankfort Fair.* What say we, Frankfort Fair? They have crossed Euphrates and the labulous Hydropes; wafted themselves beyond the Ural, Alta, Liminally the struck off from wood stereotypes, in angular It mee witting, they are jubbered and jingled of in China and Japan. Where will it stop? Kien-Lung smells mischief; not the remote a Daha Lama shall now knead his dough-pills in peace. Hatcall to use as a shall now knead his dough-pills in peace of Order I. They do be an themselves, all Kings and Kingle's, with their operand temperal array, are a stir; their brows clouded with memore. Diplomatic emissions do swift; Conventions, proc. Core larges, assemble; and wise ways wag, taking what counsel they can.

* Toulongeon 1, 250.

Also, as we said, the Pamphleteer draws pen, on this side and that: zealous fists beat the Pulpit-drum. Not without issue! Did not iron Birmingham, shouting 'Church and King.' itself knew not why, burst out, last July, into rage, drunkenness, and fire; and your Priestleys, and the like, dining there on that Bastille day, get the maddest singeing: scandalous to consider! In which same days, as we can remark, high Potentates, Austrian and Prussian, with Emigrants, were faring towards Pilnitz in Saxony; there, on the 27th of August, they, keeping to themselves what further 'secret Treaty' there might or might not be, did publish their hopes and their threatenings, their Declaration that it was

'the common cause of Kings.' Where a will to quarrel is, there is a way. Our readers remember that Pentecost-Night, Fourth of August 1789, when Feudalism fell in a few hours? The National Assembly, in abolishing Feudalism, promised that 'compensation' should be given; and did endeavour to give it. Nevertheless the Austrian Kaiser answers that his German Princes, for their part, cannot be unfeudalised; that they have Possessions in French Alsace, and Feudal Rights secured to them, for which no conceivable compensation will suffice. So this of the Possessioned Princes, 'Princes 'Possessionés' is bandied from Court to Court; covers acres of diplomatic paper at this day: a weariness to the world. Kaunitz argues from Vienna; Delessart responds from Paris, though perhaps not sharply enough. The Kaiser and his Possessioned Princes will too evidently come and take compensation—so much as they can get. Nay might one not partition France, as we have done Poland, and are doing; and so pacify it with a vengeance?

From South to North! For actually it is 'the common cause 'of Kings.' Swedish Gustav, sworn Knight of the Queen of France, will lead Coalised Armies; -had not Ankarström treasonously shot him; for, indeed, there were griefs nearer home.+ Austria and Prussia speak at Pilnitz; all men intensely listening: Imperial Rescripts have gone out from Turin; there will be secret Convention at Vienna. Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly; will help, were she ready. Spanish Bourbon stirs amid his pillows; from him too, even from him, shall there come help. Lean Pitt, 'the Minister of Preparatives,' looks out from his watch tower in Saint-James's, in a suspicious manner. Councillors plotting, Calonnes dim-hovering; -- alas, Serjeants rub-adubbing openly through all manner of German market-towns. collecting ragged valour ! Look where you will, immeasurable Obscurantism is girdling this fair France; which, again, will not be girdled by it. Europe is in travail; pang after pang; what a shrick was that of Pilnitz! The birth will be: WAR.

Nay the worst feature of the business is this last, still to be named; the Emigrants at Coblentz. So many thousands ranking there, in bitter hate and menace: King's Brothers, all Princes of

^{* 30}th March 1702 (Annual Registers, p. 11) | 1 Towlongoon, ii 100-117.

the Blood except wicked d'Orleans; your duelling de Castries, sour eloquent Cazalès; bull-headed Malseignes, a wargod Broglie; Distant Seigneurs, insulted Orlicers, all that have ridden across the Rhine-stream;—d'Artois welcoming Abbé Maury with a kiss, and clasping him publicly to his own royal heart! Emigration, flowing over the Frontiers, now in drops, now in streams, in various humours of fear, of petulance, rage and hope, ever since those first Bastille days when d'Artois went, 'to shame the citizens of l'aris,'—has swollen to the size of a Phenomenon of the world. Coblentz is become a small extra-national Versailles; a Versailles in partious: briguing, intriguing, favouritism, strumpetocracy itself, they say, goes on there; all the old activities, on a small

scale, quickened by hungry Revenge.

Enthusiasm, of loyalty, of hatred and hope, has risen to a high ritch; as, in any Coblentz tavern, you may hear, in speech, and in singing. Maury assists in the interior Council; much is decided on: for one thing, they keep lists of the dates of your emigrating; a month sooner, or a month later determines your greater or your less right to the coming Division of the Spoil. cazales himself, because he had occasionally spoken with a Constatutional tone, was looked on coldly at first: so pure are our principles.* And arms are a-hammering at Liége; three thousand horses' ambling hitherward from the Fairs of Germany: Cavalry enrolling; likewise Foot-soldiers, 'in blue coat, red waistcoat, and nankeen trousers!'t They have their secret domestic correspondences, as their open foreign: with disaffected Crypto-Aristocrats, with contumacious Priests, with Austrian Committee in the Tuileries. Deserters are spirited over by assiduous crimps; Royal-Allemand is gone almost wholly. Their route of march, towards France and the Division of the Spoil, is marked out, were the Kaiser once ready. "It is said, they mean to poison the sources; but," adds Patriotism making Report of it, "they will not poison the source of Liberty," whereat 'on applaudit,' we cannot but applaud. Also they have manufactories of False Assignats; and men that circulate in the interior distributing and disbursing the same; one of these we denounce now to Legislative Patriotism: 'a man Lebrun by 'name; about thirty years of age, with blonde hair and in 'quantity; has,' only for the time being surely, 'a black-eye, wil packet; goes in a wiski with a black horse, +-always keeping his Gig!

Unhappy Emigrants, it was their lot, and the lot of France! They are ignorant of much that they should know: of themselves, of what is around them. A Political Party that knows no when it is beaten, may become one of the fatallist of things, to itself, mill to all. Nothing will convince these men that they can not scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of their war-

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^{*} Montgaillard, iii. 517; Toulongeon, (ubi suprà).

[†] See Hist. Parl. xiii. 11-38, 41-61, 358, &c. ; Marcar. So in g du 3 Nevembre 1791 lins l'ari xi. 118.

trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blustering Effervescence, of brawlers and spouters, which, at the flash of chivalrous broadswords, at the rustle of gallows-ropes, will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. But, alas, what man does know and measure himself, and the things that are round him;—else where were the need of physical fighting at all? Never, till they are cleft asunder, can these heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigour in it: cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe.

One may say, without spleen against his poor erring brothers of any side, that above all other mischiefs, this of the Emigrant Nobles acted fatally on France. Could they have known, could they have understood! In the beginning of 1789, a splendour and a terror still surrounded them: the Conflagration of their Châteaus, kindled by months of obstinacy, went out after the Fourth of August; and might have continued out, had they at all known what to defend, what to relinquish as indefensible. were still a graduated Hierarchy of Authorities, or the accredited Similitude of such: they sat there, uniting King with Commonalty; transmitting and translating gradually, from degree to degree, the command of the one into the obedience of the other; rendering command and obedience still possible. Had they understood their place, and what to do in it, this French Revolution, which went forth explosively in years and in months, might have spread itself over generations; and not a torture-death but a quiet euthanasia have been provided for many things.

But they were proud and high, these men; they were not wise to consider. They spurned all from them; in disdainful hate, they drew the sword and flung away the scabbard. France has not only no Hierarchy of Authorities, to translate command into obedience; its Hierarchy of Authorities has fled to the enemies of France; calls loudly on the enemies of France to interfere armed, who want but a pretext to do that. Jealous Kings and Kaisers might have looked on long, meditating interference, yet afraid and ashamed to interfere: but now do not the King's Brothers, and all French Nobles, Dignitaries and Authorities that are free to speak, which the King himself is not,—passionately invite us, in the name of Right and of Might? Ranked at Coblentz, from Fifteen to Twenty thousand stand now brandishing their weapons, with the cry: On, on! Yes, Messieurs, you shall on;—and divide

the spoil according to your dates of emigrating.

Of all which things a poor Legislative Assembly, and Patriot France, is informed: by denunciant friend, by triumphant foe Sulleau's Pamphlets, of the Rivarol Staff of Genius, circulate; heralding supreme hope. Durosoy's Placards tapestry the walls: Chand du Coq crows day, pecked at by Tallien's Ami des Ciroyen. King's-Friend. Royou, Ami du Roi, can name, in exact arithmetical ciphers, the contingents of the various Invading Potentates: in all, Four hundred and nineteen thousand Loreign fighting men, with Fifteen thousand Emigrants. Not to reckon these your

daily and hourly desertions, which an Editor must daily record, of whole Companies, and even Regiments, crying Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, and marching over with banners spread:*—lies all, and wind; yet to Patriotism not wind; nor, alas, one day, to Royou! Patriotism, therefore, may brawl and babble yet a little while: but its hours are numbered: Europe is coming with Four hundred and nineteen thousand and the Chivalry of France; the gallows, one may hope, will get its own.

CHAPTER VI.

BRIGANDS AND JALÈS.

WE shall have War, then; and on what terms! With an Executive 'pretending,' really with less and less deceptiveness now, 'to be dead;' casting even a wishful eye towards the

enemy: on such terms we shall have War. Public Functionary in vigorous action there is none; if it be not Rivarol with his Staff of Genius and Two hundred and eighty Applauders. The Public Service lies waste: the very taxgutherer has forgotten his cunning: in this and the other Provincial Board of Management (Directoire de Départmente) it is found advisible to retain what Taxes you can gather, to pay your own inevitable expenditures. Our Revenue is Assignats; emission on emission of Paper-money. And the Army; our Three grand Armies, of Rochambeau, of Luckner, of Lafayette? Lean, disconsolate hover these Three grand Armies, watching the Frontiers there; three Flights of long-necked Cranes in moulting time;wrecked, disobedient, disorganised; who never saw fire; the old Generals and Officers gone across the Rhine. War-minister Narbonne, he of the rose-coloured Reports, solicits recruitments, equipments, money, always money; threatens, since he can get none, to 'take his sword,' which belongs to himself, and go serve his country with that. †

The question of questions is: What shall be done? Shall we, with a desperate denance which Fortune sometimes favours, draw the sword at once, in the face of this in-rushing world of Emigration and Obscurantism; or wait, and temporise and diplomatise, till, it possible, our resources mature themselves a little? And yet again are our resources growing towards maturity; or growing the other way? Dubious, the ablest Patriots are divided; Brissot and his Brissotims, or Caronders, in the Legislative, cry aloud for the former denant plan; Robespierre, in the Jacobins, pleads as loud for the latter dilatory one; with responses, even with mutual reprintings; distracting the Mother of Patriotism. Con-

sider also what agitated Breakfasts there may be at Madame d'Udon's in the Place Vendôme! The alarm of all men is great. Help, ye Patriots; and O at least agree; for the hour presses. Frost was not yet gone, when in that 'tolerably handsome apartment of the Castle of Niort,' there arrived a Letter: General Dumouriez must to Paris. It is War-minister Narbonne that writes; the General shall give counsel about many things.* In the month of February 1792, Brissotin friends welcome their Dumouriez Polymetis,—comparable really to an antique Ulysses in modern costume; quick, elastic, shifty, insuppressible, a 'many-counselled man.'

Let the Reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian Europe girdling her, rolling in on her; black, to burst in red thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, or Constitution, which they have made for her; a France that, in such Constitution, cannot march! And Hunger too; and plotting Aristocrats, and excommunicating Dissident Priests: 'the man 'Lebrun by name' urging his black wiski, visible to the eye: and, still more terrible in his invisibility, Engineer Goguelat, with

Queen's cipher, riding and running!

The excommunicatory Priests give new trouble in the Maine and Loire; La Vendée, nor Cathelineau the wool-dealer, has not ceased grumbling and rumbling. Nay behold Jalès itself once more: how often does that real-imaginary Camp of the Fiend require to be extinguished! For near two years now, it has waned faint and again waxed bright, in the bewildered soul of Patriotism: actually, if Patriotism knew it, one of the most surprising products of Nature working with Art. Royalist Seigneurs, under this or the other pretext, assemble the simple people of these Cevennes Mountains; men not unused to revolt, and with heart for fighting, could their poor heads be got persuaded. The Rovalist Seigneur harangues; harping mainly on the religious string: "True Priests maltreated, false Priests intruded, Protestants (once dragooned) now triumphing, things sacred given to the dogs;" and so produces, from the pious Mountaineer throat, rough growlings. "Shall we not testify then, ye brave hearts of the Cevennes; march to the rescue? Holy Religion; duty to God and King?" "Si fait, si fait, Just so, just so," answer the brave hearts always: "Mais il y a de bien bonnes choses aans la Révolution. But there are main good things in the Revolution too!"-And so the matter, cajole as we may, will only turn on its axis, not stir from the spot, and remains theatrical merely.+

Nevertheless deepen your cajolery, harp quick and quicker, ye Royalist Seigneurs; with a dead-lift effort you may bring it to that. In the month of June next, this Camp of Jales will step forth as a theatricality suddenly become real: Two thousand strong, and with the boast that it is Seventy thousand: most strange to see; with flags flying, bayonets fixed; with Proclama-

Dumouriez, ii. c. 6.

tion, and d'Artois Commission of civil war! Let some Rebecqui, or other the like hot-clear Patriot; let some 'Lieutenant-Colonel 'Aubry,' if Rebecqui is busy elsewhere, raise instantaneous National Guards, and disperse and dissolve it; and blow the Old Castle asunder,* that so, if possible, we hear of it no more!

In the Months of February and March, it is recorded, the terror, especially of rural France, had risen even to the transcendental pitch: not far from madness. In Town and Hamlet is rumour: of war, massacre: that Austrians, Aristocrats, above all, that The Briginus are close by. Men quit their houses and huts; rush fuguive, shricking, with wife and child, they know what whither. Such a terror, the eve-witnesses say, never fell on a Nation; nor shall again fall, even in Reigns of Terror expressly so-called. The Countries of the Loire, all the Central and South-East regions. start up distracted, 'simultaneously as by an electric shock;'-for indeed grain too gets scarcer and scarcer. 'The people barricade the entrances of Towns, pile stones in the upper stories, the 'women prepare boiling water; from moment to moment, expecting the attack. In the Country, the alarm-bell rings incessant: * troops of peasants, gathered by it, scour the highways, seeking an 'unaginary enemy. They are armed mostly with scythes stuck in 'wood; and, arraying in wild troops at the barricaded Towns, are 'themselves sometimes taken for Brigands.'+

So rushes old France: old France is rushing down. What the end will be is known to no mortal; that the end is near all mortals

may know.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH.

To all which our poor Legislative, tied up by an unmarching Constitution, can oppose nothing, by way of remedy, but mere bures of parliamentary eloquence! They go on, debating, demonstrate, objurgating: loud weltering Chaos, which devours itself.

But their two thousand and odd Decrees? Reader, these imports concern not thee, nor me. Mere Occasional Decrees, 10% hand not foolish; sufficient for that day was its own evil! Or the whole two thousand there are not, now half a score, and the mostly blighted in the bud by royal leto, that will profit or disproble it. On the 17th of January, the Legislative, for one thing, and I fligh Court, its Harde Court, set up at Orleans. The theory had been given by the Constituent, in May last, but this is the teality, a Court for the trial of Political Offences; a Court which cannot write work. To this it was decreed that there needed no recall Acceptance, therefore that there could be no Feto. Also the control of the political October. A patriotic

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 13 Juillet 1792.

⁺ Newspapers, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xiii. 325).

adventurous Priest had made bold to marry himself then; and not thinking this enough, came to the bar with his new spouse; that the whole world might hold honey-moon with him, and a Law be obtained.

Less joyful are the Laws against Refractory Priests; and yet not less needful! Decrees on Priests and Decrees on Emigrants: these are the two brief Series of Decrees, worked out with endless debate, and then cancelled by *Veto*, which mainly concern us here. For an august National Assembly must needs conquer these Refractories, Clerical or Laic, and thumbscrew them into obedience; yet, behold, always as you turn your legislative thumbscrew, and will press and even crush till Refractories give way,—King's *Veto* steps in, with magical paralysis; and your thumbscrew,

hardly squeezing, much less crushing, does not act!

Truly a melancholy Set of Decrees, a pair of Sets; paralysed by Veto! First, under date the 28th of October 1791, we have Legislative Proclamation, issued by herald and bill-sticker; inviting Monsieur, the King's Brother to return within two months, under penalties. To which invitation Monsieur replies nothing; or indeed replies by Newspaper Parody, inviting the august Legislative 'to return to common sense within two months,' under Whereupon the Legislative must take stronger So, on the 9th of November, we declare all Emigrants to be 'suspect of conspiracy;' and, in brief, to be 'outlawed,' if they have not returned at Newyear's-day:-Will the King say Veto? That 'triple impost' shall be levied on these men's Properties, or even their Properties be 'put in sequestration,' one can understand. But further, on Newyear's-day itself, not an individual having 'returned,' we declare, and with fresh emphasis some fortnight later again declare, That Monsieur is déchu, forfeited of his eventual Heirship to the Crown; nay more that Condé, Calonne, and a considerable List of others are accused of high treason; and shall be judged by our High Court of Orleans: Veto!-Then again as to Nonjurant Priests: it was decreed, in November last, that they should forfeit what Pensions they had; be 'put under inspection, under surveillance,' and, if need were, be banished: Veto! A still sharper turn is coming; but to this also the answer will be, Veto.

Veto after Veto; your thumbscrew paralysed! Gods and men may see that the Legislative is in a false position. As, alas, who is in a true one? Voices already murmur for a 'National Convention.'* This poor Legislative, spurred and stung into action by a whole France and a whole Europe, cannot act; can only objurgate and perorate; with stormy 'motions,' and motion in which is no way; with effervescence, with noise and fullginous fury!

What scenes in that National Hall! President jingling his inaudible bell; or, as utmost signal of distress, clapping on his hat; 'the tumult subsiding in twenty minutes,' and this or the other indiscreet Member sent to the Abbaye Prison for three days! Suspected Persons must be summoned and questioned:

^{*} December 1791 (Hist. Parl. xii. 257).

old M de Sombreuil of the *Invulides* has to give account of himself. and why he leaves his Gates open. Unusual smoke rose from the Sèvres Pottery, indicating conspiracy; the Potters explained that it was Necklace-Lamotte's *Memoirs*, bought up by her-Majesty, which they were endeavouring to suppress by fire,*—

which nevertheless he that runs may still read.

Again, it would seem, Duke de Brissac and the King's Constitution il-Guard are 'making cartridges secretly in the cellars;' a set of Kovalists, pure and impure; black cut-throats many of them, picked out of gaming houses and sinks; in all Six thousand instead of Eighteen hundred; who evidently gloom on us every time we enter the Château + Wherefore, with infinite debate, let Brissac and King's Guard be disbanded. Disbanded accordingly they are; after only two months of existence, for they did not get on foot till March of this same year. So ends briefly the King's new Constitutional Maison Militaire; he must now be guarded by mere Swiss and blue Nationals again. It seems the lot of Constitutional things. New Constitutional Maison Civile he would never even establish, much as Barnave urged it; old resident Duchesses sniffed at it, and held aloof; on the whole her Majesty thought it not worth while, the Noblesse would so soon be back trumphant.

Or, looking still into this National Hall and its scenes, behold Brinop Torné, a Constitutional Prelate, not of severe morals, demanding that 'religious costumes and such caricatures' be abolished. Bishop Torné warms, catches fire; finishes by untying, and indignantly flinging on the table, as if for gage or bet, his own pontifical cross. Which cross, at any rate, is instantly covered by the cross of *Te-Deum* Fauchet, then by other crosses, and insignia, till all are stripped; this clerical Senator clutching out his skull-cap, that other his frill-collar, —lest Fanaticism return

on us.

Ourck is the movement here! And then so confused, unsubstantial, you might call it almost spectral; pallid, dim, inane, like the Kingdoms of Dis! Unruly Liguet, shrunk to a kind of spectre for us, pleads here, some cause that he has: amid rumour and interruption, which excel human patience; he 'tears his papers, and withdraws, the trascible adust little man. Nay honourable members will tear their papers, being effervescent: Merlin of Thronville tears his papers, crying: "So, the People cannot be ared by you!" Nor ire Deputations wanting: Deputations of sections; generally with complaint and denouncement, always with Pitriot fervour of sentiment: Deputation of Women, pleading that they also may be allowed to take Pikes, and exercise in the Champ de Mars. Why not, ye Amazons, if it be in you? Then occusionally, having done our message and got answer, we 'deale through the Hall, singing castra;' or rather roll and whirl through it, 'dinemy our ronde patriotique the while,' -our new

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 28 Mai 1792; Campan, ii. 196. † Dumouriez, ii. 168. ‡ Campan, ii. c. 19. § Moniteur, du 7 Avril 1792; Deux Amis, vii. 111.

Carring tale, or Pythic war dince and liberty dance. Par Huguenin, Ex-Advocate, Ex-Carabinect, Ex-Clerk of the Barre comes deputed, with Saint Antoine at his heels; denounce, Anti-patriorism, Famine, Forstalment and Man eaters; osks, august Legislative: "Is there not a keep and the keep and a keep and the carries again.

these mangeurs d'hommes!"*

But above all things, for this is a continual business, the Le lative has to reprimand the King's Ministers. Of His Mines's Minister's we have said hitherto, and say, next to nothing. Simore spectral these! Sorrowal; of no permanency any of the none at least since Montmorin vanished; the 'eldest of the 'King's Council' is occasionally not ten days old!! Leadlar Constitutional, as your respectable Camer de Gerville, as vicespectable unfortunate Delessarts; or Keyalist Constitutional, Montmorin last Friend of Necker; or Aristocrat as Bertrand, Viville: they flit there phantom-like, in the huge summering contasted poor shidows, dashed in the tacking winds; powerless, with meaning;—whom the human memory need not charge itself with

But how often, we say, are these poor Majesty's Mirist summoned over; to be questioned, tutored; nay threaten, almost bullied! They answer what, with adroitest simular and casuistry, they can; of which a poor Legislative knows what to make. One thing only is clear, That Cimmer an Laris girdling us in; that France not actually dead, surely? can march. Have a care, ye Ministers! Sharp Guadet transfer you with cross-questions, with sudden Advocate-conclusions, a sleeping tempest that is in Verginand can be awakened. Resultings up Reports, Accusations, endless thin Logic; in the man's highday even now. Condetect redacts, with his pen, our 'Address of the Legislative Assembly to the life 'Nation.' Fiery Max Ishard, who, for the test, will "chirk is for declaring "that we hold Ministers responsible; and take responsibility we mean death, who will be a first the possibility we mean death, who will be a first the possibility we mean death.

For verily it grows serious, the time presses, and training the are. Bertrand Moleville has a smooth torgue, the known Actoriat; gall in his heart. How his answers and explanations if ready; jesuitie, plausible to the care but perhaps the mind is this, which betel once when Bertrand had come answaring was withdrawn. So receive had the august As milds begon a sidering what was to be cone with him, when the Hall hills we stroke. Thick some smoke i no or itery, only where ingoing in the hing;—irremediable; so that the unjust Assembly has to all in a mindeled. Typical mindeled. One knows not only this seems to know, that the keeper of the Stores to only the Pertrand or by some underling of his 1—0 to upon a contribution.

^{*} See Moniteur, Seances (in Hist. Parl. xiii. xiv.).

[†] Dumouriez, ii. 137.

This lists part area (Chair in Connect, will group)

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too, that so one might finish?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JACOBINS.

The Parison of Copair. Have we not, in in a large and the Pitton, a wholly Parague Managality: on we am a comper, is Major of Paris : in our in energy to an in a other, an eogrammatic slow-sure a consequence Edition variance, of Jeant breedin the editor; and nothing out Patnot, better or to read a hovember base ione, to the joy of most constitute the Controported Pégion rather than are e the to be fir and all Femilians, long waning like the ance, e de l'announce ome control et l'ance, e restances to unless miss worse, and land half-light, and the midew of that Ked I are of theirs, and bitter and of the Compace Mars. How said to the progress of man of the vices Later Cic. as on that Federationand man are press his sword firmly on the Fatherthe most male was in all of thrace an mo; he, waning that hear, bond now, do not now, on the edge he horizon as a mant one of those There morking Crams. and armies in a most especial, unfoutful, uncomfortable

100/213 at a manay carmed I among up, or many they and atrong in Mercepillo of the Universe, help well's lias a not rightthe property of pike, which was not to be proned by Mayor Bailly, has been saverumed by Mayor Petion ; count by Landauge Aremidy Has ast, when the Eine's saled these contound to said the salementing controllers in socret it. to great are necessary for the National Links at Indiana insult; thus whole rename Ametos par Small of the Council must be disharded. Likes sames achour underes may surely rank in the Court, the beads the musics, a men a time the active entern and passes who can bulle for my are they not both welcome !-- O Payets needs, motion as a Year. May the truth is, Patricipum seglent, was it cover as white fittled, by at, respectable, of substraining from nearly or hoperateries, the black, condenses on one remains in the legislaters was in Limited? or water, with april and I was a will also prove a residual single factor. sames, others will bean belongly on it; may others again will will be call described to be have some and and with a corresponding. Durant & State Appear to Spire | Walter Hill in State on the

In such point of view, however, have we not for the present a Volunteer Ally, stronger than all the rest: namely, Hunger? Hunger; and what rushing of Panic Terror this and the sumtotal of our other miseries may bring! For Sansculottism grows by what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost made an epigram, though unconsciously, and with the Patriot world laughing not at it but at him, when he wrote 'Tout va bien ici, le

pain manque, All goes well here, victuals not to be had.'*

Neither, if you knew it, is Patriotism without her Constitution that can march; her not impotent Parliament; or call it, Ecumenic Council, and General-Assembly of the Jean-Jacques Churches: the MOTHER-SOCIETY, namely! Mother-Society with her three hundred full-grown Daughters; with what we can call little Granddaughters trying to walk, in every village of France, numerable, as Burke thinks, by the hundred thousand. This is the true Constitution; made not by Twelve-Hundred august Senators, but by Nature herself; and has grown, unconsciously, out of the wants and the efforts of these Twenty-five Millions of men. They are 'Lords of the Articles,' our Jacobins; they originate debates for the Legislative; discuss Peace and War; settle beforehand what the Legislative is to do. Greatly to the scandal of philosophical men, and of most Historians; -who do in that judge naturally, and yet not wisely. A Governing power must exist: your other

powers here are simulacra; this power is it.

Great is the Mother-Society: She has had the honour to be denounced by Austrian Kaunitz; † and is all the dearer to Patriotism. By fortune and valour, she has extinguished Feuillantism itself, at least the Feuillant Club. This latter, high as it once carried its head, she, on the 18th of February, has the satisfaction to see shut, extinct; Patriots having gone thither, with tumult, to hiss it out of pain. The Mother Society has enlarged her locality, stretches now over the whole nave of the Church. Let us glance in, with the worthy Toulongeon, our old Ex-Constituent Friend, who happily has eyes to see: 'The nave of the 'Jacobins Church,' says he, 'is changed into a vast Circus, the 'seats of which mount up circularly like an amphitheatre to the 'very groin of the domed roof. A high Pyramid of black marble. 'built against one of the walls, which was formerly a funeral 'monument, has alone been left standing: it serves now as back 'to the Office-bearers' Bureau. Here on an elevated Platform sit 'President and Secretaries, behind and above them the white 'Busts of Mirabeau, of Franklin, and various others, nav finally of 'Marat. Facing this is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between 'floor and groin of the dome, so that the speaker's voice may be in 'the centre. From that point, thunder the voices which shake all 'Europe: down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and 'the firebrands. Penetrating into this huge circuit, where all is out of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement of terror and wonder; the imagination recals those dread temples

^{*} Barbaroux, p. 94. † Moniteur, Séance du 29 Mars, 1792.

which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Avenging Deities.'*

Scenes too are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History time for them. Flags of the 'Three free Peoples of the Universe,' trial brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been waved here in concert; by London Deputation, of Whigs or Wighs and their Club, on this hand, and by young French Citizenesses on that; beautiful sweet-tongued Female Citizens, who solemnly send over salutation and brotherhood, also Tricolor stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of Wheat; while the dome rebellows with Vivent les trois peuples libres! from all throats:—a most dramatic scene. Demoiselle Théroigne recites, from that Tribune in inid air, her persecutions in Austria; comes leaning on the arm of Joseph Chénier, Poet Chénier, to demand Liberty for the hapless Swiss of Château-Viéux. Be of hope, ye Forty Swiss; tugg-

ing there, in the Brest waters; not forgotten!

Deputy Brissot perorates from that Tribune; Desmoulins, our wicked Camille, interjecting audibly from below, "Coquin!" Here, though oftener in the Cordeliers, reverberates the lion-voice of Danton; grim Billaud-Varennes is here; Collot d'Herbois, pleading for the Forty Swiss; tearing a passion to rags. Apophthegmatic Manuel winds up in this pithy way: "A Minister must perish!" to which the Amphitheatre responds: "Tous, Tous, All, All!" But the Chief Priest and Speaker of this place, as we said, is Robespierre, the long-winded incorruptible man. What spirit of l'atriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact, it seems to us, will evince: that fifteen hundred human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay, listened nightly, hour after hour, applausive; and gaped as for the word of hie. More insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacableimpotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan-wind! He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, against immediate War, against Woollen Caps or Bonnets Ronges, against many things; and is the Trisinegistus and Dalai-Lama of Patriot men. Whom nevertheless a shrill-voiced little man, yet with fine eyes, and a broad beautifully sloping brow, rises respectfully to controvert: he is, say the Newspaper Reporters, 'M. Louvet, Author of the 'charming Romance of Faublas.' Steady, ye Patriots! Pull not vel two ways; with a France rushing panic-stricken in the rural districts, and a Cimmerian Europe storming in on you!

CHAPTER IX.

MINISTER ROLAND.

Anot I the vernal equinox, however, one unexpected gleam of hope does burst forth on Patriotesm the appointment of a

[·] I am notion in my + P = 1 de francisco (Had Par XIII 200, &c.).

thoroughly Patriot Ministry. This also his Majesty, among his innumerable experiments of wedding fire to water, will try. Quod bonum sit. Madame d'Udon's Breakfasts have jingled with a new significance; not even Genevese Dumont but had a word in it. Finally, on the 15th and onwards to the 23d day of March, 1792, when all is negociated,—this is the blessed issue; this Patriot

Ministry that we see.

General Dumouriez, with the Foreign Portfolio shall ply Kaunitz and the Kaiser, in another style than did poor Delessarts; whom indeed we have sent to our High Court of Orleans for his sluggishness. War-minister Narbonne is washed away by the Timeflood; poor Chevalier de Grave, chosen by the Court, is fast washing away: then shall austere Servan, able Engineer-Officer. mount suddenly to the War Department. Genevese Clavière sees an old omen realized: passing the Finance Hôtel, long years ago, as a poor Genevese Exile, it was borne wondrously on his mind that he was to be Finance Minister; and now he is it; - and his poor Wife, given up by the Doctors, rises and walks, not the victim of nerves but their vanquisher.* And above all, our Minister of the Interior? Roland de la Platrière, he of Lyons! So have the Brissotins, public or private Opinion, and Breakfasts in the Place Vendôme decided it. Strict Roland, compared to a Quaker endimanché, or Sunday Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the Tuileries. in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere riband or ferrat! The Supreme Usher twitches Dumouriez aside: "Quoi. Monsieur! No buckles to his shoes?"-" Ah, Monsieur," answers Dumouriez, glancing towards the ferrat: "All is lost, Tout est perdu."+

And so our fair Roland removes from her upper floor in the Rue Saint-Jacques, to the sumptuous saloons once occupied by Madame Necker. Nay still earlier, it was Calonne that did all this gilding; it was he who ground these lustres, Venetian mirrors; who polished this inlaying, this venecring and or-moulu; and made it, by rubbing of the proper lamp, an Aladdin's Palace:—and now behold, he wanders dim-flitting over Europe, half-drowned in the Rhine-stream, scarcely saving his Papers! I amon wobis.—The fair Roland, equal to either fortune, has her public Dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body: she with draws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems busy writing; nevertheless loses no word: if for example Deputy Brissot and Minister Clavière get too hot in argument, she, not without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will interpose. Deputy Brissot's head, they say, is getting giddy, in this sudden height:

as feeble heads do.

Envious men insinuate that the Wife Roland is Minister, and not the Husband: it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. For the rest, let whose head soever be getting g ddy, it is not this brave woman's. Serene and queenly here, as she was of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines Convent! She who has quietly shelled French-beams for her direct; here led to

^{*} Dumont, c. 20, 21. † Madame Roland, ii. 80-115.

that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation; and knowing what that was, and what she was: such a one will also look quietly on or-moulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either. Calonne did the veneering: he gave dinners here, old Besent al diplomatically whispering to him; and was great: yet Calonne we saw at last walk with long strides.' Necker next: and where now is Necker? Us also a swift change has brought hither; a swift change will send us hence. Not a Palace but a Caravansera!

So wags and wavers this unrestful World, day after day, month after month. The Streets of Paris, and all Cities, roll daily their oscillatory flood of men; which flood does, nightly, disappear, and lie hidden horizontal in beds and trucklebeds; and awakes on the morrow to new perpendicularity and movement. their roads, foolish or wise; - Engineer Gognelat to and fro, bearing Queen's cipher. A Madame de Staël is busy; cannot clutch her Narbonne from the Time-flood: a Princess de Lamballe is busy; cannot help her Queen. Barnave, seeing the Feuillants dispersed, and Coblentz so brisk, begs by way of final recompence to kiss her Majesty's hand; augurs not well of her new course; and retires home to Crenoble, to wed an heiress there. Café Valois and Méot the Restaurateur's hear daily gasconade; load babble of Half-pay Royalists, with or without Poniards. Remnants of Aristocrat saloons call the new Ministry Ministère-A Louvet, of the Romance Faublas, is busy in the Jacobins. A Cazotte, of the Romance Diable Amoureux, is busy elsewhere: better wert thou quiet, old Cazotte; it is a world, this. of magic become real! All men are busy; doing they only half guess what : flinging seeds, of tares mostly, into the Seed-field of TIME:' this, by and by, will declare wholly what.

But Social Explosions have in them something dread, and as it were mad and magical: which indeed Life always secretly has; thus the dumb Earth (says Fable), if you pull her mandrake-roots, will give a damonic mad-making moan. These Explosions and Revolts upen, break forth like dumb dread Forces of Nature; and yet they are Men's forces; and yet are part of them: the Damonic that is in man's life has burst out on us, will sweep us too away! One day here is like another, and yet it is not like but different. How much is growing, silently resistless, at all moments! Thoughts are growing; forms of Speech are growing, and Customs and even Costumes; still more visibly are actions and transactions growing, and that doomed Strife, of France with

herself and with the whole world.

The word I iberty is never named now except in conjunction with mother, I iberty and I quality. In like manner, what, in a reign of Liberty and Equality, can these words, 'Sir,' obedient 'Servint,' Honour to be,' and such like signify? Tatters and fibres of old Feudality; which, were it only in the Grammatical province, on the to be rooted out! The Mother Society has long since had proposals to that effect; these she could not entertain

not, at the moment. Note too how the Jacobin Brethren are mounting new symbolical headgear: the Woollen Cap or Nightcap, bonnet de laine, better known as bonnet rouge, the colour being red. A thing one wears not only by way of Phrygian Capof-Liberty, but also for convenience' sake, and then also in compliment to the Lower-class Patriots and Bastille-Heroes; for the Red Nightcap combines all the three properties. Nay cockades themselves begin to be made of wool, of tricolor yarn: the riband-cockade, as a symptom of Feuillant Upper-class temper, is

becoming suspicious. Signs of the times.

Still more, note the travail-throes of Europe: or rather, note the birth she brings; for the successive throes and shrieks, of Austrian and Prussian Alliance, of Kaunitz Anti-jacobin Despatch, of French Ambassadors cast out, and so forth, were long to note. Dumouriez corresponds with Kaunitz, Metternich, or Cobentzel, in another style that Delessarts did. Strict becomes stricter; categorical answer, as to this Coblentz work and much else, shall be given. Failing which? Failing which, on the 20th day of April 1792, King and Ministers step over to the Salle de Manége; promulgate how the matter stands; and poor Louis, 'with tears 'in his eyes,' proposes that the Assembly do now decree War. After due eloquence, War is decreed that night.

War, indeed! Paris came all crowding, full of expectancy, to the morning, and still more to the evening session. D'Orleans with his two sons, is there; looks on, wide-eved, from the opposite Gallery.* Thou canst look, O Philippe: it is a War big with issues, for thee and for all men. Cimmerian Obscurantism and this thrice glorious Revolution shall wrestle for it, then: some Four-and-twenty years; in immeasurable Briareus' wrestle: trampling and tearing; before they can come to any, not agreemeant, but compromise, and approximate ascertainment each of

what is in the other.

Let our Three Generals on the Frontiers look to it, therefore ; and poor Chevalier de Grave, the Warminister, consider what he will do. What is in the three Generals and Armies we may guess. As for poor Chevalier de Grave, he, in this whirl of things all coming to a press and pinch upon him, loses head, and merely whirls with them, in a totally distracted manner; signing himself at last, 'De Grave, Mayor of Paris:' whereupon he demits, returns over the Channel, to walk in Kensington Gardens :† and austere Servan, the able Engineer-Officer, is elevated in his stead. To the post of Honour? To that of Difficulty, at least.

CHAPTER X.

PÉTION-NATIONAL-PIOUE.

AND yet, how, on dark bottomless Cataracts there plays the foolishest fantastic-coloured spray and shadow: hiding the Abyss

^{*} Deux Amis, vii. 146-66.

[†] Dumont, c. 19, 21:

under vapoury rainbows! Alongside of this discussion as to Austrian-Prussian War, there goes on not less but more vehemently a discussion. Whether the Forty or Two-and-forty Swiss of Château-Vieux shall be liberated from the Brest Gallies? And then, Whether, being liberated, they shall have a public Festival, or

only private ones?

Theroigne, as we saw, spoke; and Collot took up the tale. Has not Bouille's final display of himself, in that final Night of Spurs, stamped your so-called 'Revolt of Nanci' into a 'Massacre of 'Nanci,' for all Patriot judgments? Hateful is that massacre; hateful the Lafayette-Feuillant 'public thanks' given for it! For indeed, Jacobin Patriotism and dispersed Feuillantism are now at death-grips; and do fight with all weapons, even with scenic shows. The walls of Paris, accordingly, are covered with Placard and Counter-Placard, on the subject of Forty Swiss blockheads. Journal responds to Journal; Player Collot to Poetaster Roucher; Joseph Chénier the Jacobin, squire of Théroigne, to his Brother André the Feuillant; Mayor Pétion to Dupont de Nemours: and for the space of two months, there is nowhere peace for the thought of man,—till this thing be settled.

Resoice ye Forty: doff your greasy wool Bonnets, which shall become Caps of Liberty. The Brest Daughter-Society welcomes you from on board, with kisses on each cheek: your iron Handcuns are disputed as Relics of Saints; the Brest Society indeed can have one portion, which it will beat into Pikes, a sort of Sacred Pikes; but the other portion must belong to Paris, and be suspended from the dome there, along with the Flags of the Three Free Peoples! Such a goose is man; and cackles over plushvelvet Grand Monarques and woollen Galley-slaves; over everything and over nothing, - and will cackle with his whole soul merely

if others cackle!

On the ninth morning of April, these Forty Swiss blockheads arrive. From Versailles; with vivats heaven-high; with the affluence of men and women. To the Townhall we conduct them; nay to the Legislative itself, though not without difficulty. They are harangued, bedinnered, begitted,—the very Court, not for conscience' sake, contributing something; and their Public Festival shall be next Sunday. Next Sunday accordingly it is.* They are mounted into a 'triumphal Car resembling a ship;' are carted over l'aris, with the clain of cymbals and drums, all mortals assisting applausive; carted to the Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Aira, and finally carted, for Time always brings deliverance,—into invisibility for evermore.

Whereupon dispersed Feuillantism, or that Party which loves Liberty ver not more than Monarchy, will likewise have its Festival Festival of Simonneau, unfortunate Mayor of Etampes, who died for the Law, most surely for the Law, though Jacobinism disputes, being trampled down with his Red Flag in the riot about

sur la Fête des Suisses; &c., &c. (in Hist. Parl. xiii. xiv.).

grains. At which Festival the Public again assists, unapplausive:

On the whole, Festivals are not wanting; beautiful rainbowspray when all is now rushing treble-quick towards its Niagara Fall. National repasts there are; countenanced by Mayor Pétion; Saint-Antoine, and the Strong Ones of the Halles defiling through Jacobin Club, "their felicity," according to Santerre, "not perfect otherwise;" singing many-voiced their ça-ira, dancing their ronde patriotique. Among whom one is glad to discern Saint-Huruge, expressly 'in white hat,' the Saint-Christopher of the Carmagnole. Nay a certain, Tambour or National Drummer, having just been presented with a little daughter, determines to have the new Frenchwoman christened on Fatherland's Altar then and there. Repast once over, he accordingly has her christened; Fauchet the Te-Deum Bishop acting in chief, Thuriot and honourable persons standing gossips: by the name, Pétion-National-Pique!* Does this remarkable Citizeness, now past the meridian of life, still walk the Earth? Or did she die perhaps of teething? Universal History is not indifferent.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE.

AND yet it is not by carmagnole-dances and singing of ça-ira, that the work can be done. Duke Brunswick is not dancing car-

magnoles, but has his drill serjeants busy.

On the Frontiers, our Armies, be it treason or not, behave in the worst way. Troops badly commanded, shall we say? Or troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined, mutinous: that, in a thirty-years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need do: soldiers starting at their own shadow; suddenly shrieking, "On nous trahit," and flying off in wild panic, at or before the first shot:—managing only to hang some two or three Prisoners they had picked up, and massacre their own Commander, poor Theobald Dillon, driven into a granary by them in the Town of Lille.

And poor Gouvion: he who sat shiftless in that Insurrection of Women! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parliamentary duties, in disgust and despair, when those Galley-slaves of Château-Vieux were admitted there. He said, "Between the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but a soldier's death for it;" + and so, 'in the dark stormy night,' he has flung himself into the throat of the Austrian cannon, and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge on the ninth of June. Whom Legislative Patriotism shall mourn,

^{*} P. trade Frances (Brissot's Newspaper), in Hist. Pari. xin. 431.

[†] Toulongeon, ii. 149.

with black mortcloths and melody in the Champ-de-Mars: many a Patriot shifter, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking altogether dubious; in place of beating the Austrians, is about writing to denounce the Jacobins. Rochambeau, all disconsolate, quits the service: there remains only Luckner, the babbling old Prussian Grenadier.

Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night, has gathered itself: Brunswick preparing his Proclammation; just about to march! Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress Internal Enemies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative; and proposes, on the 24th of May, its Decree for the Banishment of Priests. Collect a.50 some nucleus of determined internal friends, adds Warminister Servan; and proposes, on the 7th of June, his Camp of Twenty-thousand. Twenty-thousand National Volunteers; Five out of each Canton; picked Patriots, for Roland has charge of the Interior: they shall assemble here in Paris; and be for a defence, cumningly devised, against foreign Austrians and domestic Austrian Committee alike. So much can a Patriot Ministry and Legislative do.

Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feuillantism; to that Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard; a Staff, one would say again, which will need to be dissolved. These men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence; and even, as they pretend to say, an insult. Petitions there come, in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulletes; ill received. Nay, in the end, there comes one Petition, called 'of the Eight Thousand National 'Guards:' so many names are on it; including women and children. Which famed Petition of the Eight Thousand is indeed received: and the Petitioners, all under arms, are admitted to the honours of the sitting, if honours or even if sitting there be; for the instant their bayonets appear at the one door, the Assembly

Also, in these same days, it is lamentable to see how National Guards, escorting File Dieu or Corpus-Christi ceremonial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not uncover as the Hostie passes. They clap their bayonets to the breast of Cattlebut her Legendre, a known Patriot ever since the Bastille days; and threaten to butcher him; though he sat quite respectfully, he sats, in his Gig, at a distance of fifty paces, waiting till the thing were by. Nay, orthodox females were shricking to have down the Lanterne on him.†

To such here he has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For indeed, we not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, Lafavette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering with them: creasing them, ever since that dissolution of the so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether 'paris', kneaded 'full' of Feuillantism, mere. Aristocrats at bottom: for instance, the Battalion of the incidence of the Battalion of the incidence.

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 10 Juin 1792.

⁺ Débats des Jacobins (in Hist. Fart. xiv. 429).

Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Foster-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the Legislative, backed by Patriot France and the feeling of Necessity, decrees this Camp of Twenty thousand. Decisive though conditional Banishment of malign Priests, it has already decreed.

It will now be seen, therefore, Whether the Hereditary Representative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our other woes, this intolerablest one is to be added; which renders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in dead cerements, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp of Twenty Thousand ?- By Heaven, he answers, Veto! Veto!-Strict Roland hands in his Letter to the King: or rather it was Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plainestspoken Letters ever handed in to any King. This plain-spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading overnight. He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Patriot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 13th of June 1792.*

Dumouriez the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon, called Minister of Justice, does indeed linger for a day or two; in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen, almost weeps with her: but in the end, he too sets off for the Army; leaving what Un-Patriot or Semi-Patriot Ministry and Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them not: new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic-lantern figures; more

Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two lictos were so natural: are not the Priests martyrs; also friends? This Camp of Twenty Thousand, could it be other than of stormfullest Sansculottes? Natural; and yet, to France, unendurable. Priests that co-operate with Coblentz must go elsewhither with their martyrdom: stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of creatures, will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Austrians, then for the love of Heaven go join them. If not, join frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course is none.

Or, alas, what extreme course was there left now, for a man like Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex-Minister Bertrand-Moleville, Ex-Constituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individuals, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblentz, and round generally on the Chapter of Chances, an ancient Kingship is recling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on the flood of things.

^{*} Madame Roland, ii. 115.

CHAPTER XII.

PROCESSION OF THE BLACK BREECHES.

But is there a thinking man in France who, in these circumstances, can persuade himself that the Constitution will march? Brunswick is stirring; he, in few days now, will march. France sit still, wrapped in dead cerements and grave-clothes, its right hand glued to its left, till the Brunswick Saint-Bartholomew arrive; till France be as Poland, and its Rights of Man become a Prussian Gibbet?

Verily, it is a moment frightful for all men. Death; or else some preternatural convulsive outburst of National Life; -that same, demonic outburst! Patriots whose audacity has limits had, in truth, better retire like Barnave; court private felicity at Grenoble. Patriots, whose audacity has no limits must sink down into the obscure; and, daring and defying all things, seek salvation in stratagem, in Plot of Insurrection. Roland and young Barbaroux have spread out the Map of France before them, Barbaroux says 'with tears :' they consider what Rivers, what Mountain ranges are in it: they will retire behind this Loire-stream, defend these Auvergne stone-Libyrinths; save some little sacred Territory of the Free; die at least in their last ditch. Lafayette indites his emphatic Letter to the Legislative against Jacobinism; * which emphatic Letter will not heal the unhealable.

Forward, ye Patriots whose audacity has no limits; it is you now that must either do or die! The Sections of Paris sit in deep counsel; send out Deputation after Deputation to the Salle de Manege, to petition and denounce. Great is their ire against tyrunnous Veto, Austrian Committee, and the combined Cimmerian Kings. What boots it? Legislative listens to the 'tocsin in our hearts; grants us honours of the sitting, sees us defile with jungle and fanfaronade; but the Camp of Twenty Thousand, the Priest Decree, be-vetoed by Majesty, are become impossible for Legislative. Fiery Isnard says, "We will have Equality, should we descend for it to the tomb." Vergniaud utters, hypothetically, his stern Ezekiel visions of the fate of Anti-national Kings. But the question is. Will hypothetic prophecies, will jingle and fanfurnade demolish the Vita; or will the Veto, secure in its Tuilenes Chateau, remun undemolishable by these? Barbaroux, dishing away his tears, writes to the Marseilles Municipality, that the, must send him 'Six hundred men who know how to die, qui " . " " " mmirit No wet eved message this, but a fire-eved one: -which will be obeyed!

Me multile the Twentieth of June 1, nigh, anniversary of that world famous Oath of the Tennis Court on which day, it is said,

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 18 Juin 1792.

[†] Barbaroux, p. 40.

certain citizens have in view to plant a Mai or Tree of Liberty, in the Tuileries Terrace of the Feuillants; perhaps also to petition the Legislative and Hereditary Representative about these Vetos; —with such demonstration, jingle and evolution, as may seem profitable and practicable. Sections have gone singly, and jingled and evolved: but if they all went, or great part of them, and thert, planting their Mai in these alarming circumstances, sounded the tocsin in their hearts?

Among King's Friends there can be but one opinion as to such a step: among Nation's Friends there may be two. On the one hand, might it not by possibility scare away these unblessed Vetos? Private Patriots and even Legislative Deputies may have each his own opinion, or own no-opinion: but the hardest task falls evidently on Mayor Pétion and the Municipals, at once Patriots and Guardians of the public Tranquillity. Hushing the matter down with the one hand; tickling it up with the other! Mayor Pétion and Municipality may lean this way; Department-Directory with Procureur-Syndic Ræderer having a Feuillant tendency, may lean that. On the whole, each man must act according to his one opinion or to his two opinions; and all manner of influences, official representations cross one another in the foolishest way. Perhaps after all, the Project, desirable and yet not desirable, will dissipate itself, being run athwart by so many complexities; and coming to nothing?

Not so: on the Twentieth morning of June, a large Tree of Liberty, Lombardy Poplar by kind, lies visibly tied on its car. in the Suburb-Antoine. Suburb Saint-Marceau too, in the uttermost South-East, and all that remote Oriental region, Pikemen and Pikewomen, National Guards, and the unarmed curious are gathering,—with the peaceablest intentions in the world. A tricolor Municipal arrives; speaks. Tush, it is all peaceable, we tell thee, in the way of Law: are not Petitions allowable, and the Patriotism of Mais? The tricolor Municipal returns without effect: your Sansculottic rills continue flowing, combining into brooks: towards noontide, led by tall Santerre in blue uniform, by tall Saint-Huruge in white hat, it moves Westward, a respectable river, or complica-

tion of still-swelling rivers.

What Processions have we not seen: Corpus-Christi and Legendre waiting in Gig; Bones of Voltaire with bullock-chariots, and goadsmen in Roman Costume; Feasts of Château-Vieux and Simonneau; Gouvion Funerals, Rosseau Sham-Funerals, and the Baptism of Pétion-National-Pike! Nevertheless this Procession has a character of its own. Tricolor ribands streaming aloft from pike-heads; ironshod batons; and emblems not a few: among which, see specially these two, of the tragic and the untragic sort a Bull's Heart transfixed with iron, bearing this epigraph, 'Cana' d'Aristocrate, Aristocrat's Heart;' and, more striking still, properly the standard of the host, a pair of old Black Breeches silk, they say', extended on cross-staff high overhead, with these memorable words: 'Tremblez tyrans, void in Same winter, 'Tremble tyrants, here are the Sans indispensables!' A so, the Procession trails two cannons.

Scarfed tricolor Municipals do now again meet it, in the Quai Saint-Bernard; and plead earnestly, having called halt. Peaceable, ye virtuous tricolor Municipals, peaceable are we as the sucking Behold our Tennis-Court Mai. Petition is legal; and as for arras, did not an august Legislative receive the so-called Eight Thousand in arms, Feuillants though they were? Our Pikes, are they not of National iron? Law is our father and mother, whom we will not dishonour; but Patriotism is our own soul. Peaceable, ve virtuous Municipals ; -- and on the whole, limited as to time! Stop we cannot; march ye with us .- The Black Breeches agitate themselves, impatient; the cannon-wheels grumble: the manyfooted Host tramps on.

How it reached the Salle de Manége, like an ever-waxing river; got admittance, after debate; read its Address; and defiled, dancing and ca-ira-ing, led by tall sonorous Santerre and tall sonorous Saint-Huruge: how it flowed, not now a waxing river but a shut Ca-pian lake, round all Precincts of the Tuileries; the front Patriot squeezed by the rearward, against barred iron Grates, like to have the life squeezed out of him, and looking too into the dread throat of cannon, for National Battalions stand ranked within: how tricolor Municipals ran assiduous, and Royalists with Tickets of Entry; and both Majesties sat in the interior surrounded by men in black: all this the human mind shall fancy for itself, or read in old Newspapers, and Syndic Ræderer's Chronicle of Fifty Days.*

Our Mai is planted; if not in the Feuillants Terrace, whither is no ingate, then in the Garden of the Capuchins, as near as we could get. National Assembly has adjourned till the Evening Session: perhaps this shut lake, finding no ingate, will retire to its sources again; and disappear in peace? Alas, not yet: rearward still pre ses on; rearward knows little what pressure is in the front. One would wish at all events, were it possible, to have

a word with his Majestv first!

The shadows fall longer, eastward; it is four o'clock: will his Majesty not come out? Hardly he! In that case, Commandant Santerre, Cattle-butcher Legendre, Patriot Huguenin with the focusin in his heart; they, and others of authority, will enter in. Pention and request to wearied uncertain National Guard; louder and louder petition; backed by the rattle of our two commons! The reluctant Cirute opens: endless Sansculottic multitudes flood the stairs; knock at the wooden guardian of your privicy. Knocks, in such case, grow strokes, grow smashings: the wooden guardent fles in shiver. And now ensues a Score over which the world has long wailed; and not unjustly; for a somer quetacle, of Incommunity fronting Incongruity, and as it were recognising the raselves incongruous, and staring simplely in each other's face, the world seldom saw.

King Louis, his door being beaten on, opens it; stands with the Insum; asking, "What do you went" The Sinsculoute i. alread, and purk, returns however, the rear pressing on the for, whenever the total Parlot Ministers' Kemove Vetol"

^{*} Reederer, &c. &c. (in Hist. Parl. xv. 98-194).

which things, Louis valuantly answers, this is not the time to do, nor this tho way to ask him to do. Honour what vartue is in a man. Louis does not want courage, he has even the higher kind called moral courage, though only the passive half of that. His few National Grenadiers shume back with him, into the embrasing of a window, there he stands, with unimpeachable pass vity, and the shouldering and the braying, a spectacle to men. They have him a Red Cap of Liberty; he sets it quietly on his head, to get it there. He complains of thirst, half-drunk Rascanty offers him a bottle, he drinks of it. "Sire, do not tear," says one of his Grenadiers, "Fear?" answers Louis, "feel then," putting the man's hand on his heart. So stands Majesty in Red woollen Cap black Sansculottism wellering found him, at any wide, aimless, with in-articulate dissonance, with cries of "Veto? Pattern Ministers!"

For the space of three hours or more. The X coral Assembly is adjourned; tricolor Municipals avail almost reching. Move Petion tarties absent: Anthority is none. The Circumstiff ber Children and Sister Elizabeth, in tears and terror not for themselves only, are sitting belund barricaded tables and Grenagiers in an inner room. The Men in Black have all wisely disappeared. Blind lake of Sansculottism welters stagnant through the King's

Château, for the space of three bours.

Nevertheless all things do end. Vergriaud arrives with Legislative Deputation, the Evening Session having now or now Mayor Perion has arrived; is haranguing, thred on the shoulders of two Grenadiers. In this uneasy attitude and in others, at various places without and within. Mayor Perion harangues, many men harangue i mails. Commandam Santere écules, passes out, with his Sanscriotism, by the coposite of the Château. Passing through the room where the Queen, with a air of dignity and sorrowful resignation, sat more the factor, with a ferenadiers, a woman officis her too a Ked Cop. She hads in her hand, even puts it on the little Prince Key in the hand, even puts it on the little Prince Key in the hand, even puts it on the little Prince Key in About eight o clock the Koyal Family tall into each others are amid iterrents of tests. Unhappy Family Who would not weep for it, were there not a whole would to be wret to:

Thus has the Age of Chivity give, and that we there exists a thus does all needing Sanson and hook in the tree of its Regulator. King or Ableman, and find that the research give it. This do the two incress, brought race to be existed continues, state stupidly or one and see.

If your, to be a supplied of the first continues to be an about the And very line members having recognition and the sees known to member a supplied of the sees known to the sees known

products of a contest many to the contest of a contest of

^{*} Toulongeon, ii. 173; Campan, ii. c. 20.

BOOK SIXTH.

THE MARSEILLESE.

CHAPTER I.

EXECUTIVE THAT DOES NOT ACT.

Historian Programme Statement Engineers be put his action, The second of the second of the Q , q q qthe state of the s w recommended to the configuration of the Turning Basemant of the street of Perch and make the like, among all er one indeall a set the Torone the world sullying a war seemble have been much have made median. However, he men make until a of it, or attempt by make a few or the research to the proof the consequency and endplied, over to Coldenza mainly a newform in stell in the atmorespectly worth much. It is sympathy of mer who believe and that the Caronitorum can marrie. Wherefore the soil discord and Green, of Equilant sympathy for Keyers, and Jarobin sympolic the from within; with terror k acting from without :-- this discord and Designate Super hold on the reserve, bill a consecueption do repen and name. That would stook aspectally as languages in your more being. such caracterples careed now be thoras. Been, in Taxon other reach Billion; to merge Personal pursues Empress, commen deliberary contr. outlined what may based include ! There, I Reader, of your sale distance, wife see what they stake of it SHOWING THEFT Consider therefore this printle Twenterly of pure to a falling to conserve the region of the state of the s NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY OF PERSONS ASSESSED AND PERSONS ASSESSED. THE PERSONS NAMED IN COLUMN 2 IN COLUM networkedy flag of distress) reducting being which no exercit can part it. Bedieving pity, which they sent hard-beauted not be give crefs, by one and all forces such days, or what are called remarkable, and black or bould machine Pharameter; will go long on the long to the long of the second

The way personnel is then of halloyette at the flar of the

Assembly; after a week and day. Promptly, on hearing of this scandalous Twentieth of June, Lafayette has quitted his Command on the North Frontier, in better or worse order; and got hither, on the 28th, to repress the Jacobins: not by Letter now; but by oral Petition, and weight of character, face to face. The august Assembly finds the step questionable; invites him meanwhile to the honours of the sitting.* Other honour, or advantage, there unhappily came almost none; the Galleries all growling; fiery

Isnard glooming; sharp Guadet not wanting in sarcasms.

And out of doors, when the sitting is over, Sieur Resson, keeper of the Patriot Café in these regions, hears in the street a hurlyburly; steps forth to look, he and his Patriot customers: it is Lafayette's carriage, with a tumultuous escort of blue Grenadiers, Cannoneers, even Officers of the Line, hurrahing and capering round it. They make a pause opposite Sieur Resson's door; wag their plumes at him; nay shake their fists, bellowing A bas les Jacobins; but happily pass on without onslaught. They pass on, to plant a Mai before the General's door, and bully considerably. All which the Sieur Resson cannot but report with sorrow, that night, in the Mother Society.† But what no Sieur Resson nor Mother Society can do more than guess is this, That a council of rank Feuillants, your unabolished Staff of the Guard and who else has status and weight, is in these very moments privily deliberating at the General's: Can we not put down the Jacobins by force? Next day, a Review shall be held, in the Tuileries Garden, of such as will turn out, and try. Alas, says Toulongeon, hardly a hundred turned out. Put it off till to-morrow, then, to give better warning. On the morrow, which is Saturday, there turn out 'some thirty;' and depart shrugging their shoulders! I Lafayette promptly takes carriage again; returns musing on many things.

The dust of Paris is hardly off his wheels, the summer Sunday is still young, when Cordeliers in deputation pluck up that Mai of his: before sunset, Patriots have burnt him in effigy. Louder doubt and louder rises, in Section, in National Assembly, as to the legality of such unbidden Anti-jacobin visit on the part of a General: doubt swelling and spreading all over France, for six weeks or so; with endless talk about usurping soldiers, about English Monk, nay about Cromwell: O thou poor Grandson-Cromwell!—What boots it? King Louis himself looked coldly on the enterprize: colossal Hero of two Worlds, having weighed himself in the balance, finds that he is become a gossamer Colossus.

only some thirty turning out.

In a like sense, and with a like issue, works our Department-Directory here at Paris; who, on the 6th of July, take upon them to suspend Mayor Pétion and Procureur Manuel from all civic functions, for their conduct, replete, as is alleged, with omissions

^{*} Moniteur, Séance du 28 Juin 1792.

[†] Débats des Jacobins (Hist. Parl. xv. 235). I Toulongeon, 11. 180. See also Dampmarun il 161.

Petion see himself a kind of martyr, or pseudo-martyr, threatened with several things; drawls out due heroical lamentation; to which Patriot Paris and Patriot Legislative duly respond. King Louis and Mayor Pétion have already had an interview on that business of the Twentieth; an interview and dialogue, distinguished by frankness on both sides; ending on King Louis's side with the words, "Taisez-vous, Hold your peace."

For the rest, this of suspending our Mayor does seem a mistimed measure. By ill chance, it came out precisely on the day of that famous Baiser de l'amourette, or miraculous reconciliatory Delilah-Kiss, which we spoke of long ago. Which Delilah-Kiss was thereby quite hindered of effect. For now his Majesty has to write, almost that same night, asking a reconciled Assembly for advice! The reconciled Assembly will not advise; will not interfere. The King confirms the suspension; then perhaps, but not till then will the Assembly interfere, the noise of Patriot Paris getting loud. Whereby your Delilah-Kiss, such was the destiny of Parliament First, becomes a Philistine Battle!

Nay there goes a word that as many as Thirty of our chief Patriot Senators are to be clapped in prison, by mittimus and indetiment of Feuillant Justices, Juges de Pair; who here in Paris were well capable of such a thing. It was but in May last that Just de Paix Larivière, on complaint of Bertrand-Moleville touching that Austrian Committee, made bold to launch his mittimus against three heads of the Mountain, Deputies Bazire, Chabot, Merlin, the Cordelier Trio; summoning them to appear before him, and shew where that Austrian Committee was, or else suffer the consequences. Which mittimus the Trio, on their side, made hold to fling in the fire : and valiantly pleaded privilege of Parliament. So that, for his zeal without knowledge, poor Justice Larivière now sits in the prison of Orleans, waiting trial from the Houte Cour there. Whose example, may it not deter other rash Justices; and so this word of the Thirty arrestments continue a word merely?

But on the whole, though Lafayette weighed so light, and has had his Mai plucked up. Official Feuillantism falters not a whit; but carries its head high, strong in the letter of the Law. Feuillants all of these men: a Feuillant Directory; founding on high character, and such like; with Duke de la Rochefoucault for President, a thing which may prove dangerous for him! Dim now is the once bright Anglomania of these admired Noblemen. Duke de Laincourt offers, out of Normandy where he is Lord-Leutenant, not only to receive his Majesty, thinking of flight thirther, but to lend him money to enormous amounts. Sire, it is not a Revolt, it is a Revolution; and truly no rese water one! Worther Noblemen were not in France nor in Europe than those two but the Time is crooked, quick-shifting, perverse; what stringing course will lead to any goal, in n?

Another plans, which we note, in the se early July days, is that

of certain thin streaks of Federate National Volunteers wending from various points towards Paris, to hold a new Federation-Festival, or Feast of Pikes, on the Fourteenth there. So has the National Assembly wished it, so has the Nation willed it. In this way, perhaps, may we still have our Patriot Camp in spite of Veto. For cannot these Féderés. having celebrated their Feast of Pikes, march on to Soissons; and, there being drilled and regimented, rush to the Frontiers, or whither we like? Thus were the one Veto cunningly eluded!

As indeed the other *Veto*, about Priests, is also like to be eluded; and without much cunning. For Provincial Assemblies, in Calvados as one instance, are proceeding on their own strength to judge and banish Antinational Priests. Or still worse without Provincial Assembly, a desperate People, as at Bourdeaux. can hang two of them on the Lanterne, on the way towards judgment.* Pity for the spoken *Veto*, when it cannot become an

acted one!

It is true, some ghost of a War-minister, or Home-minister, for the time being, ghost whom we do not name, does write to Municipalities and King's Commanders, that they shall, by all conceivable methods, obstruct this Federation, and even turn back the Féderés by force of arms: a message which scatters mere doubt, paralysis and confusion; irritates the poor Legislature; reduces the Féderés as we see, to thin streaks. But being questioned, this ghost and the other ghosts, What it is then that they propose to do for saving the country?—they answer. That they cannot tell; that indeed they for their part have, this morning, resigned in a body; and do now merely respectfully take leave of the helm altogether. With which words they rapidly walk out of the Hall, sortent brusquement de la salle, the 'Galleries cheering 'loudly,' the poor Legislature sitting 'for a good while in 'silence!'t Thus do Cabinet-ministers themselves, in extreme cases, strike work; one of the strangest omens. Other complete Cabinet-ministry there will not be; only fragments, and these changeful, which never get completed: spectral Apparitions that cannot so much as appear! King Louis writes that he now views this Federation Feast with approval; and will himself have the pleasure to take part in the same.

And so these thin streaks of Féderés wend Parisward through a paralytic France. Thin grim streaks: not thick joyful ranks, as of old to the first Feast of Pikes! No: these poor Federates march now towards Austria and Austrian Committee, towards jeopardy and forlorn hope; men of hard fortune and temper, not rich in the world's goods. Municipalities, paralyzed by War-ministers, are shy of affording cash: it may be, your poor Federates cannot arm themselves, cannot march, till the Daughter-Society of the place open her pocket, and subscribe. There will not have arrived, at the set day. Three thousand of them in all. And yet, thin and feeble as these streaks of Federates seem, they are the only thing one discerns moving with any clearness of aim, in this

^{*} Hist. Parl. xvi. 259. + Montion, Scance du Inivet 1752.

strange scene. Angry buz and simmer; uneasy tossing and mounting of a huge France, all enchanted, spell-bound by unmarching Constitution, into frightful conscious and unconscious Magnetic-sleep; which frightful Magnetic-sleep must now issue soon in one of two things: Death or Madness! The Féderés carry mostly in their pocket some earnest cry and Petition, to have the 'National Executive put in action;' or as a step towards that, to have the King's Déchéance, King's Forfeiture, or at least his Suspension, pronounced. They shall be welcome to the Legislative, to the Mother of Patriotism; and Paris will provide for their lodging.

Decheance, indeed: and, what next? A France spell-free, a Revolution saved; and any thing, and all things next! so answer grimly Danton and the unlimited Patriots, down deep in their subterranean region of Plot, whither they have now dived. Decheance, answers Brissot with the limited: And if next the little Prince Royal were crowned, and some Regency of Girondins and recalled Patriot Ministry set over him? Alas, poor Brissot; looking, as indeed poor man does always, on the nearest morrow as his peaceable promised land; deciding what must reach to the world's end, yet with an insight that reaches not beyond his own nose! Wiser are the unlimited subterranean Patriots, who with

light for the hour itself, leave the rest to the gods.

Or were it not, as we now stand, the probablest issue of all. that Brunswick, in Coblentz, just gathering his huge limbs towards him to rise, might arrive first; and stop both Déchéance, and theorizing on it? Brunswick is on the eve of marching; with Eighty Thou and, they say; fell Prussians, Hessians, feller Emigrants: a General of the Great Frederick, with such an Army. And our Armies? And our Generals? As for Lafayette, on whose Late visit a Committee is sitting and all France is jarring and censuring, he seems readier to fight us than fight Brunswick. Lückner and Lafayette pretend to be interchanging corps, and are making movements; which Patriotism cannot understand. only is very clear, that their corps go marching and shuttling, in the interior of the country; much nearer Paris than formerly! • Luckner has ordered Dumouriez down to him; down from Maulde, and the Fortified Camp there. Which order the many-counselled Dumonnez, with the Austrians hanging close on him, he busy me inwhile training a few thousands to stand fire and be soldiers. declines that, come of it what will, he cannot obey.* Will a poor Legislatice, therefore, sanction Dumouriez; who applies to it, 'not knowing whether there is any War-ministry?' Or sanction of Lückner and these Lafayette movements?

The poor Legislative knows not what to do. It decrees, however, that the staff of the Paris Guard, and indeed all such Staffs, for they are Feuillants mostly, shall be broken and replaced. It decrees earnestly in what manner one can declare that the Country is in Danger. And finally, on the rith of July, the memow of that day when the Ministry struck work, it decrees that the Country is,

with all despatch, declared in Danger. Whereupon let the King sanction; let the Municipality take measures: if such Declaration

will do service, it need not fail.

In Danger, truly, if ever Country was! Arise, O Country; or be trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh?

CHAPTER II.

LET US MARCH.

BUT to our minds the notablest of all these moving phenomena, is that of Barbaroux's 'Six Hundred Marseillese who know 'how to die.'

Prompt to the request of Barbaroux, the Marseilles Municipality has got these men together: on the fifth morning of July, the Townhall says, "Marchez, abatez le Tyran, March, strike down the Tyrant; "* and they, with grim appropriate " Marchons," are marching. Long journey, doubtful errand; Enjans de la Patrie, may a good genius guide you! Their own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them: and is not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five Hundred and Seventeen able men, with Captains of fifties and tens; well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh: nay they drive three pieces of cannon; for who knows what obstacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralyzed by War-minister; Commandants with orders to stop even Federation Volunteers; good, when sound arguments will not open a Town-gate, if you have a petard to shiver it! They have left their sunny Phocean City and Sea-haven, with its bustle and its bloom: the thronging Course, with high-frondent Avenues, pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange trees on house-tops, and white glittering bastides that crown the hills, are all behind them. They wend on their wild way, from the extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny; with a purpose that they know.

Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a peaceable trading City, so many householders or hearth-holders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six hundred miles to 'strike down the tyrant,'—you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets, and Newspapers, for some light on it: unhappily without effect. Rumour and Terror precede this march: which still echo on you; the march itself an unknown thing. Weber, in the back-stairs of the Tuileries, has understood that they were Fargats, Galley-slaves and mere scoundrels, these Marseillese; that, as they marched through Lyons, the people shut their shops; also

^{*} Dampmartin, ji. 183.

that the number of them was some Four Thousand. Equally vague is Blanc Gilli, who likewise murmurs about Forçats and danger of plinder.* Forçats they were not; neither was there plunder, or danger of it. Men of regular life, or of the best-filled purse, they could hardly be; the one thing needful in them was that they 'knew how to die.' Friend Dampmartin saw them, with his own eyes, march 'gradually' through his quarters at Villefranche in the Beaujolais: but saw in the vaguest manner; being indeed preoccupied, and himself minded for marching just then—across the Rhine. Deep was his astonishment to think of such a march, without appointment or arrangement, station or ration: for the rest it was 'the same men he had seen formerly' in the troubles of the South; 'perfectly civil;' though his soldiers could not be kept from talking a little with them.†

• So vague are all these; Moniteur, Histoire Parlementaire are as good as silent: garrulous History, as is too usual, will say nothing where you most wish her to speak! If enlightened Curiosity ever get sight of the Marseilles Council-Books, will it not perhaps explore this strangest of Municipal procedures; and feel called to fish up what of the Biographies, creditable or discreditable, of these Five Hundred and Seventeen, the stream of

Time has not yet irrevocably swallowed?

As it is, these Marseillese remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature; a blackbrowed Mass, full of grim fire, who wend there, in the hot sultry weather: very singular to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril; they not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without: they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards; unwe mable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this blackbrowed mus, an inspired Tyrtæan Colonel, Rouget de Lille whom the Earth still holds, has translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his Hymn or March of the Marseillese: luckiest musicalcomposition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assembliges will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot and Devil.

One sees well, these Marseillese will be too late for the Federation Ferst. In fact, it is not Champ-de-Mars Oaths that they have in view. They have quite another feat to do: a paralytic National Executive to set in action. They must 'strike down' whatsoever 'Tyrint,' or Martyr Fainéant, there may be who paralyzes it; strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper and know how

to die.

^{*} See Berbaroux, Mémoires (Note in p. 40, 41).
† Dampmartin, ubi suprd.
‡ A.D. 1836.

CHAPTER III.

SOME CONSOLATION TO MANKIND.

OF the Federation Feast itself we shall say almost nothing. There are Tents pitched in the Champ-de-Mars; tent for National Assembly; tent for Hereditary Representative,—who indeed is there too early, and has to wait long in it. There are Eighty-three symbolical Departmental Trees-of-Liberty; trees and mais enough: beautifullest of all these is one huge mai, hung round with effece Scutcheons, Emblazonries and Genealogy-books; nay better still, with Lawyers'-bags, 'sacs de procédure:' which shall be burnt The Thirty seat-rows of that famed Slope are again full; we have a bright Sun; and all is marching, streamering and blaring: but what avails it? Virtuous Mayor Pétion, whom Feuillantism had suspended, was reinstated only last night, by Decree of the Assembly. Men's humour is of the sourest. Men's hats have on them, written in chalk, 'Vive Pétion;' and even, 'Pétion or Death, 'Pétion ou la Mort.'

Poor Louis, who has waited till five o'clock before the Assembly would arrive, swears the National Oath this time, with a quilted cuirass under his waistcoat which will turn pistol-bullets.* Madame de Staël, from that Royal Tent, stretches out the neck in a kind of agony, lest the waving multitudes which receive him may not render him back alive. No cry of Vive le Roi salutes the ear; cries only of Vive Pétion; Pétion on la Mort. The National Solemnity is as it were huddled by; each cowering off almost before the evolutions are gone through. The very Mai with its Scutcheons and Lawyers'-bags is forgotten, stands unburnt; till 'certain Patriot Deputies,' called by the people, set a torch to it, by way of voluntary after-piece. Sadder Feast of Pikes no man ever saw.

Mayor Pétion, named on hats, is at his zenith in this Federation; Lafayette again is close upon his nadir. Why does the storm bell of Saint-Roch speak out, next Saturday; why do the citizens shut their shops?† It is Sections defiling, it is fear of effervescence. Legislative Committee, long deliberating on Lafayette and that Anti-jacobin Visit of his, reports, this day, that there is 'not ground for Accusation!' Peace, ye Patriots, nevertheless; and let that toesin cease: the Debate is not finished, nor the Report accepted; but Brissot, Isnard and the Mountain will sift it, and resift it, perhaps for some three weeks longer.

So many bells, stormbells and noises do ring:—scarcely audible: one drowning the other. For example: in this same Lafavette tocsin, of Saturday, was there not withal some faint belominer,

^{*} Campan, ii. c. 20; De Staël, ii. c. 7. † Moniteur, Séance du 21 Juillet 1792.

and Deputation of Legislative, ringing the Chevalier Paul Jones to his long rest; toosin or dirge now all one to him! Not ten days hence Patriot Brissot, beshouted this day by the Patriot Caileries, shall find himself begroaned by them, on account of his himself Patriotism; nay pelted at while perorating, and 'hit with 'two prunes.'* It is a distracted empty-sounding world; of bobninors and bob-majors, of triumph and terror, of rise and fall!

The more touching is this other Solemnity, which happens on the morrow of the Lafayette tocsin: Proclamation that the Country is in Danger. Not till the present Sunday could such Solemnity be. The Legislative decreed it almost a fortnight ago; but Royalty and the ghost of a Ministry held back as they could. Now however, on this Sunday, 22nd day of July 1792, it will hold back no longer; and the Solemnity in very deed is. Touching to behold! Municipality and Mayor have on their scarfs; cannonsalvo booms alarm from the Pont-Neuf, and single-gun at intervals all day. Guards are mounted, scarfed Notabilities, Halberdiers, and a Cavalcade; with streamers, emblematic flags; especially with one huge Flag, flapping mournfully: Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger. They roll through the streets, with stern-sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs: pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet, singing out through Herald's throat, what the Flag says to the eye: "Citizens, the Country is in Danger!"

Is there a man's heart that hears it without a thrill? The manyvoiced responsive hum or bellow of these multitudes is not of triumph; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumph. But when the long Cavalcade and Proclamation ended; and our huge Flag was fixed on the Pont Neuf, another like it on the Hôtel-de-Ville. to wave there till better days; and each Municipal sat in the centre of his Section, in a Tent raised in some open square, Tent surmounted with flags of Patrie en danger, and topmost of all a Pike and Bonnet Ronge; and, on two drums in front of him, there Lay a plank table, and on this an open Book, and a Clerk sat, like recording angel, ready to write the Lists, or as we say to enlist! O, then, it seems, the very gods might have looked down on it. Young Patriotism, Culottic and Sansculottic, rushes forward emulous: That is my name; name, blood, and life, is all my Country's; why have I nothing more! Youths of short stature weep that they are below size. Old men come forward, a son in ruh hand. Mothers themselves will grant the son of their trivial; send him, though with tears. And the multitude bellows Live la Palrie, for reverberating. And fire flashes in the eves of m n . and it eventide, your Municipal returns to the Townhall, followed by his long train of volunteer Valour; hands in his List: say, proudly, looking round. This is my day's harvest ! They will march, on the morrow, to Sousons; small bundle holding all their chattels.

bei with View La Patri, View La Lieure, stone Paris reverberces like Ocean in his caves, day after day, Municipals enlist-

[†] Tableau de la Révolution, § Patrie en Danger.

ing in tricolor Tent; the Flag flapping on Pont Neuf and Townhall, Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger. Some Ten thousand fighters, without discipline but full of heart, are on march in few days. The like is doing in every Town of France—Consider therefore whether the Country will want defenders, had we but a National Executive? Let the Sections and Primary Assemblies, at any rate, become Permanent, and sit continually in Paris, and over France, by Legislative Decree dated Wednesday the 25th.*

Mark contrariwise how, in these very hours, dated the 25th, Brunswick shakes himself 's'ebranle,' in Coblentz; and takes the road! Shakes himself indeed; one spoken word becomes such a shaking. Successive, simultaneous dirl of thirty thousand muskets shouldered; prance and jingle of ten-thousand horsemen, fanfaronading Emigrants in the van; drum, kettle-drum; noise of weeping, swearing; and the immeasurable lumbering clank of baggage-waggons and camp-kettles that groan into motion: all this is Brunswick shaking himself; not without all this does the one man march, 'covering a space of forty miles.' Still less without his Manifesto, dated, as we say, the 25th; a

State-Paper worthy of attention!

By this Document, it would seem great things are in store for France. The universal French People shall now have permission to rally round Brunswick and his Emigrant Seigneurs; tyranny of a Jacobin Faction shall oppress them no more; but they shall return, and find favour with their own good King; who, by Royal Declaration (three years ago) of the Twenty-third of June, said that he would himself make them happy. As for National Assembly, and other Bodies of Men invested with some temporary shadow of authority, they are charged to maintain the King's Cities and Strong Places intact, till Brunswick arrive to take delivery of them. Indeed, quick submission may extenuate many things; but to this end it must be quick. Any National Guard or other unmilitary person found resisting in arms shall be 'treated 'as a traitor;' that is to shy, hanged with promptitude. For the rest, if Paris, before Brunswick gets thitker, offer any insult to the King: or, for example, suffer a faction to carry the King away elsewhither; in that case Paris shall be blasted asunder with cannon-shot and 'military execution.' Likewise all other Caus, which may witness, and not resist to the uttermost, such forcedmarch of his Majesty, shall be blasted asunder; and Paris and every City of them, starting-place, course and goal of said sai rilegious forced-march, shall, as rubbish and smoking ruin, be there for a sign. Such vengeance were indeed signal, 'an ins que ven-'geance: '-O Brunswick, what words thou writest and blusterest! In this Paris, as in old Nineveh, are so many score thousands that know not the right hand from the left, and also much cattle. Shall the very milk-cows, hard-living cadgers-asses, and poor little canary-birds die?

Nor is Royal and Imperial Prussian-Austrian Declaration

* Moniteur, Séance du 25 Juillet 1792.

wanting: setting forth, in the amplest manner, their Sanssouci-Schonbrunn version of this whole French Revolution, since the first beginning of it; and with what grief these high heads have seen so hithings done under the Sun: however, 'as some small 'consolution to mankind,' they do now despatch Brunswick; regardless of expense, as one might say, of sacrifices on their own part; for is it not the first duty to console men?

Serene Highnesses, who sit there protocolling and manifestoing, and consoling mankind! how were it if, for once in the thousand years, your parchments, formularies, and reasons of state were blown to the four winds; and Reality Sans-indispensables stared you, even you, in the face; and Mankind said for

itself what the thing was that would console it?-

CHAPTER IV.

SUBTERRANEAN.

BUT judge if there was comfort in this to the Sections all sitting permanent; deliberating how a National Executive could be put in action!

High rises the response, not of cackling terror, but of crowing counter denance, and Vire la Nation; young Valour streaming towards the Frontiers; Patricen Danger mutely beckoning on the Pont Neaf. Sections are busy, in their permanent Deep; and down, lover still, works unlimited Patriotism, seeking salvation in plot. Insurrection, you would say, becomes once more the sacredest of duties? Committee, self-chosen, is sitting at the Sign of the Colden Sin: Journalist Carra, Camille Desmoulins, Alsatian Vestermann friend of Danton, American Fournier of Martinique; a Committee nor unknown to Mayor Pétion, who, as an oficial prison, must kep with one eye open. Not unknown to Procureur Manuel, least of all to Procureur-Substitute Danton! He, verified in darkness, being also official, bears it on his giant bounder; cloudy invisible Atlas of the whole.

Much is investible; the very Jacobins have their reticences. Insurrection is to be but when? This only we can discern, that wis Ledons, as are not yet gone to Soissons, as indeed are not unfined to go yet, to or reasons," says the Jacobin President, which it may be interesting not to state," have get a Color of them of the Mother society to the Alio, what in such ferment and dangered effects series as unit proper, the Lorts on hit sections have got their Central computers, and indeed it is parappt communication. To which Central communication the Municipality, majors to have it it hand, could in a

refuse an Apartm or in the Hotel de Ville

Singular bilty ! For excited of all this, there is the out on a j

baking and brewing; Labour hammers and grinds. Frilled promenaders saunter under the trees; white-muslin promenaderess, in green parasol, leaning on your arm. Dogs dance, and shoeblacks polish, on that Pont Neuf itself, where Fatherland is in danger. So much goes its course; and yet the course of all things is nigh

altering and ending.

Silent all as Look at that Tuileries and Tuileries Garden. Sahara; none entering save by ticket! They shut their Gates, after the Day of the Black Breeches; a thing they had the liberty to do. However, the National Assembly grumbled something about Terrace of the Feuillants, how said Terrace lay contiguous to the back entrance to their Salle, and was partly National Property; and so now National Justice has stretched a Tricolor Riband athwart it, by way of boundary-line, respected with splenetic strictness by all Patriots. It hangs there that Tricolor boundary-line; carries 'satirical inscriptions on cards.' generally in verse; and all beyond this is called Coblents, and remains vacant; silent, as a fateful Golgotha; sunshine and umbrage alternating on it in vain. Fateful Circuit; what hope can dwell in it? Mysterious Tickets of Entry introduce themselves; speak of Insurrection very imminent. Rivarol's Staff of Genius had better purchase blunderbusses; Grenadier bonnets, red Swiss uniforms may be useful. Insurrection will come; but likewise will it not be met? Staved off, one may hope, till Brunswick arrive?

But consider withal if the Bourne-stones and Portable chairs remain silent; if the Herald's College of Bill-Stickers sleep! Louvet's Sentinel warns gratis on all walls; Sulleau is busy: People's-Friend Marat and Kings-Friend Royou croak and countercroak. For the man Marat, though long hidden since that Champde-Mars Massacre, is still alive. He has lain, who knows in what Cellars; perhaps in Legendre's; fed by a steak of Legendre's killing: but, since April, the bull-frog voice of him sounds again; hoarsest of earthly cries. For the present, black terror haunts him: O brave Barbaroux wilt thou not smuggle me to Marscilles, 'disguised as a jockey?'* In Palais-Royal and all public places, as we read, there is sharp activity; private individuals haranguing that Valour may enlist; haranguing that the Executive may be put in action. Royalist journals ought to be solemnly burnt: argument thereupon; debates which generally end in single-stick, coups de cannes. + Or think of this; the hour midnight : place Salle de Manége : august Assembly just adjourning : 'Citirens of both sexes enter in a rush exclaiming, l'engrance: they are prisoning our Brothers: - baking braved-glass among their bread at Soissons! Vergniaud has to speak soothing words, How Commissioners are already sent to investigate this braved-glass, and do what is needful therein: till the rush of Citizens 'makes profound silence: and goes home to its bed.

Such is Paris; the heart of a France like to it. Preternatural suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from shore to

^{*} Barbaroux, p. 60.

[†] Newspopers, Narratives and Documents (Hist. Part. xv. 240; xvi. 300).

shore:—and those black-browed Marseillese, marching, dusty, unwearied, through the midst of it; not doubtful they. Marching to the gram music of their hearts, they consume continually the long road, these three weeks and more; heralded by Terror and Ramour. The Brest Fédérés arrive on the 26th; through harrahing streets. Determined men are these also, bearing or not bearing the Sacred Pikes of Château-Vieux; and on the whole decidedly disinclined for Soissons as yet. Surely the Marseillese Brethren do draw nigher all days.

CHAPTER V.

AT DINNER.

It was a bright day for Charenton, that 29th of the month, when the Marseillese Brethren actually came in sight. Barbaroux, Santerre and Patriots have gone out to meet the grim Waythers. Patriot clasps dusty Patriot to his bosom; there is footwashing and refection: 'dinner of twelve hundred covers at the Blue Dial, Cadran Bleu;' and deep interior consultation, that one wots not of.* Consultation indeed which comes to little; for Santerre, with an open purse, with a loud voice, has almost no head. Here however we repose this night: on the

morrow is public entry into Paris.

Of which public entry the Day-Historians, Diurnalists, or Journalists as they call themselves, have preserved record enough. How Saint-Antoine male and female, and Paris generally, gave brotherly welcome, with bravo and hand-clapping, in crowded streets; and all passed in the peaceablest manner;—except it might be our Marseillese pointed out here and there a riband-cockide, and beckoned that it should be snatched away, and exchanged for a wool one; which was done. How the Mother Society in a body has come as far as the Bastille-ground, to embrace you. How you then wend onwards, trumphant, to the Toxnhall, to be embraced by Mayor Pétion; to put down your mighets in the Barracks of Nouvelle France, not far off;—then toward, the appointed Tavern in the Champs Elysées to enjoy a brugal Patriot repast.†

Of all which the indignant Tuileries may, by its Tickets of Lutic, have wirning. Red Swiss look doubly sharp to their Chatran-Grates; though surely there is no danger? Blue Gren ideas of the Fille. Saint Thomas Section are on duty there this day, men of Ago, as we have seen; with stuffed purses, ricond cookades; among whom serves Weber. A party of these Luter, with Captains, with sundry Feuillant Notabilities. Moreau de 5 unt Mery of the three thousand orders, and others, have been during, much more respectably, in a Tayern hard by. They have

^{*} Deux Amis, viii. 90-101.

⁺ Hist. Park, xvi. 190. See Barbaroux, p. 31-3.

dined, and are now drinking Loyal-Patriotic toasts; while the Marseillese, National-Patriotic merely, are about sitting down to their frugal covers of delf. How it happened remains to this day undemonstrable: but the external fact is, certain of these Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers do issue from their Tavern; perhaps touched, surely not yet inuddled with any liquor they have had; —issue in the professed intention of testifying to the Marseillese, or to the multitude of Paris Patriots who stroll in these spaces, That they, the Filles-Saint-Thomas men, if well seen into, are not a whit less Patriotic than any other class of men whatever.

It was a rash errand! For how can the strolling multitudes credit such a thing; or do other indeed than hoot at it, provoking, and provoked;—till Grenadier sabres stir in the scabbard, and a sharp shriek rises: "A nous Marseillais, Help Marseillese!" Quick as lightning, for the frugal repast is not yet served, that Marseillese Tavern flings itself open: by door, by window; running, bounding, vault forth the Five hundred and Seventeen undined Patriots; and, sabre flashing from thigh, are on the scene of controversy. Will ye parley, ye Grenadier Captains and official Persons; 'with faces grown suddenly pale,' the Deponents say?* Advisabler were instant moderately swift retreat! The Filles-Saint-Thomas retreat, back foremost; then, alas, face foremost, at treble-quick time; the Marseillese, according to a Deponent, "clearing the fences and ditches after them like lions:

Messieurs, it was an imposing spectacle."

Thus they retreat, the Marseillese following. Swift and swifter, towards the Tuileries: where the Drawbridge receives the bulk of the fugitives; and, then suddenly drawn up, saves them; or else the green mud of the Ditch does it. The bulk of them; not all; ah, no! Moreau de Saint-Méry for example, being too fat, could not fly fast; he got a stroke, flat-stroke only, over the shoulderblades, and fell prone; -and disappears there from the History of the Revolution. Cuts also there were, pricks in the posterior fleshy parts; much rending of skirts, and other discrepant waste. But poor Sub-lieutenant Duhamel, innocent Change-broker, what a lot for him! He turned on his pursuer, or pursuers, with a pistol; he fired and missed; drew a second pistol, and again fired and missed; then ran: unhappily in vain. In the Rue Saint-Florentin, they clutched him; thrust him through, in red rage: that was the end of the New Era, and of all Eras, to poor Duhamel.

Pacific readers can fancy what sort of grace-before-meat this was to frugal Patriotism. Also how the Battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas 'drew out in arms,' luckily without further result: how there was accusation at the Bar of the Assembly, and counter-accusation and defence; Marseillese challenging the sentence of free jury court,—which never got to a decision. We ask rather, What the upshot of all these distracted wildly accumulating things may, by probability, be? Some upshot; and the time draws nigh! Busy are Central Committees, of Fédéres at the

^{*} Moniteur, Scances du 30, du 31 Juillet 1792 (Hist. Parl. xvi. 197-210).

Jacobins Church, of Sections at the Townhall; Reunion of Carra, Camille and Company at the Golden Sun. Busy: like submarine detties, or call them mud-gods, working there in the deep murk of

waters: till the thing be ready.

And how your National Assembly, like a ship water-logged, helmless, lies tumbling; the Galleries, of shrill Women, of Fédérés with sabres, bellowing down on it, not unfrightful;—and waits where the waves of chance may please to strand it; suspicious, nav on the Left side, conscious, what submarine Explosion is meanwhile a-charging! Petition for King's Forfeiture rises often there: Petition from Paris Section, from Provincial Patriot Towns: From Alençon, Briançon, and 'the Traders at the Fair of Beaucaire' Or what of these? On the 3rd of August, Mayor Pétion and the Municipality come petitioning for Forseiture: they openly, in their tricolor Municipal scarfs. Forfeiture is what all Patriots now want and expect. All Brissotins want Forfeiture; with the little Prince Royal for King, and us for Protector over him. Emphatic Fédérés asks the Legislature: "Can vou save us. or not?" Forty-seven Seconds have agreed to Forfeiture; only that of the Filles-Saint-Thomas pretending to disagree. Nay Section Mauconseil declares Forfeiture to be, properly speaking, come; Mauconseil for one 'does from this day,' the last of July, 'cease allegiance to Louis,' and take minute of the same before all men. A thing blamed aloud; but which will be praised aloud; and the name Mauconseil, of Ill-counsel, be thenceforth changed to Bonconseil, of Good-counsel.

President Danton, in the Cordeliers Section, does another thing: invites all Passive Citizens to take place among the Active in Section-business, one peril threatening all. Thus he, though an official person; cloudy Atlas of the whole. Likewise he manages to have that blackbrowed Battalion of Marseillese shifted to new Barracks, in his own region of the remote South-East. Sleek Chaumette, cruel Billaud, Deputy Chabot the Disfrocked, Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart, will welcome them there. Wherefore, again and again: "O Legislators, can you save us or not?" Poor Legislators; with their Legislature water-logged, volcanic Explosion charging under it! Forfeiture shall be debated on the ninth day of August; that miserable business of Lafayette may

be expected to terminate on the eighth.

Or will the humane Reader glance into the Levee-day of Sunday the fifth? The last Levee! Not for a long time, 'never,' is Bertrand Moleville, had a Levee been so brilliant, at least so crowded. A sad presaging interest sat on every face; Bertrand's own eves were filled with tears. For, indeed, outside of that Tircolor Riband on the Femiliants Terrace, Legislature is debating, Sections are dealing, all Paris is astir this very Sunday, demanding the home. * Here, however, within the riband, a grand proposal is on foot, for the hundredth time, of carrying his Majesty to Romen and the Castle of Gallon. Swiss at Courbevoye are in readings; much is ready; Majesty hunself seems

^{*} Hist. Parl. xvi. 337-9.

almost ready. Nevertheless, for the hundredth time, Majesty, when near the point of action, draws back; writes, after one has waited, palpitating, an endless summer day, that 'he has reason 'to believe the Insurrection is not so ripe as you suppose.' Whereat Bertrand-Moleville breaks forth 'into extremity at one 'of spleen and despair, d'humeur et de déscspoir.'*

CHAPTER VI.

THE STEEPLES AT MIDNIGHT.

FOR, in truth, the Insurrection is just about ripe. Thursday is the ninth of the month August: if Forfeiture be not pronounced by the Legislature that day, we must pronounce it ourselves.

Legislature? A poor water-logged Legislature can pronounce nothing. On Wednesday the eighth, after endless oratory once again, they cannot even pronounce Accusation again Lafayette; but absolve him,—hear it, Patriotism!—by a majority of two to one. Patriotism hears it; Patriotism, hounded on by Prussian Terror, by Preternatural Suspicion, roars tumultuous round the Salle de Manége, all day; insults many leading Deputies, of the absolvent Right-side; nay chases them, collars them with loud menace: Deputy Vaublanc, and others of the like, are glad to take refuge in Guardhouses, and escape by the back window. And so, next day, there is infinite complaint; Letter after Letter from insulted Deputy; mere complaint, debate and self-cancelling jargon: the sun of Thursday sets like the others, and no Forfeiture pronounced. Wherefore in tine, To your tents, O Israel!

The Mother-Society ceases speaking; groups cease haranguing: Patriots, with closed lips now, 'take one another's arm;' walk off, in rows, two and two, at a brisk business-pace; and vanish afar in the obscure places of the East† Santerre is ready; or we will make him ready. Forty-seven of the Forty-eight Sections are ready; nay Filles-Saint-Thomas itself turns up the Jacobin side of it, turns down the Feuillant side of it, and is ready too. Let the unlimited Patriot look to his weapon, be it pike, be it fire-lock; and the Brest brethren, above all, the blackbrowed Marsellese prepare themselves for the extreme hour! Syndic Rederer knows, and laments or not as the issue may turn, that 'five thous' sand ball-cartridges, within these few days, have been distributed

'to Fédérés, at the Hôtel-de-Ville.'

And ye likewise, gallant gentlemen, defenders of Royalty, crowd ye on your side to the Tuileries. Not to a Levee: no, to a Couchée; where much will be put to bed. Your Tickets of Entra are needful; needfuller your blunderbusses! They come and crowd, like gallant men who also know how to die: old Markether

† Deux Amis, viii. 129-88.

^{*} Bertrand-Moleville, Mémoires, ii. 129.

I Ræderer à la Barre Séance du 9 Août (in Hist. Pril. xvi 3 3.

Camp-Marshal has come, his eyes gleaming once again, though dimmed by the rheum of almost four-score years. Courage, Brothers! We have a thousand red Swiss; men stanch of heart, steadfast as the grante of their Alps. National Grenadiers are at least friends of Order; Commandant Mandat breathes loyal ardour, will "answer for it on his head." Mandat will, and his Staff; for the Staff, though there stands a doom and Decree to

that effect, is happily never yet dissolved.

Commandant Mandat has corresponded with Mayor Pétion; carries a written Order from him these three days, to repel force by force. A squadron on the Pont Neuf with cannon shall turn back these Marseillese coming across the River: a squadron at the Townhall shall cut Saint-Antoine in two, 'as it issues from 'the 'Arcade Saint-Jean;' drive one half back to the obscure East, drive the other half forward through 'the Wickets of the Louvre.' Squadrons not a few, and mounted squadrons; squadrons in the Palais Royal, in the Place Vendôme: all these shall charge, at the right moment; sweep this street, and then sweep that. Some new Twentieth of June we shall have; only still more ineffectual? Or probably the Insurrection will not dare to rise at all? Mandat's Squadrons, Horse-Gendarmerie and blue Guards march, clattering, tramping; Mandat's Cannoneers rumble. Under cloud of night; to the sound of his générale, which begins drumming when men should go to bed. It is the 9th night of August, 1792.

On the other hand, the Forty-eight Sections correspond by swift messengers; are choosing each their 'three Delegates with full 'powers.' Syndic Ræderer, Mayor Pétion are sent for to the Taileries: courageous Legislators, when the drum beats danger, charled repair to their Salle. Demoiselle Théroigne has on her grenzuer-bonnet, short-skirted riding-habit; two pistols garnish

her small waist, and sabre bangs in baldric by her side.

Such a game is playing in this Paris Pandemonium, or City of All the Devil. !- And yet the Night, as Mayor Pétion walks here in the Tuderies Carden, 'is beautiful and calm;' Orion and the Pleodes glater down quite serene. Pétion has come forth, the 'heat' made was so oppressive.* Indeed, his Majesty's reception of him was of the roughest; as it well might be. And now there is no outgate; Mandat's blue Squadrons turn you back at every Create; nay the Filles-Saint Thomas Grenadiers give themselves fil errues or tongue, How a virtuous Mayor 'shall pay for it, if there the mischier, and the like; though others again are full of civility. Surely If any man in France is in straights this night, it is Mayor Person: bound, under pain of death, one may say, to smile dexterously with the one side of his face, and weep with the other; doub if he do it not dexterously enough! Not till four in the morning does a National Assembly, hearing of his plight, summon hum over the give account of Paris; of which he knows nothing whereby he wever he shall get home to bed, and only his gilt coach

Records, &c. (in Hist. Parl. xvi. 399-466).

be left. Scarcely less delicate is Syndic Ræderer's task; who must wait whether he will lament or not, till he see the issue. Janus Bifrons, or Mr. Facing-both-ways, as vernacular Bunyan has it! They walk there, in the meanwhile, these two Januses, with others of the like double conformation; and 'talk of in-'different matters.'

Ræderer, from time to time, steps in; to listen, to speak; to send for the Department-Directory itself, he their Procureur Syndic not seeing how to act. The Apartments are all crowded; some seven hundred gentlemen in black elbowing, bustling; red Swiss standing like rocks; ghost, or partial-ghost of a Ministry, with Roderer and advisers, hovering round their Majesties; old Marshall Maillé kneeling at the King's feet, to say, He and these gallant gentlemen are come to die for him. List! through the placid mid-night; clang of the distant stormbell! So, in very sooth; steeple after steeple takes up the wondrous tale. Black Courtiers listen at the windows, opened for air; discriminate the steeple-bells: * this is the tocsin of Saint-Roch; that again, is it not Saint-Jacques, named de la Boucherie? Yes, Messieurs! Or even Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, hear ye it not? The same metal that rang storm, two hundred and twenty years ago; but by a Majesty's order then; on Saint-Bartholomew's Eve +- So go the steeple-bells; which Courtiers can discriminate. Nav. mescems, there is the Townhall itself; we know it by its sound! Yes, Friends, that is the Townhall; discoursing so, to the Night. Miraculously; by miraculous metal-tongue and man's arm: Marat himself, if you knew it, is pulling at the rope there! Marat is pulling; Robespiere lies deep, invisible for the next forty hours; and some men have heart, and some have as good as none, and not even frenzy will give them any.

What struggling confusion, as the issue slowly draws on: and the doubtful Hour, with pain and blind struggle, brings forth its Certainty, never to be abolished!—The Full-power Delegates. three from each Section, a Hundred and forty-four in all, got gathered at the Townhall, about midnight. Mandat's Squadron, stationed there, did not hinder their entering; are they not the 'Central Committee of the Sections' who sit here usually; though in greater number to-night? They are there: presided by Confusion, Irresolution, and the Clack of Tongues. Swift scouts fly; Rumour buzzes, of black Courtiers, red Swiss, of Mandat and his Squadrons that shall charge. Better put off the Insurrection? Yes, put if off. Ha, hark! Saint-Antoine booming out eloquent tocsin, of its own accord!-Friends, no: ve cannot put off the Insurrection; but must put it on, and live with it, or die with it.

Swift now, therefore: let these actual Old Municipals, on sight of the Full-powers, and mandate of the Severeign elective People. Ity down their functions; and this New Hundred and forty-four tale them up! Will ve nill ve, worthy Old Municipals, ve mus! go. Nay is it not a happiness for many a Municipal that he can wa h his hands of such a business; and sit there paralyzed, unac-

^{*} Ræderer, ubi suprà. † 24th August, 1572.

countable, till the Hour do bring forth; or even go home to his night's rest?* Two only of the Old, or at most three, we retain Mayor Petion, for the present walking in the Tuileries; Procureur Manuel; Procureur Substitute Danton, invisible Atlas of the whole And so, with our Hundred and forty-four, among whom are a Tocsin-Huguenin, a Billaud, a Chaumette; and Editor-Talliens, and Fabre d'Eglantines, Sergents, Panises; and in brief, either emergent, or else emerged and full-blown, the entire Flower of unlimited Patriotism: have we not, as by magic, made a New Municipality; ready to act in the unlimited manner; and declare itself roundly, in a State of Insurrection!'—First of all, then, be Commandant Mandat sent for, with that Mayor's-Order of his; also let the New Municipals visit those Squadrons that were to charge; and let the stormbell ring its loudest;—and, on the whole, Forward, ye Hundred and forty-four; retreat is now none for you!

Reader, fancy not, in thy languid way, that Insurrection is easy. Insurrection is difficult: each individual uncertain even of his next neighbour; totally uncertain of his distant neighbours, what strength is with him, what strength is against him; certain only that, in case of failure, his individual portion is the gallows! Eight hundred thousand heads, and in each of them a separate estimate of these uncertainties, a separate theorem of action conformable to that: out of so many uncertainties, does the certainty, and inevitable net-result never to be abolished, go on, at all moments, bodying itself forth;—leading thee also towards civic-crowns or an

ignominious noose.

Could the Reader take an Asmodeus' Flight, and waving open all roofs and privacies, look down from the Tower of Notre Dame, what a Paris were it! Of treble-voice whimperings or vehemence, of bass-voice growlings, dubitations; Courage screwing itself to desperate defiance; Cowardice trembling silent within barred doors; and all round, Dulness calmly snoring; for much Dulness, flung on its mattresses, always sleeps. O, between the clangour of these high-storming tocsins and that snore of Dulness, what a gamut: of trepidation, excitation, desperation; and above

it mere Doubt, Danger, Atropos and Nox!

Fighters of this section draw out; hear that the next Section does not; and thereupon draw in. Saint-Antoine, on this side the River, is uncertain of Saint-Marceau on that. Steady only is the snore of Dulness, are the Six Hundred Marseillese that know how to die! Mandat, twice summoned to the Townhall, has not come. Some that incessant, in distracted haste; and the many-whispering voices of Rumour. Theroigne and unofficial Patriots flit, darwishle, exploratory, far and wide; like Night-birds on the wing. Of Nationals some Three thousand have followed Mandat and his génerale, that one should march rather with Saint-Antoine; innumerable theorems, that in such a case the wholesomest were size p. And so the drums beat, in made fits, and the stormbeils

^{*} Section Documents, Townball Decuments Whist. Parl. ubi supro).

peal. Saint-Antoine itself does but draw out and draw in; Commandant Santerre, over there, cannot believe that the Marseillese and Saint Marceau will march. Thou laggard sonorous Beer-vat, with the loud voice and timber head, is it time now to palter? Alsatian Westermann clutches him by the throat with drawn sabre: whereupon the Timber-headed believes. In this manner wanes the slow night; amid fret, uncertainty and tocsin; all men's

humour rising to the hysterical pitch; and nothing done.

However, Mandat, on the third summons, does come;—come, unguarded; astonished to find the Municipality new. They question him straitly on that Mayor's-Ordér to resist force by force; on that strategic scheme of cutting Saint-Antoine in two halves: he answers what he can: they think it were right to send this strategic National Commandant to the Abbaye Prison, and let a Court of Law decide on him. Alas, a Court of Law, not Book-Law but primeval Club-Law, crowds and jostles out of doors; all fretted to the hysterical pitch; cruel as Fear, blind as the Night: such Court of Law, and no other, clutches poor Mandat from his constables; beats him down, massacres him, on the steps of the Townhall. Look to it, ye new Municipals; ye People, in a state of Insurrection! Blood is shed, blood must be answered for;—alas, in such hysterical humour, more blood will flow: for it is as

with the Tiger in that; he has only to begin.

Seventeen Individuals have been seized in the Champs Elysées, by exploratory Patriotism; they flitting dim-visible, by it flitting dim-visible. Ye have pistols, rapiers, ye Seventeen? One of those accursed 'false Patrols;' that go marauding, with Anti-National intent; seeking what they can spy, what they can spill! The Seventeen are carried to the nearest Guard-house; eleven of them escape by back passages. "How is this?" Demoiselle Theroigne appears at the front entrance, with sabre, pistols, and a train; denounces treasonous connivance; demands, seizes, the remaining six, that the justice of the People be not trifled with. Of which six two more escape in the whirl and debate of the Club-Law Court; the last unhappy Four are massacred, as Mandat was: Two Ex-Bodyguards; one dissipated Ablé; one Rovalist Pamphleteer, Sulleau, known to us by name, Able Editor, and wit of all work. Poor Sulleau: his Acts of the Atostles, and brisk Placard-Journals (for he was an able man) come to Finis, in this manner; and questionable jesting issues suddenly in horrid earnest! Such doings usher in the dawn of the Tenth of August, 1792.

Or think what a night the poor National Assembly has had: sitting there, 'in great paucity,' attempting to debote:—quivering and shivering; pointing towards all the thirty-two azimuths at once, as the magnet-needle does when thunderstorm is in the air! If the Insurrection come? If it come, and fail? Alas, in that case, may not black Courtiers with blunderbusses, red Swiss with bayonets rush over, flushed with victory, and ask us: Thou undefinable, waterlogged, self-distractive, self-destructive Legisture, what dost thou here unsunk?—Or figure the poer National Guards,

bivouacking 'in temporary tents' there; or standing ranked, shifting from leg to leg, all through the weary night; New tricolor Municipals ordering one thing, old Mandat Captains ordering another! Procuerer Manuel has ordered the cannons to be withdrawn from the Pont Neuf; none ventured to disobey him. It seemed certain, chen, the old Staff so long doomed has finally been dissolved, in these hours; and Mandat is not our Commandant now, but Santerre? Yes, friends: Santerre henceforth, -surely Mandat no more! The Squadrons that were to charge see nothing certain, except that they are cold, hungry, worn down with watching; that it were sad to slay French brothers; sadder to be slain by them. Without the Tuileries Circuit, and within it, sour uncertain humour sways these men: only the red Swiss stand steadfast. Them there officers refresh now with a slight wetting of brandy; wherein the Nationals, too far gone for brandy, refuse to participate.

King Louis meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep: his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side.* Old Marshal Maillé and the gentlemen in black rise always in spirits, as the Insurrection does not rise: there goes a witty saying now, "Le toesin ne rend pas." The toesin, like a dry milk-cow, does not yield. For the rest, could one not proclaim Martial Law? Not easily; for now, it seems, Mayor Pétion is gone. On the other hand, our Interim Commandant, poor Mandat being off, 'to the · Hotel-de-Ville,' complains that so many Courtiers in black encumber the service, are an eyesorrow to the National Guards. which her Majesty answers with emphasis, That they will obey

all, will suffer all, that they are sure men these.

And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morning, in the King's Palace, over such a scene. Scene of jostling, elbowing, of confusion, and indeed conclusion, for the thing is about to end. Recelerer and spectral Ministers jostle in the press; consult, in side cabinets, with one or with both Majesties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Oneen to the window: "Sister, see what a beautiful sunrise," right over the Jacobins Church and that quarter! How hoppy if the tocsin did not yield! But Mandat returns not; Person is gone: much hangs wavering in the invisible Balance. A mut five o'clock, there rises from the Garden a kind of sound; as of a shout which had become a howl, and instead of Vice le Roi were ending in Vive la Nation. " Men Dieu!" ejaculates a spectral Minister, "what is he doing down there?" For it is his Magary, gone down with old Marshal Maillé to review the troops; and the nearest companies of them answer so. Her Majesty bursts men a stream of tear. Yet on stepping from the cabinet her eyes are dry and calm, her look is even cheerful. 'The Austrian lip, and the aquiline now, fuller than usual, gave to her countenance, ... Pelice, to something of Majesty, which they that did not see her in these moments cannot well have an idea of.' O thou Theresa's Daughter!

^{*} Rœderer, ubi suprà.

King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue; but for the rest with his old air of indifference. Of all hopes now surely the joyfullest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SWISS.

UNHAPPY Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded! Lo ye, how with the first sun-rays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, flows glittering from the far East;—immeasurable; born of the Night! They march there, the grim host; Saint-Antoine on this side of the River; Saint-Marceau on that, the black-browed Marseillese in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard; like the Ocean-tide, as we say: drawn up, as if by Luna and Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming on; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-eddying side-currents, of onlookers, roll hither and thither, unarmed, not voiceless; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Commandant Santerre, indeed, has taken seat at the Townhall; rests there, in his half-way-house. Alsatian Westermann, with flashing sabre, does not rest; nor the Sections, nor the Marseillese, nor Demoiselle Théroigne; but roll continually on.

And now, where are Mandat's Squadrons that were to charge? Not a Squadron of them stirs: or they stir in the wrong direction, out of the way; their officers glad that they will even do that. It is to this hour uncertain whether the Squadron on the Pont Neuf made the shadow of resistance, or did not make the shadow: enough, the blackbrowed Marseillese, and Saint-Marceau following them, do cross without let; do cross, in sure hope now of Saint-Antoine and the rest; do billow on, towards the Tuileries, where their errand is. The Tuileries, at sound of them, rustles responsive: the red Swiss look to their priming; Courtiers in black draw their blunderbusses, rapiers, poniards, some have even fire-shovels;

every man his weapon of war.

Judge if, in these circumstances, Syndic Ræderer felt easy! Will the kind Heavens open no middle-course of refuge for a poor Syndic who halts between two? If indeed his Majesty would consent to go over to the Assembly! His Majesty, above all her Majesty, cannot agree to that. Did her Majesty answer the proposal with a "Fi donc;" did she say even, she would be nailed to the walls sooner? Apparently not. It is written also that she offered the King a pistol; saving. Now or else never was the time to shew himself. Close eye-witnesses did not see it, nor do we. That saw only that she was queenlike, quiet; that she argued not, upbraided not, with the Inexorable; but, like Cæsar in the Capitol, wrapped her mantle, as it beseems Queens and Sons of Adam to do. But thou, O Louis! of what stuff art thou at all? Is there no stroke in thee, then, for Life and Crown? The silliest hunted

deer dies not so. Art thou the languidest of all mortals; or the mildest-minded? Thou art the worst-starred.

The tide advances; Syndic Ræderer's and all men's straits grow straiter and straiter. Fremescent clangor comes from the armed Nationals in the Court; far and wide is the infinite hubbub of tongues. What counsel? And the tide is now nigh! Messengers, forerunners speak hastily through the outer Grates; hold parley sitting astride the walls. Syndic Ræderer goes out and comes in. Cannoneers ask him: Are we to fire against the people? King's Ministers ask him: Shall the King's House be forced? Syndic Ræderer has a hard game to play. He speaks to the Cannoneers with eloquence, with fervour; such fervour as a man can, who has to blow hot and cold in one breath. Hot and cold, O Rederer? We, for our part, cannot live and die! The Cannoneers, by way of answer, fling down their linstocks .-- Think of this answer, O King Louis, and King's Ministers : and take a poor Syndic's safe middle-course, towards the Salle de Manége. King Louis sits, his hands leant on his knees, body bent forward; gazes for a space fixedly on Syndic Ræderer; then answers, looking over his shoulder to the Queen : Marchons! They march; King Louis, Queen, Sister Elizabeth, the two royal children and governess: these, with Syndic Ræderer, and Officials of the Department; amid a double rank of National Guards. with blunderbusses, the steady red Swiss gaze mournfully, reproachfully; but hear only these words from Syndic Ræderer: "The King is going to the Assembly; make way." It has struck eight, on all clocks, some minutes ago: the King has left the Tuileries

O ye stanch Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what a cause are ye to spend and be spent! Look out from the western windows, ye may see King Louis placidly hold on his way; the poor little Prince Royal 'sportfully kicking the fallen leaves.' Fremescent multitude on the Terrace of the Feuillants whirls parallel to him; one man in it, very noisy, with a long pole; will they not obstruct the outer Staircase, and back-entrance of the Salle, when it comes to that? King's Guards can go no further than the bottom step there. Lo, Deputation of Legislators come out; he of the long pole is stilled by oratory; Assembly's Guards join themselves to King's Guards, and all may mount in this case of necessity; the outer Staircase is free, or passable. See, Royalty ascends; a blue Grenadier lifts the poor little Prince Royal from the press: Royalty has entered in. Royalty has vanished for ever from your eyes. And ye? Left standing there, amid the vawning abysses, and earthquake of Insurrection; withour course; without command: if ye perish it must be as more than martyrs, as martyrs who are now without a cause! The black Courtiers disappear mostly; through such issues as they The poor Swiss know not how to act: one duty only is clear to them, that of standing by their post; and they will perform that.

But the glittering steel tide has arrived; it beats now against

the Château barriers, and eastern Courts; irresistible, loud-surging far and wide; -breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, blackbrowed Marseillese in the van. King Louis gone, sav you; over to the Assembly! Well and good: but till the Assembly pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it? Our post is in that Château or stronghold of his; there till then must we continue. Think, ye stanch Swiss, whether it were good that grim murder began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a stone edifice?-Poor Swiss! they know not how to act: from the southern windows, some fling cartridges, in sign of brotherhood; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through long stairs and corridors, they stand firm-ranked, peaceable and yet refusing to stir. Westermann speaks to them in Alsatian German; Marseillese plead, in hot Provençal speech and pantomime; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable; red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel.

Who can help the inevitable issue; Marseillese and all France, on this side; granite Swiss on that? The pantomime grows hotter and hotter; Marseillese sabres flourishing by way of action; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bringing its firelock to the cock. And hark! high-thundering above all the din, three Marseillese cannon from the Carrousel, pointed by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs! Ye Swiss, therefore: Fire! The Swiss fire; by volley, by platoon, in rolling-fire: Marseillese men not a few, and 'a tall man that was louder 'than any,' lie silent, smashed, upon the pavement;—not a few Marseillese, after the long dusty march, have made halt here. The Carrousel is void; the black tide recoiling; 'fugitives rushing as 'far as Saint-Antoine before they stop.' The Cannoneers without linstock have squatted invisible, and left their cannon; which the

Swiss seize.

Think what a volley: reverberating doomful to the four corners of Paris, and through all hearts; like the clang of Bellona's thongs! The blackbrowed Marseillese, rallying on the instant, have become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest behind-hand; nor Alsatian Westermann; Demoiselle Théroiene is Sybil Théroigne : Vengeance l'ictoire, ou la mort! From all Patriot artillery, great and small; from Feuillants Terrace, and all terraces and places of the widespread Insurrectionary sea. there roars responsive a red whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the Garden, cannot help their muskets going off, or ainst Foreign murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses of men: nav, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings. and a cunning infinite concordance and unity; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding, - in soft sphere-melody, in deafening screech of madness! Mounted Gendarmerie gallop distracted; are fired on merely as a thing running; galloping over the Pont Royal, or one knows not whither. The brain of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad; what you call, taken fire.

Behold, the fire slackens not; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw: and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more; alas, cannon without linstock; nor will the steel-and-flint answer, though they try it.* Had it chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; the name of him is Napoleon Buonaparte. † And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, and the witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other side of the River: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers shout and clap hands. † City of all the Devils! In remote streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their affairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverberates a note louder. And here! Marseillese fall wounded; but Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, though underhand, and under cover. Marseillese fall death-struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are the cartridges; and die, murmuring, "Revenge me, Revenge thy country!" Brest Féderé Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot as Swiss. Lo you, the Carrousel has burst into flame!—Paris Pandemonium! Nay the poor City, as we said, is in fever-fit and convulsion; such crisis has lasted for the space of some half hour.

But what is this that, with Legislative Insignia, ventures through the hubbub and death-hail, from the back-entrance of the Manége? Towards the Tuileries and Swiss: written Order from his Majesty to cease firing! O ye hapless Swiss, why was there no order not to begin it? Gladly would the Swiss cease firing : but who will bid mad Insurrection cease firing? To Insurrection you cannot speak; neither can it, hydra-headed, hear. The dead and dying, by the hundred, he all around; are borne bleeding through the streets, towards help; the sight of them, like a torch of the Furies, kindling Madness. Patriot Paris roars; as the bear bereaved of her whelps. On, ye Patriots: vengeance! victory or death! There are men seen, who rush on, armed only with walking-sticks.

Terror and Fury rule the hour.

The Swiss, pressed on from without, paralyzed from within, have ceased to shoot; but not to be shot. What shall they do? Desperate is the moment. Shelter or instant death: yet How? Where? One party thesout by the Rue de l'Echelle; is destroyed n terly, 'en nter.' A second, by the other side, throws itself into the Carden: 'hurrymy across a keen fusillade:' rushes suppliant into the National Assembly; finds pity and refuge in the back benches there The third, and largest, darts out in column, three

^{*} Deux Amis, viii. 179-88.

⁺ See Hist. Parl. (xvii. 56); Las Cases, &c.

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hundred strong, towards the Champs Elysées: Ah, could we but reach Courbevoye, where other Swiss are! Wo! see, in such fusillade the column 'soon breaks itself by diversity of opinion,' into distracted segments, this way and that ;-to escape in holes, to die fighting from street to street. The firing and murdering will not cease; not yet for long. The red Porters of Hôtels are shot at, be they Suisse by nature, or Suisse only in name. The very Firemen, who pump and labour on that smoking Carrousel, are shot at; why should the Carrousel not burn? Some Swiss take refuge in private houses; find that mercy too does still dwell in the heart of man. The brave Marseillese are merciful, late so wroth; and labour to save. Journalist Gorsas pleads hard with enfuriated groups. Clemence, the Wine-merchant, stumbles forward to the Bar of the Assembly, a rescued Swiss in his hand; tells passionately how he rescued him with pain and peril, how he will henceforth support him, being childless himself; and falls a swoon round the poor Swiss's neck: amid plaudits. But the most are butchered, and even mangled. Fifty (some say Fourscore) were marched as prisoners, by National Guards, to the Hôtel-de-Ville: the ferocious people bursts through on them, in the Place de Grève; massacres them to the last man. 'O Peuple, envy of 'the universe!' Peuple, in mad Gaelic effervescence!

Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuller. What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, is that, of this poor column of red Swiss 'breaking itself in the confusion of 'opinions;' dispersing, into blackness and death! Honour to you, 'rrave men; honourable pity, through long times! Not martyrs were ye; and yet almost more, He was no King of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of shreds and patches; ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honour to you, O Kinsmen; and may the old Deutsch Biederheit and Tapferkeit, and Valour which is Worth and Truth be they Swiss, be they Saxon, fail in no age! Not bastards; true-born were these men; sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, but not to thee, O Burgundy !-Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion; not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there. by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling rance-des-vaches, the granite Mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though

inanimate, speaks.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTITUTION BURST IN PIECES.

THUS is the Tenth of August won and lost. Patriotism reckons its slain by thousand on thousand, so deadly was the Swiss fire

from these windows; but will finally reduce them to some Twelve hundred. No child's play was it; -nor is it! Till two in the afternoon the massacring, the breaking and the burning has not ended;

nor the loose Bedlam shut itself again.

How deluges of frantic Sansculottism roared through all passages of this Tuileries, ruthless in vengeance, how the Valets were batchered, hewn down; and Dame Campan saw the Marseilles sabre flash over her head, but the Blackbrowed said, "Va-t-en. Get thee gone," and flung her from him unstruck : * how in the cellars wine-bottles were broken, wine-butts were staved in and drunk; and, upwards to the very garrets, all windows tumbled out their precious royal furnitures; and with gold mirrors, velvet curtains, down of ript feather-beds, and dead bodies of men, the Tuileries was like no Garden of the Earth :- all this let him who has a taste for it see amply in Mercier, in acrid Montgaillard, or Beaulieu of the Deux Amis. A hundred and eighty bodies of. Swiss lie piled there; naked, unremoved till the second day. Patriotism has torn their red coats into snips; and marches with them at the Pike's point: the ghastly bare corpses lie there, under the sun and under the stars; the curious of both sexes crowding Which let not us do. Above a hundred carts heaped with Dead fare towards the Cemetery of Sainte-Madeleine; bewailed, bewept; for all had kindred, all had mothers, if not here, then there. It is one of those Carnage-fields, such as you read of by the name 'Glorious Victory,' brought home in this case to one's own door.

But the blackbrowed Marseillese have struck down the Tyrant of the Château. He is struck down; low, and hardly to rise. What a moment for an august Legislative was that when the Hereditary Representative entered, under such circumstances; and the Grenadier, carrying the little Prince Royal out of the Press, set him down on the Assembly-table! A moment,-which one had to smooth off with oratory; waiting what the next would bring! Louis said few words: "He was come hither to prevent a great crime; he believed himself safer nowhere than here.' President Vergniaud answered briefly, in vague oratory as we say, about "defence of Constituted Authorities," about dving at our post & And so King Louis sat him down; first here, then there; for a difficulty arose, the Constitution not permitting us to debate while the King is present: finally he settles himself with his Family in the 'logs of the logographs' in the Reporter's-Box of a Journalist: which is beyond the enchanted Constitutional Circuit, separated from it by a rail. To such Lodge of the Logographs, measuring some ten feet square, with a small closet at the entrance of it behind, is the King of broad France now limited here can be and his sit pent, under the eves of the world, or retire into their closet at intervals; for the space of sixteen hour. Such quiet poculiar moment has the Legislative lived to see.

^{*} Campan, it car

But also what a moment was that other, few minutes later, when the three Marseillese cannon went off, and the Swiss rolling-fire and universal thunder, like the Crack of Doom, began to rattle! Honourable Members start to their feet; stray bullets singing epicedium even here, shivering in with window-glass and jingle. "No, this is our post; let us die here!" They sit therefore, like stone Legislators. But may not the Lodge of the Logographe be forced from behind? Tear down the railing that divides it from the enchanted Constitutional Circuit! Ushers tear and tug; his Majesty himself aiding from within: the railing gives way; Majesty and Legislative are united in place, unknown Destiny hovering over both.

Rattle, and again rattle, went the thunder; one breathless wideeyed messenger rushing in after another: King's orders to the Swiss went out. It was a fearful thunder; but, as we know, it ended. Breathless messengers, fugitive Swise, denunciatory Patriots, trepidation; finally tripudiation!—Before four o'clock

much has come and gone.

The New Municipals have come and gone; with Three Flags, Liberté, Egalité, Patrie, and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud, he who as President few hours ago talked of Dying for Constituted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that the Hereditary Representative be suspended; that a NATIONAL CONVENTION do forthwith assemble to say what further! An able Report: which the President must have had ready in his pocket? A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not ready;

and Janus-like look before and after.

King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight 'to three 'little rooms on the upper floor;' till the Luxembourg be prepared for him, and 'the safeguard of the Nation.' Safer if Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless discrowned heads! Crowds came, next morning, to catch a glimpse of them, in their three upper rooms. Montgaillard says the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gaiety: that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her over night, looked out of the open window, 'shook powder from their hair on the people 'below, and laughed.'* He is an acrid distorted man.

For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all that the New Municipality continues busy. Messengers, Municipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all corners of I rance: full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, for Twelve hundred have fallen. France sends up its blended shout responsive: the Tenth of August shall be as the Fourteenth of July, only bloodier and greater. The Court has conspired? Poor Court: the Court has been vanquished: and will have both the scath to bear and the scorn. How the Statues of Kings do now all fall! Bronze Henri himself, though he wore a cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where Patric floats in Panyor. Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the Place Vendome, angle down: and

^{*} Montgaillard, ii. 135-167.

even breaks in falling. The curious can remark, written on his

horse's shoe: '12 Août 1692;' a Century and a Day.

The Tenth of August was Friday. The week is not done, when our old Patriot Ministry is recalled, what of it can be got : strict Roland, Genevese Claviere; add heavy Monge the Mathemacian, once a stone-hewer; and, for Minister of Justice, - Danton led hither,' as himself says, in one of his gigantic figures, 'through 'the breach of Patriot cannon!' These, under Legislative Committees, must rule the wreck as they can: confusedly enough; with an old Legislative water-logged, with a New Municipality so brisk. But National Convention will get itself together; and then! Without delay, however, let a New Jury-Court and Criminal Tribunal be set up in Paris, to try the crimes and conspiracies of the Tenth. High Court of Orleans is distant, slow: the blood of the Twelve hundred Patriots, whatever become of other blood, shall be inquired after. Tremble, ye Criminals and Conspirators; the Minister of Justice is Danton! Robespierre too, after the victory, sits in the New Municipality; insurrectionary 'improvised Manicipality,' which calls itself Council General of the Commune.

For three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the Logographe; and retired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and safeguard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Municipality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the Temple, not so elegant indeed, were much safer. To the Temple, therefore! On Monday, 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Pétion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household, fare thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through the Place Vendôme Louis Fourteenth's Statue lies broken on the ground. Pétion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, and does not look at all. The 'press is prodigious,' but quiet: here and there, it shouts Vive la Nation; but for most part gazes in silence. French Royalty vanishes within the gates of the Temple : these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher or Bonsoir, do cover it up ; - from which same Towers, poor Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fire below. Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower have all demanded passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective homes.

So, then, the Constitution is over? For ever and a day! Gone is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, waterlogged, wait, only till the Convention come; and will then sink to endless depths.

One can gue is the silent rage of Old Constituents. Constitution builders, estimat Loudants, men who thought the Constitution would much! Lativette rises to the altitude of the situation; at the head of his Aims. Legislative Commissioners are posting

towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to congratulate and perorate: he orders the Municipality of Sedan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in ward as Rebels, till he

say further. The Sedan Municipals obey.

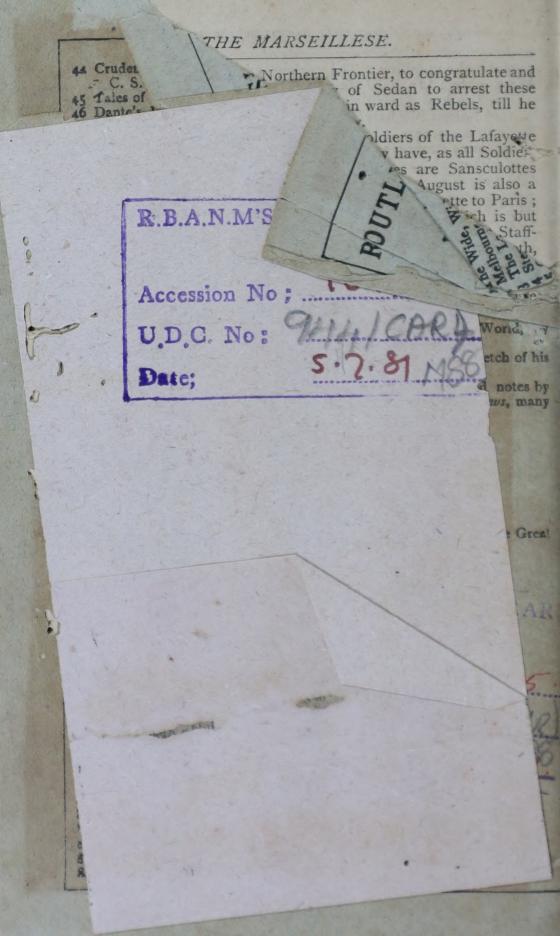
The Sedan Municipals obey: but the Soldiers of the Lafayeve Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldies have, a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts; that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafavette to Paris; they will rise and send him thither! On the 18th, which is but next Saturday, Lafayette, with some two or three indignant Staffofficers, one of whom is Old-Constituent Alexandre de Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could,—rides swiftly over the Marches, towards Holland. Rides, alas, swiftly into the claws of Austrians! He, long-wavering, trembling on the verge of the horizon, has set, in Olmutz Dungeons; this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two worlds; thinnest, but compact honour-worthy man! Through long rough night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, thou wilt swing well, 'fast-anchored to the Washington Formula;' and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea. The Sedan Municipals repent and protest; the Soldiers shout Vive la Nation. Dumouriez Polymetis, from his Camp at Maulde, sees himself made Commander in Chief.

And, O Brunswick! what sort of 'military execution' will Paris merit now? Forward, ye well-drilled exterminatory men; with your artillery-waggons, and camp kettles jingling. Forward, tall chivalrous King of Prussia; fanfaronading Emigrants and war-god Broglie, 'for some consolation to mankind,' which verily is not without need of some.

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